MEMORIES OF FIFTY YEARS

⁂

LADY ST. HELIER

ia

6/-

MEMORIES OF FIFTY YEARS

Mary St Helier

LONDON: EDWARD ARNOLD: 1909.

MEMORIES
OF FIFTY YEARS

BY

LADY ST. HELIER
(MARY JEUNE)

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON
EDWARD ARNOLD
1909

[*All rights reserved*]

PREFACE

In launching my first literary effort, I do so with the greatest diffidence; and these few words of Preface are intended to ask my readers to be charitable to what appears to me now to be a very rash attempt to provide them with a little amusement in turning over the pages of my book.

I am confident that nothing is more difficult to write than an interesting book of reminiscences, because one is confronted at every moment with the fact that what would most surely tend to make it amusing and interesting is exactly what cannot be published. The personal note which gives it the particular claim to be worth reading, and invests it with a certain individuality, must be struck with a moderation and discretion which at once deprives it of its greatest recommendation in the opinion of some critics. The happy authors of fiction can give wings to their imagination, and soar where their fancy leads them; and the historian who can write fearlessly and openly of the lives of those who lived before his own day, can never realize the pitfalls and dangers that beset any essay in contemporary biography. Indeed, a feeling almost of despair arises as one realizes how much the interest of one's book is curtailed by the elimination of so much which, for obvious reasons, could not now be published.

2065803

As I have had to trust almost entirely to memory and the few letters I have kept, of which I have been allowed to publish some, there is doubtless much that has escaped my memory and been forgotten. But I trust my temerity may be pardoned by those who agree with me that, after fifty years' acquaintance with many of the world's most interesting people, even the humblest observer may remember something worth recalling.

MARY ST. HELIER.

September, 1909.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER PAGE

I. FAMILY HISTORY - - - - - 1

II. EARLY RECOLLECTIONS - - - - - 14

III. LIFE IN THE HIGHLANDS - - - - 28

IV. HIGHLAND HOSPITALITY - - - - 40

V. IRELAND FORTY YEARS AGO - - - - 56

VI. LONDON IN THE SIXTIES - - - - 65

VII. LONDON IN THE SIXTIES (*continued*) - - - 76

VIII. THE COMMUNE, 1871 - - - - - 98

IX. UTAH AND NEVADA - - - - - 127

X. ACROSS AMERICA - - - - - 138

XI. LIFE IN WIMPOLE STREET - - - - 149

XII. PROFESSOR HUXLEY AND MR. FORSTER - - 167

XIII. SOCIAL LONDON - - - - - 178

XIV. PEOPLE OF INTEREST - - - - - 210

XV. POLITICAL FRIENDS - - - - - 242

XVI. MORE POLITICAL FRIENDS - - - - 258

XVII. THE FOURTH PARTY, AND OTHERS - - - 271

XVIII. ENGLISH LAWYERS OF DISTINCTION - - - 294

XIX. AMERICAN FRIENDS - - - - - 310

XX. CHURCH AND STATE - - - - - 327

XXI. JUBILEE - - - - - - 346

INDEX - - - - - - 353

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

LADY ST. HELIER (*photogravure*) - - - *Frontispiece*

FRANCIS, LORD SEAFORTH - - - - *facing page* 6
From the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence

HON. MRS. STEWART MACKENZIE - - *facing page* 12
From the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence

BRAHAN CASTLE - - - - *facing page* 38

CARICATURE OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN BY HARRY FURNISS *page* 221

LORD ST. HELIER - - - - *facing page* 298

SKETCHES BY SIR FRANK LOCKWOOD - *pages* 304-307

CARDINAL MANNING'S LAST WORDS - - *facing page* 332

MEMORIES OF FIFTY YEARS

CHAPTER I

FAMILY HISTORY

The retrospect of over half a century brings with it many recollections of changes in the social as well as in the political life of England, and early memories, if trivial, are sometimes interesting to look back on. I do not lay claim to any special literary merit for my book, but as my memory carries me back to a shadowy vision of the Duke of Wellington, and a more distinct remembrance of the Crimean and the American Wars, as well as the Indian Mutiny, I may perhaps be pardoned for publishing these reminiscences. It seems almost like a fairy story to recall the life of those early times, and to contrast them with that of to-day, and with all the marvellous changes, social, political, and scientific, which have happened within this half-century.

My earliest recollections carry me back to a childhood passed in the far North of Scotland, to the days when our tenants, labourers, and servants were friends in every sense of the word, their interest and ours being indissolubly entwined. Indeed, that traditional affection was an influence and power the depth and strength of which it is quite impossible to exaggerate.

My father and my mother, and we four children, passed the first fifteen years of my life in a small house, under the shadow of the old home where my grandmother lived, and which had sheltered our family for many hundred years. The history of the Seaforth family was similar to that of many of the great Chiefs in the North of Scotland. At one time they owned property in Ross-shire which stretched from sea to sea; they had acquired the Island of Lews, by conquest, from the Macleods; and for centuries the Earls of Seaforth represented one of the most powerful clans in the country.

Tradition is that the Mackenzies owed their origin to Colin Fitzgerald, a member of the Desmond family in Ireland, who had been outlawed in consequence of a murder which he had committed there. Taking refuge among the hills of Kintail, on the west coast of Ross-shire, he is said to have saved the life of King Alexander II. while stag-hunting. The King had outdistanced his attendants, and, his horse falling, he was thrown in front of the stag, which, driven to bay, turned upon his pursuer, and was about to kill him, when Colin Fitzgerald rushed from his place of hiding, and seizing its horns, saved the life of Alexander. The King, out of gratitude, commanded him to ask for any reward, and Fitzgerald begged that the lands of Kintail might be granted him. The two ranges of hills on either side of Loch Duich represented the antlers of the stag's head, and the island at the end of the loch, on which was built the royal castle of Ellendonan, formed the head. This was the recognition, so the story goes, which Colin Fitzgerald received from the King; and thus the Desmond became first Chief of the Clan Mackenzie.

The conformation of the lands gave *vraisemblance* to this tradition, still cherished in connection with the clan by the people who live in that wild country. Desmond assumed the stag's head as his crest, and it was also adopted by the Seaforth regiments raised at various times by the head of the family.

The early history of the Barons of Kintail has, I must admit, been long lost in the mists of antiquity. But by the beginning of the sixteenth century they had become a powerful family, and, with their two subject clans — the Maclennans, who enjoyed the privilege of carrying the coat of the Chief, and the Macraes, who were his standard-bearers—they played a very important part in the everlasting feuds of those turbulent times. Later on they were the devoted adherents of the Stuart dynasty, and its stanchest supporters for many years. Kenneth, fourth Earl of Seaforth, led his clan in aid of the cause of the First Chevalier in 1715, and joined the forces of the Earl of Mar. The Battle of Glensheil was fought in Kintail, and won by the Mackenzie clan and retainers against the Royalist army under the command of the Earl of Sutherland, who had espoused the other side. But the bad fortune of the later Stuart Kings, and their incapacity to hold the position they inherited, added to their weakness and vacillation, sorely tried the devotion and adherence of their Highland supporters, who suffered very materially for their allegiance to the House of Stuart.

After the victory of the Hanoverian troops and the suppression of the first rebellion, the Earl of Seaforth, with many others of the Scotch nobility, was obliged to leave his country. His title was attainted, his estates were forfeited, and he, with his wife and children, fled to Paris, and spent many years of his life at the Court of James II., where the King created him titular Marquis of Seaforth. Later on the attainder was reversed, and he returned to his Castle of Brahan in Ross-shire, contenting himself with a less public career, living quietly among his people, and renouncing, or at any rate taking a less active part in, his former political interests.

When Prince Charles Edward landed at Glen Finnan in 1745, the Earl of Seaforth, accompanied by the Minister, who was his boon companion, with great prudence secretly left Brahan Castle, and retired to the Island of Lews, leaving the custody of the castle in the hands of his son and his wife, Lord and Lady Fortrose, who were enthusiastic Jacobites. But as Lord Seaforth held the sinews of war, and did not join the clans in their rising, his son was obliged to content himself with what expressions of loyalty he dared to show to Charles Edward without imperilling his father's position. When the Prince heard that Lord Seaforth had not joined the Jacobite forces before the Battle of Culloden, he expressed the deepest disappointment, for he knew how important it was to have the practical sympathy and support of so powerful a Chief, and there is little doubt that Lord Seaforth's defection did greatly interfere with his chances of success. While Charles Edward was quartered at Inverness, before the Battle of Culloden, he paid a visit to Lord and Lady Fortrose, and my great-grandmother, Lady Seaforth, used to tell the story of an old lady who, being one of the most enthusiastic Jacobites in that part of Scotland, had been specially privileged to go and pay her respects to the Prince during his sojourn at Brahan Castle. This lady was a Miss Mackenzie of Lentran, known by the name of "Long Kitty," on account of her great height. She was admitted to an audience in the library of the castle, and on the Prince asking what he could do for her, she begged for the cushion on which he had rested his feet, and the cup and saucer out of which he had been drinking. The Prince gave these, and she vowed that they should be buried with her. Accordingly, on her death, they were placed in her coffin.

My great-grandfather, Francis Mackenzie, Lord Seaforth, who succeeded his uncle in the family estates, entered keenly into the political questions of his day. He was a very gifted man, extremely good-looking, very open-handed and hospitable, and in his person the prophecy concerning the extinction of the family in the male line was fulfilled. The prophecy, which was over one hundred years old, was one of the best-known in the Highlands. It was uttered by Kenneth Ogh, the seer of the family, about the beginning of the eighteenth century, under the following circumstances :

Kenneth, fourth Earl of Seaforth, had taken a very prominent part in the political life of his time, and was constantly called to Edinburgh to confer with the authorities on important questions relating to the Highlands. On one occasion he was so long away that his wife, a lady of violent temper and jealous disposition, became anxious at his prolonged absence, and her suspicions being aroused, she sent for Kenneth Ogh, and commanded him to tell her where his lord was.

Kenneth, who, although a seer, had a strongly developed bump of Scotch caution, demurred for a long time, saying that he was unable to give her the information she required; but, the lady growing very persistent, he was at last persuaded to take in his hand the stone which gave him the power of divination, when, before all her guests and retainers, he said: "I see Lord Seaforth sitting in a finely furnished room, hung with tapestry and beautiful embroideries. There are two ladies with him: one is sitting on his knee, the other is toying with his curls."

Lady Seaforth, furious at this information about her lord being delivered before her guests and retainers, declared at once that Kenneth was vilifying the character of his generous and noble master, that his information was absolutely base and untrue, and that, unless he retracted all he had said, she would make him prisoner, and he should be tried for tampering, and having intercourse, with the Evil One. Kenneth adhered to his story, and Lady Seaforth pronounced his sentence, which was that he should be taken to a certain place some distance from the castle, and there be tried for practising the black arts, and that, if found guilty, he should be burned to death.

Kenneth, knowing the vindictive temper of his mistress, fled, and for some time eluded his pursuers, but he was eventually captured in a small glen close by the side of a running burn, not very far from Brahan Castle. Seeing that he could expect no mercy, he delivered judgment, saying: "I will now pronounce the doom of the Seaforth family." Holding the magic stone in his hand, he then uttered the following words: "I see the downfall of the Lords of Kintail. There will come a deaf and dumb Seaforth; he will have three bonny sons, all of whom shall die before him, and he shall be the last male of his line. He will be succeeded by a dark-eyed woman, who will come from the East with snow on her coif, and she will be the last Mackenzie. And the sign that my prophecy is true is that before he dies he will sell the gift lands of Kintail." Having delivered himself of

FRANCIS, LORD SEAFORTH.

From the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

this prediction, he threw the stone into the burn, where, says tradition, a spring immediately burst out, which in a very short time covered the whole of the surrounding land ; and there is undoubtedly to this day a large loch at the place where the incident is supposed to have happened.

Kenneth was taken from the spot to Chanory, near Fortrose, where he was tried by the tribunal appointed by the Countess; he was found guilty of the crime with which he was charged, and was condemned to be burnt. Between the time when the sentence was pronounced on Kenneth by the infuriated Countess and its execution, Lord Seaforth arrived at Brahan, to hear of the terrible doom that was hanging over the head of one of his most trusty and devoted followers. He hurried off to Fortrose, in time, as he hoped, to save him, and avert the curse, but he was too late : Kenneth had been burned for a wizard.

Through all vicissitudes of the family fortunes the belief in this prophecy always existed, and there was a curious confirmation of the truth of the tradition in some letters from the Lady Seaforth of the day (a daughter of the Earl of Powis) to her sister, Lady Arundell of Wardour, in which she mentioned it. Unluckily, these letters were lost, with many other interesting family documents, in the uncertain and troublous times which affected the House of Seaforth. But that the legend existed, and was believed in, is undoubtedly true ; and Lockhart, in his "Life of Sir Walter Scott," gives an extract from a letter to him, in which Sir Walter alludes to the prediction, expressing his deep regret at the death of Lord Seaforth's eldest son, which was its part fulfilment, and adding : "I fear my dear friend Lady Hood will have to bear the burden of that fatal prophecy."

Before the death of his last son Lord Seaforth (owing to extravagance, as well as to the heavy Government fine on his property, which had not been entirely paid) was obliged to mortgage his lands, and accordingly he tried to sell the Kintail estates. The belief that his doing so would inevitably bring about the fulfilment of the prophecy was so universal that his tenants subscribed a large sum of money among themselves, and sent it to Lord Seaforth, in the hope that it might avert the fate they all feared.

My great-grandfather, Francis, Lord Seaforth, who was always very deaf, in later life became much worse, and from being so, practically lost the power of speech. He had three sons: the eldest, William Mackenzie, a contemporary of Pitt at Oxford, and a young man of extraordinary promise, died before his father; the two other sons, one a sailor, both grew up to manhood, and then died, thus leaving him in his old age the last male of his line—and the prophecy came close to its fulfilment.

My grandmother, his eldest daughter, the Hon. Mary Mackenzie, who was then married to her first husband, Admiral Sir Samuel Hood, thus became his heiress. She returned to Scotland a few years later as a widow, Sir Samuel having died after they had been married twelve years; and the interpretation of the expression "with snow on her coif" was always understood in the Highlands to be that she came back as a widow, wearing her widow's cap. Very shortly after her return her father, Lord Seaforth, died, and she succeeded to his vast estates.

He had inherited these estates heavily encumbered by the Government fine, with an old house almost in ruins, as Brahan Castle, which was situated in a great strategical position, and was strongly fortified, had been occupied by General Wade after the Battle of Culloden, when he was left in the North to carry out the, to him, congenial task of pacifying the Highlanders. The great monument to General Wade still exists in the magnificent roads which traverse the whole of the North of Scotland from sea to sea; but when, having performed his appointed task, the time came for him to return to England, the roof of Brahan Castle was taken off, and the old house left dismantled and untenanted. To such an inheritance my great-grandfather succeeded. Though territorially his estates were enormous, the revenue was small, and, like all men of his position at that time, he lost a great deal of money in cards and speculation.

There were many stories current in the country as to the various sums of money lost by Lord Seaforth and his companions, and the shifts that he was put to to pay his gambling debts on many occasions. Lady Seaforth was an anxious, careful woman, and my grandmother used to tell the story of how her mother would sit up at nights till Lord Seaforth returned home from dining with some boon companion or neighbour. There was a kinsman and great friend, who owned a large property on the other side of the River Conon, which divided the two estates, and over which my great-grandfather possessed fishing rights, granted to his ancestor by Mary Queen of Scots. This right conferred the privilege on Lord Seaforth of being able to fish the river from every point, and nothing was more deeply coveted by his kinsman than the possibility of some day being able to purchase part of that right from him.

Lady Seaforth did not wait long for her fears to be realized. One night, on Lord Seaforth's return, as he seemed less willing than usual to explain what had happened, she searched her husband's pockets, with a feminine instinct that something had gone wrong, and in one of them found an acknowledgment from Sir Hector Mackenzie that Lord Seaforth had sold the much-longed-for right to him, in payment of money that he had lost that evening. With great acuteness she discovered the amount that was owing, and sent a messenger immediately on horseback with the sum that Lord Seaforth had lost, asking for the return of the temporary security that had been handed to his debtor, thus saving property which, if not intrinsically very valuable, was, on sentimental grounds, unspeakably precious.

My grandmother, after remaining a widow for a few years, married James Alexander Stewart, son of the Hon. Keith Stewart, second son of Lord Galloway, and she and my grandfather settled down to retrieve what they could of the family fortunes, and remained in Scotland for several years.

My grandfather and grandmother, being strong Whigs, entered very keenly into the political questions of the time. After the passing of the Reform Bill my grandfather was elected as the first Liberal member for the county of Ross and Cromarty, and, political feeling running very high, he was almost entirely cut by his Tory friends and neighbours. After remaining in Parliament for some years, he found his pecuniary difficulties increasing, owing to the smallness of the revenue which his wife received from her vast property and the extensive charges that he had to meet. He accordingly sold his paternal estates in the county of Wigton, and with the proceeds proceeded to pay off the mortgages and Government liabilities; while, in order further to retrench, he gave up his seat in

Parliament, into which he put a Whig neighbour, and accepted the office of Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, and afterwards the Governorship of Ceylon. On his return from Ceylon he found the financial position not very much better, but he went back to Brahan to give his undivided attention to the preservation and improvement of the property; and though his health broke down completely under the strain, he contrived so far to improve matters that, at his death in 1843, my grandmother was able to remain on in her old home. But for unforeseen circumstances, she would probably have been able to preserve her possessions intact.

The blessings of Free Trade, even in those days, were doubtful. The income from the Island of Lews, when my grandmother succeeded, was between £30,000 and £40,000 a year, derived principally from the large quantity of kelp found on the seashore, which was used in the manufacture of jute. Owing to the abolition of the duty on borilla, which was one of the commodities affected by Free Trade, and which provided a cheap substitute for kelp in jute manufacture, the rental fell at once to £7,000. Two years afterwards came the terrible famine of 1847, and my grandmother, no longer able to support and succour her starving tenants, and ruined herself, was compelled to sell the Island of Lews to Mr. Matheson. She was, however, in many ways an heroic old lady, and deep and lasting as the sorrow of parting with it was to her, she found some consolation in the fact that, the island having been taken by conquest from the Macleods, Mr. Matheson held the title of it from her.

My grandmother was a remarkable woman; she was very good-looking and very tall, and she had from her earliest youth led a life entirely different from that of most women of her position. Marrying Sir Samuel Hood when quite a young woman, she spent a great deal of her early married life in London and abroad. She was living at Naples at the time Lord Nelson and his fleet were there, Sir Samuel being one of Nelson's Admirals. She used to be very severe, and yet very amusing, about the private life of Lord Nelson, and had a most unconquerable dislike to Lady Hamilton, with whom, from her position as Sir Samuel's wife, she was constantly thrown into contact. Lady Hamilton must have lost much of her beauty then, for my grandmother always described her as a rather common-looking person. She was thoroughly uneducated, and her conversation and habits were very coarse. It must, however, be said that my grandmother did not like her or find her sympathetic, and that feeling was cordially returned by Lady Hamilton.

I do not imagine that the domestic life of many of Nelson's officers could have been very happy, and when Sir Samuel was at sea, my grandmother spent her time in travelling. She paid a long visit to Mount-Stuart Elphinstone, who was then Governor of Madras. She was fond of shooting and hunting, and used to say, with pardonable pride, that she was the first Englishwoman in India who had shot a tiger. She was a great correspondent, and during her life at home and abroad received many letters from her friends. A large number of these are in existence; they are very entertaining, and rather scandalous. Lady Anne Barnard, Lady Louisa Stuart, and the Duchess of Gloucester (the latter wrote most amusingly and openly) were her constant correspondents. She was a great friend of the Duchess of Wellington, and used to relate, with pride, that she had been the first person

HON. MRS. STEWART MACKENZIE.

From the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

to carry the tidings of the Battle of Waterloo to the Duchess, who was then living in London. The news of the battle was hourly expected, and the whole of London was alive with excitement and expectation, when one afternoon, driving in the direction of the Prime Minister's official residence, she witnessed the arrival at a rapid pace of a dusty, travel-stained chariot, covered with laurels, and drawn by four galloping horses. She at once hurried off to Apsley House to tell the Duchess that there had been a great victory, and that the Duke was safe, as the laurels were not covered with crape. By a curious coincidence she had witnessed the arrival of the official conveyance bringing the tidings of the Battle of Trafalgar, which coach was also covered with laurels—but they were shrouded in crape on that day.

CHAPTER II

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS

My father was the eldest son of Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie, and my mother the eldest daughter of Mr. Hope-Vere and Lady Elizabeth Hay. Soon after their marriage they went abroad, which was considered the pleasantest way in those days of spending a honeymoon; they travelled about on the Continent for some time, and finally settled down at Munich, and remained there until after my birth.

Munich being a very gay and pleasant capital, they made many friends in Bavarian society. Count Beust, who was then Prime Minister of Bavaria, and stood as proxy godfather at my christening, was exceedingly kind. He introduced them to everyone, and among their many friends were the families of the Wittgenstein and Turm-und-Taxis. There is a large collection of German pipes with porcelain bowls, each bearing a coat of arms and an affectionate inscription from the donor to my father, with which his smoking-room was always decorated. Besides a large amount of skating and dancing and other gaieties, a good deal of sport was to be had, and as my father was a great sportsman, and a very good shot, his time was pretty well occupied. Having spent much of his life, while in the army, in India, he had enjoyed the then very rare privilege of big-game shooting. He had shot tigers, and while his father was Governor of Ceylon they had a great deal of elephant-shooting, and he distinguished himself by the number he killed.

When sporting men get together, stories of what they have done, and of their good fortune, are always listened to with interest, and at the same time with a certain amount of scepticism. My father's reputation had preceded him to Bavaria, and I have heard him recount an amusing little incident which happened while he was on a visit to Prince Turm-und-Taxis at his shooting-box in the Bavarian mountains. Prince Turm-und-Taxis, who was a very good shot, was somewhat jealous; with true hospitality, therefore, he gave his guest the best shooting he had, and put him in the best places. He had, however, always listened to my father's description of his tiger and elephant shooting with evident incredulity and annoyance, and consequently he now watched him with the keenest interest. For some reason or other my father was in bad form, and missed several good shots. His host, overcome with delight at his downfall, handed his gun to a beater, and rushing to my father, threw his arms round him, exclaiming: "*Embrasse moi, mon cher; je ne crois plus aux éléphants.*"

My father, who was in the 90th Regiment, had served as Aide-de-Camp to Lord Gough in the Chinese Campaign, and once had a very narrow escape. Yellow fever was rife during the war, and he owed his life to the fact that he had sickened of it. The Chinese Generals had asked for a truce in order to bury their dead, and my father was ordered by Lord Gough to proceed with the party of soldiers to meet the Chinese commander to discuss preliminaries, but, as he seemed ill, another officer was sent in his place. The request on the part of the Chinese turned out to be a *ruse:* the officer and the party accompanying him were captured and murdered, and for many days the head of their unlucky leader was stuck on the top of a pike surmounting one of the gates of Canton.

My mother had the privilege, as a young girl, of seeing the great Duke of Wellington in the most friendly and intimate manner. Her first-cousin, Lady Elizabeth Hay, the daughter of Lord Tweeddale, had married Lord Douro, the Duke of Wellington's eldest son, and she and her sister, Lady Ely, were Lady Douro's greatest friends. The three cousins were inseparable, and the Duke, who was devoted to his daughter-in-law, treated her two relatives with the utmost affection. My mother used to tell us of the Duke's kindness, and of the terms of familiarity which existed between them all, though he could be severe, and was at times very silent. She always declared that the first time she drove alone with him, on his way back from some great royal function, when he sat perfectly silent, touching his hat with military precision to the crowds in the streets, who cheered him enthusiastically, was one of the most nervous experiences in her life. He wrote to her and Lady Ely as "My dear Daughter Hannah," and "My dear Daughter Jane," and when my mother married he gave her away. To the very last he always showed the greatest affection for her, and frequently wrote to her.

The following letter, which is in answer to one that my mother wrote to him, asking for some change of appointment for my father, is very characteristic. On this occasion he was evidently annoyed, for he addresses her in a much more formal way than in any of his other letters, which always began in the affectionate terms I have just described.

"London,
"*August*, 1844.

"My dear Mrs. Mackenzie,

"There is nothing so easy as to ask the Duke of Wellington for everything, no matter whether he refuses or not—that is, as far as relates to the applicant! The Duke himself is left entirely out of the question!

"It may be most painful to him to refuse, however impossible it may be to grant what is required! but what does that signify?

"Great men must bear these things!

"That is the position in which I am placed a dozen times in the day! You have just required for Mr. Mackenzie that which I could do; and I can refuse, and make the best case I can, in order to save him the inconvenience of taking you to that, which I know from experience is not at all an unpleasant life—the residence of an officer's wife at country quarters in Ireland; a life which needs be the fate of Lady Charles Wellesley, as it is that of hundreds who marry officers of the army. And permit me to tell you that in reference to convenience and accommodation, there is but little difference between the wife of the Lieutenant-Colonel and the Lieutenant, if penury means caste. I will add no more, excepting to request that when you ask me for anything, let it be for something reasonable, and don't suppose you are addressing a stick or stone, who has no feeling about refusal.

"Believe me to be, yours most faithfully,
"Wellington."

"Mrs. Mackenzie,
"Old Palace,
"Richmond."

My mother once heard him mention the only time he had ever encountered Marshal Soult off the field of battle. Wellington was travelling in Spain, and by a curious coincidence he and Soult happened to be in the same town on the same day: Soult, hearing that his great opponent was there, and resting in his carriage in the heat of the day (probably asleep), with true French curiosity went quietly to have a peep at him. The Duke slept on unconsciously, but when telling the story, my mother said, he added with a grim smile: "That was the first time Soult had ever caught me napping!"

Rogers, the poet, was also a great admirer of my mother, and was very kind to her. Mrs. Leicester Stanhope, afterwards Lady Harrington, used to take my mother and Lady Ely with her to Rogers' breakfasts, which was a great honour for such young girls. In those days, I fancy, young ladies followed the accepted adage that they were to be seen and not heard. My mother described the conversation as so amusing and interesting that they were well content to sit in silence and listen. Rogers always called them his "silent supporters." Monckton Milnes (afterwards Lord Houghton), Abraham Hayward, Sir John Hobhouse, Sydney Smith, and Lord Holland, were his frequent guests. My mother and my aunt have often said that they used to watch with undisguised admiration the courageous and determined way in which Mr. Monckton Milnes held his own with men much his senior in age, and of greater position. Hannah More and Lady Morgan were also friendly to my mother, and I still have a little book of Hannah More's poems, given to her when she paid a short visit to Barleythorpe in the year 1841.

I have often heard my mother say that one of the most amusing women of that day was Mrs. Stevenson, the wife of the American Minister. Americans were not so well known then as they are now, and the few American ladies who came over to England in an official position were usually able and intellectual women. Mrs. Stevenson was a good talker, very original and very amusing. She had lost a daughter, to whom she had been devotedly attached, who resembled my mother, and as she was a very beautiful and clever girl, Mrs. Stevenson, with her quick appreciation, took an enormous fancy, and was extremely kind, to her. I often think it was those early influences that gave my mother the literary taste which throughout her life was her greatest enjoyment.

It was seldom that echoes from the outside world penetrated into our Highland home, for my father and mother made few journeys to the south, and my grandmother still fewer. I spent one winter, when I was ten years old, in Edinburgh with my grandmother, who was living in an hotel in George Street. She had a great many friends, and there was a very large and agreeable society there, of which Lord Murray, a Judge of the Court of Session, and his wife were the recognized leaders, though it comprised other well-known Scotch people, such as Lord and Lady Wemyss, the Stirlings, Roseberys, Hopetouns, and the Fletchers of Saltoun.

The hotel was largely frequented by ladies who had come there to be treated for various ailments, and, above all, to be attended during interesting domestic occasions by Sir James Simpson, the first doctor who used chloroform in his practice. That great discovery, which has brought more alleviation of pain than any other, was then in its infancy, and there was much diversity of opinion as to its safety, and also dislike to its use on religious grounds. Many people, especially the Scotch, believed most strongly that the curse of Eve was not intended to be averted by any mitigation, however desirable, and even argued that had Providence intended such mitigation to be legitimate, it would not have been left for centuries undiscovered. I well remember as a child seeing a portentous little man who was perpetually in and out of the hotel we stayed in, and the scraps of conversation which fell on my childish ears used to increase the curiosity with which I watched for the daily arrival of Sir James Simpson.

On that occasion of my first journey south we had to drive to Aberdeen before we could reach the railway. It was the beginning of November; there was a heavy snowstorm, and the stage-coach, heavily laden with passengers, was a wearying mode of conveyance. To add to our misfortunes, during our journey two of the horses fell, and were unable to proceed, owing to the slippery nature of the road, and we were kept hours before we could get others to replace them. It was a dreary and tiresome journey, for the whole country was covered with a deep mantle of snow, and the roads were almost impassable; except when we stopped at the various places to change horses, we hardly saw a living creature.

My next visit to Edinburgh was some years later, when we spent a winter there for serious education, and had lessons in dancing, music, languages, and the various accomplishments which were then considered necessary to finish the education of young people. The Edinburgh people were nearly as narrow and bigoted as their northern brethren on religious questions, and their amusements were few and dull; but we enjoyed what I think was the greatest event in our lives—going to the theatre for the first time. There was only one theatre then in existence, which was scantily attended, as going to the play was a sign of the ungodly life, and very few people had enough courage to fly in the face of the strong conventional feeling of that time. My mother regarded the stage from an educational point of view, and as Charles Kean was performing a series of Shakespearian plays at the Theatre Royal, we were allowed to go and see them. What a joy that was! and what an impression it made! That the theatre was old and badly lighted, the plays poorly mounted, the dresses incongruous and old-fashioned, and the audience mostly unsympathetic, could not detract from the indescribable and unforgettable joy of going to the theatre for the first time in our lives. The plays were nearly all historical, and I think we attended every one, and were deeply entranced by them. After Charles Kean's departure, it was no longer considered desirable that we should enjoy such frivolity, but as a concession we were allowed to see a so-called historical play. It was called "Catherine Howard: the Throne, the Scaffold, and the Tomb," and we shed many tears over the fate of that unhappy Queen; but by whom it was written or by whom it was played I have long forgotten.

There was one other incident in our visit to Edinburgh which was quite unique. During the spring of that year Queen Victoria held a great review of all the Queen's Volunteers in the Queen's Park. We were lucky enough to have tickets for the enclosure, and were able to see everything well. The enthusiasm with which the Queen was welcomed by her Scotch subjects, and the reception given to the Volunteers, was remarkable, for the Edinburgh people are not demonstrative. She was loudly cheered along the streets as she drove up the Queen's Drive to the saluting-post. It was a day of wild excitement and enthusiasm. I have never forgotten the Queen, who, with the Prince Consort beside her, looked small and young, but so beamingly happy. She was surrounded by a very brilliant staff. One other person besides the Queen impressed himself strongly on my memory as, leaving the General Staff at Queen Victoria's side, he took his place at the head of his regiment when it marched past her. With his soldier-like appearance and great distinction, the well-known figure of Lord Elcho, one of the leaders of the Volunteer movement in Scotland, appealed as strongly then to the crowds, who cheered him most enthusiastically, as he did fifty years after, when, in 1906, as Lord Wemyss, he rode past at the head of his regiment before King Edward.

Family changes forced my father and mother to give up the little house in which we lived when I was about fifteen years old, and we moved to Brahan Castle, where I became more or less a companion-secretary to my grandmother. The three years she lived after we went there were very happy and stimulating, for, despite her great age, she took a keen intellectual interest in all that was going on, and, though she was not strong enough to receive on a large scale, from time to time we had distinguished visitors. The first time I ever saw Mr. Gladstone was on the occasion of his paying an afternoon visit to my grandmother. He had been staying with the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, but stopped at Dingwall, which was his mother's native town, to see some of her old friends and relations, and, his father having been a great friend of my great-grandfather, he drove out to pay his regards to Mrs. Stewart-Mackenzie. My grandmother had not been very well, and was late in leaving her room, so she desired me to go down and make her excuses to Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. I was much frightened at having to encounter the great statesman single-handed, but he was very nice to me, and Mrs. Gladstone was delightful. She was extremely pretty and graceful, and he had an appearance of youthful vigour and animation which was most impressive, and I remember being struck with his keen and flashing eyes. He asked me endless questions about the country, the harvest, the history of the house, and all the old local traditions, seeming to know quite as much, if not more, than I about them, and he was deeply interested in all our family past.

I was deputed to take him and Mrs. Gladstone to see the garden, and they then returned for tea. I remember regarding him with almost superstitious reverence, for he seemed to know and talk about everything. He knew the names of the trees, their age, the country from which they came, and the history of their being introduced into Scotland; and he was intensely interested in the question of Coniferæ, which was then becoming a great point in Scottish forestry. He had travelled past many fine old larches on the day before, and gave me a long dissertation on the history of the introduction of the larch into Scotland. There was a beautiful walk by the river, where some magnificent old Scotch firs grew, for which his admiration was unbounded, and he was greatly interested on being told that the river walk had been made, and the trees planted, by Frances, Countess of Seaforth, a daughter of Lord Powis, in imitation of a walk of a similar kind at her English home.

Sir Roderick Murchison also was a constant visitor, and had a great affection for my grandmother; his family, very humble folk, were natives of Ross-shire, and one of his ancestors was in an especial way connected with her family. This was Donald Murchison, factor to Kenneth, Lord Seaforth, during the Rebellion of 1715, who had the management of all his great estates on the mainland and in the Island of Lews. When, after the forfeiture of his property, Lord Seaforth was obliged to fly the country, and take refuge at the Court of St. Germain, Donald Murchison remained on as factor, and so faithfully did he discharge his duties to his employer that, in the account in the State Papers of the times of the difficulty which the Government encountered in collecting the rents of the estates of some of the Highland Chieftains, special mention is made of the case of Lord Seaforth. It records how the tenants were entirely under the influence of Donald Murchison, who, oblivious of every other consideration except the interests of his Chief, continued to collect the rents and send them to Lord Seaforth, who was sometimes in Paris and sometimes in Spain, and how the turbulence and insubordination of the people increased to such an extent that an expedition was sent down to endeavour to improve matters, and to collect the Government fines.

Till then nobody had been able to get through the passes from the east coast of Ross-shire to Kintail, as the Highlanders held them by force, and were apparently invincible. Donald Murchison was warned of what the result of this state of things would probably be, and that an expeditionary force would be sent to collect the Seaforth rents. A small body of soldiers was despatched by way of Glenaffric, which was the easiest pass over the hills, the officer in charge of the English soldiers taking his little son with him. In the middle of the day the boy grew tired, and his father dismounted, and, putting him on his horse, let him ride part of the way. In passing along one of the narrowest parts of the valley the soldiers fell into an ambuscade. The Highlanders who were defending the pass saw the party of soldiers approaching, and opened fire upon them, and the officer's child was shot, besides a good many of the convoy. This unexpected attack struck such terror into the hearts of the invaders that they promptly retreated, and the next information the Government received was of the defeat of their force, and the practical impossibility of conquering the rebellious tenants. They never made another attempt, and Donald Murchison continued to collect the rents quietly and forward them to his master.

After the forfeited estates were given back Lord Seaforth returned home, and lived and died among his people. But, alas! for the ingratitude of human nature, Lord Seaforth forgot all the faithful services of Donald Murchison, and either never saw him after his return, or neglected him to such an extent that he died in comparative poverty. Hearing of his illness and distress, Lord Seaforth hurried off in a fit of remorse to pay his old retainer a visit, and arrived a short time before he died, offering to do all in his power to mitigate his suffering and show his gratitude; but Donald was obdurate, even refusing his master's offered hand, and, turning his face to the wall and his back on Lord Seaforth, he resolutely kept silence till he died.

Sir Roderick Murchison was a descendant of Donald Murchison, and there was no incident in the history of his family which he cherished and prized more than that his people had been on terms of friendship and intimacy with the Earl of Seaforth. He commissioned Sir Edwin Landseer to paint him a picture of the incident which I have just related. The painting always hung in his house in Belgrave Square, where he would point to it with true Highland pride. He left it at his death to the Scotch Academy of Arts.

The number of people now alive who remember Sir Edwin Landseer is diminishing every day. From his love of Scotland and the Highlands, and the fact that he had been an old friend and admirer of my grandmother and aunt, and used often to come to Brahan, a great event, whenever we went to London, was being invited to his studio to have tea with him. He was a short, undistinguished-looking little man, with shy manners and a rough voice, and his grey beard and moustache gave him an unkempt appearance; but it was all redeemed by the fine forehead and high brow, under which his bright sparkling eyes looked out with an expression of wistful interest and keen appreciation of whatever appealed to him or whatever he might be painting. In some ways his face often reminded me of a shaggy Scotch terrier. His love of animals and power of portraying them with a real sentiment of the intelligence which he saw in them gave them almost a human expression.

I always feel that one of the most pathetic signs of to-day is the want of appreciation of Landseer's pictures. To those who knew him, and who find in the animal world a fund of interest and loving sympathy, his pictures, "The Chief Mourner," "The Monarch of the Glen," "Dignity and Impudence," "The Nutcrackers," all tell a story of intelligence, devotion, and affection among animals which it needed the pencil of Landseer to delineate. It was very interesting to see him in his studio at the time when he was modelling the great lions for the foot of Nelson's Monument, and their magnitude made him look even smaller than he was. It is sad to pass the large blocks of unromantic and inartistic workmen's dwellings in St. John's Wood, which now stand on the site of the house and beautiful garden where he lived, and where he painted those pictures which his generation, at any rate, understood and appreciated.

Of all my grandmother's friendships, the one she prized the most was that of Sir Walter Scott, whom she had known for many years, and who entertained the greatest affection and admiration for her, enhanced by the romance of her family and her life, which appealed to his strong poetic instincts. To him the Lady Hood of the day represented a great name, surrounded by the glamour of a great inheritance, and a tradition which attracted his imagination. Their friendship was one of many years' duration, and his description of the heroine of the "Lady of the Lake" was that of my grandmother ; in his letters to her, of which there are a vast number, and of which many, alas ! have disappeared, he always addressed her as the "Chieftain's daughter." He treated her all through his life with a friendship and confidence which he vouchsafed to very few people. At what period she knew the secret of "Waverley" it is not easy to say, but that she was the earliest of his friends who either guessed it or were admitted to his confidence there is very little doubt. She shared in all the enthusiasm of his successes, and sympathized with all her heart in the clouds and sorrows that overshadowed his later life. One of the most precious possessions of our family is a set of the fine large-paper edition of his works, which he presented to her with an affectionate inscription in each of them.

CHAPTER III

LIFE IN THE HIGHLANDS

THE years I spent at Brahan with my grandmother, after the marriage of my aunt to Lord Ashburton, were some of the most interesting in my life. My grandmother was devotedly attached to me, and I was always with her, reading to her, writing her letters, and attending to her in the many little ways in which a young person can do so much for an older woman.

She was enormously popular in the Highlands, partly from sentiment and partly because she was a good landlord. At the time of the Disruption she had shown her sympathy, and thrown the weight of her great influence into the cause of the people who had left the Established Church of Scotland. No religious or political event of modern times, I think, affected Scotland more deeply than the Disruption; and the Highlanders, who followed their ministers on all questions of ecclesiastical government and patronage, determined to sever their allegiance from the Established Church and to found a new Church of their own.

Many thousands of people seceded on that occasion, without money, with few friends, without any future to look forward to, with no support and no hope except their strong belief in the power of the Almighty, and their certainty that He would not desert them in their hour of trial and sacrifice. It was a magnificent renunciation. I am not old enough to remember the Disruption, but my father and mother, like my grandmother, threw in their lot with the Free Church, as the secessionists were named, and all my early life was spent under the shadow and influence of that powerful and most tyrannical rule. Nothing but a passionate religious sentiment could have brought it about. The sturdy intelligent nature of the Highlanders had, after many years, revolted against a system which imposed on them ministers chosen by their patron, who were in many cases unsuitable and unsympathetic—men for whom they could have no respect, and in whose teaching and influence they could not believe.

My earliest recollections of Sunday and the teaching of the Free Kirk are not of such as impressed or appealed to young people, but the ministers and their wives and children were our friends, and we had the great bond of a common cause. Those days are now long past, and every congregation has built its church and manse; but in those early times the hill-side was the church, and scanty fir woods were often the only shelter on either side to protect the congregation from the inclemency of the weather. The ministers had no stipends, and no provision for the everyday wants of their lives; still, many persons responded with unbounded munificence to the universal sentiment which pervaded the country, and the poor people themselves gave what they could spare to assist their Church. The movement is now part of the history of a country in which devotion to a religious call is a strong characteristic, and in the course of years the Free Church in Scotland became one of the richest denominations in the country. They were very stern, dour, hard men, those first Free Church ministers, and the religion they taught and their methods of teaching were uncompromising and unattractive. I think it was not so much the quality of the religious teaching as its quantity which tried one's fidelity. A Sunday which began at eleven by a two and a half hours' service in Gaelic, with an interval of one hour for dinner, and was continued in English until half-past three or four, was trying enough. There was no ritual, and there was no music. The untrained voices of the congregation, led by a precentor, who struck the key-note of the psalm with his tuning-fork, were the only attempt at softening the service.

The rest of Sunday was occupied in studying and reading the Bible and voluminous tracts, besides a certain examination in the doctrines of the Church, as inculcated and taught by the Shorter Catechism. The Shorter Catechism was a hard enough nut for anybody to crack, but the Longer Catechism, which was taught after the difficulties and mysteries of the Shorter Catechism had been mastered, was something quite indescribably terrible. Sunday was a day full of gloom and darkness. There were no hot baths ; no food was cooked ; there was no pudding for dinner ; the most rigid Presbyterians abstained from the ordinary luxury of sugar in their tea, and the men refrained from shaving on Sundays, because any of these ordinary indulgences were a desecration of the Sabbath.

Looking back, I can remember how we rebelled against the sternness and hardness of the system, but the standard of life and conduct was a high one ; the work which had been undertaken involved a sacrifice of nearly everything that gave beauty and colour to life, and had to be carried out in an unflinching manner. The Scotch like spiritual domination, and no priesthood—not even the Roman Catholic hierarchy—ever exercised a greater influence over its people than did the Free Kirk of Scotland in these early days.

The Free Church ministers were not magnanimous in their treatment of the old Church, and their sentiments were shared by their congregations. The Established churches, which had been full before the Disruption, were now empty. No really sincere Free Churchman would have anything to do with a member of the Established Church, and I can remember as a child being made to cross the road because the minister of the Established Church was coming towards us, and we were not allowed to speak to him. The ministers of the Established Church bore their ostracism with great philosophy; they, at any rate, got the loaves and fishes; but I can never remember having any social or business intercourse with a minister of the Established Church, or with his wife, or any of the elders, during the whole of my childhood. This spirit reigned long after the Free Church of Scotland had assumed absolute dominance and control over the whole of the Highland population.

Though our ministers were not men of any great education or intellectual attainments, there were some remarkable figures among them—among others, Dr. John Kennedy, of Dingwall, the minister under whom we sat. He was a man who in any capacity in life would have been remarkable, and his power over his congregation and over the whole of the Highlands was absolute. He was courageous to the last degree; he feared nobody; he had the highest conception of what his duty was, and in the execution of that duty he attacked even his warmest supporters if they deviated in any way from what he considered ought to be their conduct. I remember his preaching a sermon in the parish church of Dingwall against my mother, who had been one of his most devoted adherents, because she had allowed her name to appear as patroness of a ball that was to be given in Inverness for some charitable object, and to the last day of his life he refused with absolute implacability to allow any persons to be admitted to the Lord's Table whose life did not qualify them to partake of that mysterious and holy rite. Yet he was kind and tender to those in sorrow and trouble, and his sympathy was always ready for those who needed it, while his own life was an absolute embodiment of all the things he advocated and of all the doctrines he preached. There were many other men like him, but he stood above them all.

The recollections of a child are generally accurate, and some of them indicate how different the conditions of life are now from what they were fifty-five years ago. The process of hardening and bracing which children underwent undoubtedly made them strong men and women, and we who survived had our constitution subjected to the most rigid tests. Such a thing as a hot bath, except on Saturday evenings, was unknown. Cold water, winter and summer, was provided for us; we had no fire in our bedrooms, and in the winter we not infrequently had to break the ice on the top of our bath before we plunged in. We had porridge for breakfast and porridge for tea; meat in the middle of the day; and on Sunday, as a great treat, bread and butter and jam for tea. My mother was a great believer in the simple life, and we spent many happy days staying with some tenants in a little farm-house on the hill-side during the summer and autumn months, living the same kind of life as our hosts.

When I see the smartly-dressed children of to-day, in full consciousness of the delights of wearing smart clothes, I cannot help contrasting it with the feelings of my sisters and myself during our childhood and girlhood. Our toilette was confined to a warm frock in winter, with another to change, and the same for summer. Such a luxury as a beautiful hat, or a pair of silk stockings and smart shoes, was unknown, and we suffered from the painful consciousness of an unreplenished wardrobe, out of which only ugly and useful garments ever appeared. I remember now our enormous delight when we were allowed to open a large box sent by my grandmother containing pretty frocks and hats, which she, conscious of the shortcomings of our personal appearance, had given us in order that we might be better dressed when we went over to pay her a visit.

Our education was not neglected, however, for my mother, who was a remarkably clever woman, taught us herself for some years, and she was a stern, inexorable tutor. The education which even children in our position received in those days was much simpler than it is now, and was confined principally to a thorough knowledge of the three R's; but we read a great deal of history, and learned geography and elementary science, and my mother in several ways strove to develop and improve our memory, while we also learned great quantities of the English poets and classics by heart. Shakespeare, Pope, Dryden, Cowper, and Milton were the works principally taught us, and our reading was of a very serious character. There were few children's books, and we were considered too young to read Scott. Indeed, it was not until we were past fifteen or sixteen that we were allowed to enter into the enchanted land which the Waverley

Novels opened up to us. Though our education was of so simple a character, the interesting questions of the day were followed with deep and great attention by my mother, who in thought and education was very much in advance of most of the women of her time. And I remember with what deep and increasing curiosity we heard the "Essays and Reviews" discussed, especially after we had been told that it was not a book that we were to open! That and a few novels, such as "Guy Livingstone" and "Jane Eyre," lay about on the tables in my mother's room, but we knew from personal experience how swift and uncompromising would be the punishment meted out to us if we disobeyed her injunctions.

If our education was devoid of anything but its sterner side, we, at any rate, inherited the traditions and superstitions of our country; and as children with Highland nurses, who spoke little else than Gaelic, we lived in a world of fairies, witches, second sight, and all the various superstitions which were an article of faith with the people. The joys of Hallow-e'en, with its flavour of Satanic intercourse, were most thrilling; and I remember keenly to this day the terrors we experienced when an apple had to be cut in half before a looking-glass, in a room illuminated only by a single candle, added to those which we felt in sowing rape-seed in the garden after dark, on which occasions we were bid to expect either the figures of our future husbands or that of His Satanic Majesty to appear.

These rites always took place on Hallow-e'en, and the interest of the evening was undoubtedly centred on the terrible forewarnings given by the whites of eggs. The gift of prophecy by those signs was not given to everyone, but we had a delightful old Highland nurse who read the future for us. The raw egg was slightly cracked, the white was allowed to fall into a tumbler of cold water, and the person whose fortune was to be told held his or her hand on the top of the water. After a certain time the white of the egg rose in fantastic figures through the water, and out of these was divulged the whole Book of Fate. An old woman who lived in the village close by, and foretold misfortune and death to her neighbours, very often with extreme accuracy, was a personage of great importance. She was able to predict the coming funeral, and the advent of the death-candle, which portent always foretold the death of the head of the family; while the evil spells which she cast around those who were not her friends were held to be very potent.

There was an old lady with the gift of prophecy who lived on the shores of Loch Broom, where we spent many autumns, and one incident that happened while I was there illustrates how strong was the belief in such occult doings. She had conceived a violent dislike for the man who herded our cows on the hill-side, and one day the cows mysteriously ceased to give any milk. Various suggestions were made as to natural causes, but they all proved unsatisfactory, and the only remedy appeared to be to allow the old woman, who was firmly believed to have bewitched the cows, to exorcise the spell which she had laid upon them. She was accordingly sent for, and accepted the position with perfect complacency. The cows were driven into the byre, the old woman accompanying them, and the door was shut. I remember as a child peering through the door and watching her perform all kinds of signs and symbols over the cows, while in her slow, curious, monotonous voice she crooned a series of sentences. After a time she informed us that the cows were well, and ready to be milked. That the cows were restored to their normal condition was certain, for the supply of milk commenced, and we had no more difficulty; while everyone in the village, except an incredulous coachman, believed that the old woman had worked the doing and undoing of this untoward occurrence. The coachman, however, maintained to the last—and I think there could be no doubt as to the accuracy of his belief—that the cows had been milked on the hill-side by a confederate of the old woman, who thought that, if the cows gave no milk, she would thus get rid of the offending cowherd.

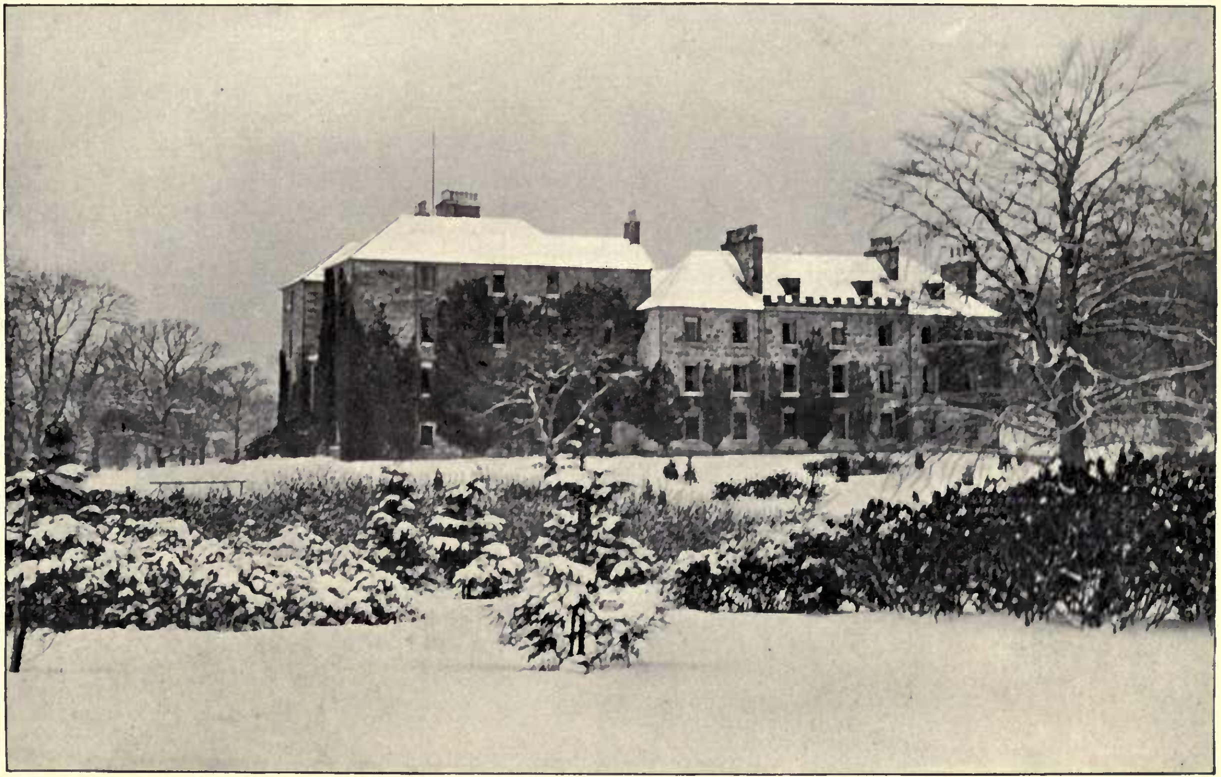
One incident which I can vouch for from my own personal knowledge could no doubt be explained away by sceptics, but it was a very curious instance of what everybody accepted as an article of faith in those days in the Highlands. A great friend of ours—a beautiful girl in her earlier days—had inspired a deep attachment in the heart of the eldest son of one of the reigning houses in Europe. He had wished to marry her, and had persisted in his resolve almost to the point of surrendering his birthright. Family counsels and political expediency, however, rendered this impossible, and they separated. He died unmarried. Many years passed, and she in time married an Englishman of high position in the legal world, who afterwards became a Judge. She was staying with us before her marriage, and, hearing of a wonderful old witch who lived a few miles from Brahan, expressed a desire to go and pay her a visit. We arrived at the house of the old lady without giving her any warning, and asked to be allowed to see her, and to consult her on those all-important questions of the future. She saw our visitor, and told her that she had very nearly been a Queen, but that she had not been considered high enough or great enough to marry the Prince who had been enamoured of her, and that he would never marry anyone else, and would probably die young. She went on to say that later in life she would marry a man of high position in England, with whom she would be very happy, but she would never have a child. That the prophecy was absolutely fulfilled was a curious coincidence, for we had never paid the old woman a visit before; we were unknown to her, and she obviously could not have heard anything of our guest in that wild Highland place.

There are very few historical associations connected with Brahan Castle. Although the situation was a fine one, and it occupied a strong strategical position, little record is left of the early feuds of the clans, and the family papers have all disappeared; some were probably lost during the rebellion, and many of them were destroyed by the Earl of Cromarty of the day, who was left guardian to the young Earl of Seaforth, a very troublesome and turbulent charge. Lord Seaforth quarrelled with Lord Cromarty, whose conduct he resented very bitterly; but he consoled himself with the reflection that the day would come when he would walk over Lord Cromarty's grave. His guardian, however, took the avowal of this intention so much to heart that he gave orders that he should be buried in a certain spot near the town of Dingwall, and that a large obelisk should be erected over his grave to prevent Lord Seaforth from carrying out his threat. I believe that Lord Cromarty's body was afterwards removed; but as Lord Seaforth was obliged to leave the country, his only means of revenge was frustrated.

The whole character of Brahan Castle was changed by its being dismantled after the "'45," and the only parts of the old house of any interest that remained were the dungeons and prisons, in one of which Montrose was confined on his way to Edinburgh after he was taken prisoner in Assynt. He and Lord Seaforth had been great friends and political allies, but the exigencies of the moment required that the laws of the Covenant should be carried out, and Montrose became a prisoner in the house of his friend. The dungeons were afterwards turned into cellars, which for many years were filled and refilled, as was the custom in the great Scotch houses of the time. I remember when a little girl, as a great treat, having a glass of "Rebellion port" given me to drink, which had been placed in the cellar just before the Battle of Culloden. It was a matter of much interest to remember that I did drink that particular vintage, but I do not think I ever tasted anything quite so nasty. When my father died, and the cellar was sold, the "Rebellion port" that was left fetched a fabulous price in Edinburgh.

The only other object of interest left in the house when my grandmother died was a picture by Sir Benjamin West, portraying the traditional origin of our family, for which my great-grandfather, Lord Seaforth, with some of his Macrae tenants, sat as models. From an artistic point of view the picture may not be valuable, but as a family relic it has always been regarded with superstitious admiration.

There were a few Jacobite relics, such as are the heritage of every old Highland family. There were pictures of Mary Queen of Scots, Darnley and Rizzio, said to have been given to Lord Seaforth by the Queen, and a curious copy of the proclamation made on the raising by my great-grandfather of the 78th Highlanders (now the 2nd Battalion of the Seaforth Highlanders) in 1812, which runs:



BRAHAN CASTLE.

SEAFORTH'S HIGHLANDERS.

To be forthwith raised for the defence of His Glorious Majesty

KING GEORGE THE THIRD

And the preservation of our happy Constitution in Church and State.

All lads of true Highland blood, willing to show their loyalty and spirit, may repair to Seaforth, or the Major Alexander Mackenzie, of Belmaduthy, or the other Commanding Officers at Headquarters at ...., where they will receive high bounties and soldier-like entertainment.

The Lads of this Regiment will live and die together: as they cannot be draughted into other Regiments, and must be reduced in a body in their own Country.

NOW FOR A STROKE AT THE MOUNSEERS, MY BOYS.

KING GEORGE FOR EVER!

HUZZA!

All the surrounding country in those days teemed with stories of the prophecies of the Brahan seer, some of which had come true, while others were still unfulfilled. One of the best known of them—that the day would come when a long, black carriage without horses should go across the Muir of Ord Market—was still current, I remember, in 1852, the railway which now crosses the very spot not being made until twenty years later. But Kenneth and his prophecies, and the old traditions, and the spirit of romance and imagination, have now faded away, and exist only in fragmentary fashion in the minds of those who, like myself, were nurtured and brought up amid the traditions and legends of what then was a far-distant country.

CHAPTER IV

HIGHLAND HOSPITALITY

Two well-known characters at that time in the Highlands were John Stuart Hay and his brother, who professed to be legitimate descendants of the Stuarts, and who in dress and features certainly bore a remarkable resemblance to that family. They were never officially recognized by even the most devoted Jacobites as legitimate representatives of the Stuart line, but no one looking at them could doubt that they had Stuart blood in their veins, and that they were nearly connected with a member of the Royal Stuart Family. They wore a curious, antiquated Tartan costume, with the traditional Chief's bonnet, and their hair hung in long ringlets on their shoulders. They were great friends of Lord and Lady Lovat, who represented that famous Jacobite family, and in their wanderings about the Highlands they stayed a great deal at Beaufort. I do not remember my grandmother ever recognizing them or showing them any hospitality; she was sceptical about their descent, and was too old to take much interest in the matter; but there was a sentimental feeling about them, while their poverty, added to the dignity of their demeanour, and their independence, caused them to be regarded with more respect than curiosity. As a child I remember seeing them, and being told to walk out of the room backwards and curtsey, and I believe the Roman Catholic families in Scotland did acknowledge their right to those minor attributes of royalty.

Though my grandmother (owing to her great age) never went to church, she used to receive many visits from the clergy in the country, and she had a number of warm friends among them, to whom she was very generous. She was not always the most patient person, and had a habit of speaking her mind to anyone from whom she happened to differ. She suffered very much at times from gout, and was often disabled and laid up for days. During one of these attacks of gout she had had a great quarrel with a Mr. Macleod, one of the Free Church ministers, who had much influence, particularly in the Lews, and was a very fearless and outspoken person. The difference between them did not last long, and Mr. Macleod, passing one day, called in to see my grandmother. She was again recovering from an attack of gout, and the meeting on both sides was one of dignified coldness. Mr. Macleod was not in a friendly humour, but my grandmother, anxious to make peace, was willing to hold out the olive-branch to him, and by way of doing so, explained that she had not been very well, adding in a sympathetic tone: "My dear friend, did you ever have gout?" The minister, unwilling to lose the opportunity, said: "Na, na, my dear; I never was rich enough!" which remark, it can easily be imagined, did not tend to remedy matters. But the minister felt that he was bound to take up his parable, as he had always maintained that my grandmother's gout was caused by want of self-control in the matter of food.

About that time a great wave of revivalism spread over the whole of Scotland, and in the north we were visited by many of the revival ministers — very zealous, but bitterly tactless men, who, with the Bible in their hands, preached damnation to all those who refused to listen to the outpourings of the Spirit. A brother of Lord Guilford—Mr. Brownlow North—was a very eloquent revivalist. In his youth he had led a life of extreme dissipation and self-indulgence, but had suddenly awoke to a sense of the iniquity of his life, and had been converted. He was possessed of a great power of language. He spoke extremely well and with great pathos, and thousands of people in Scotland followed him, and went from all parts of the country to hear him. He paid a long visit to my grandmother one autumn, accompanied by his wife, a bright-eyed, cheery little Irishwoman, who was devoted to her husband. She, having led a perfectly simple and pure life, felt it quite impossible to rise to the spiritual heights to which her husband had attained, and always explained her attitude by saying that, unlike her husband, she had never been so bad in her youth as to make a lifelong repentance necessary.

Staying with my grandmother at the same time was Laurence Oliphant, and he and Mrs. Brownlow North set up a violent friendship. Her sense of humour and fun appealed to him, and he enjoyed laughing at her and teasing her for the easy way with which she held her own against all his onslaughts on the party to which she belonged. Mrs. North always showed herself anxious to maintain an aloofness from her husband's friends in as distinct a way as possible, while at the same time upholding her position of wifely duty to him; but she found it very difficult to maintain that position long with Mr. Oliphant, and the culminating point arrived one day during a picnic, when, after luncheon, the old piper who had gone with us to superintend the arrangements brought out his pipes and began to play a lively reel, in which Mrs. North and Laurence Oliphant joined, to the great amusement of everyone, and to their own extreme enjoyment. When it was finished, Mrs. Brownlow North's repentance assumed the very strongest proportions, which Mr. Oliphant tried to assuage by writing a little ode, from which I here give an extract:

"The lady I love will no longer stay,
But is off to a Free Church manse.
Oh, why did she gaze in that tender way
At me in our wayside dance?"

* * * * *

About the same time that Mr. Brownlow North was rousing the country by his revival meetings, a very powerful rival appeared on the scene in the person of Mrs. Thistlethwaite (the celebrated Laura Bell), who, having married a Mr. Thistlethwaite, a man of large fortune, had come with her husband to Loch Luichart, a deer forest belonging to my uncle, Lord Ashburton, which they had taken for a term of years. At first the county looked askance at the new arrivals, and she was not visited. Rumours which reached my grandmother's ears of her extreme repentance and great spiritual gifts, backed up by an entreaty from my aunt, Lady Ashburton, that she would recognize her tenant, produced a great sensation in our family; and, after many consultations and heartburnings, my grandmother consented, in order to please my aunt, to receive Mrs. Thistlethwaite. We children were all sent out of the house the day when she paid her first visit, and only gathered from the mysterious whisperings of the maidservants that someone who ought not to have come to the house had been there, and that we had been sent out of the way to avoid meeting her.

The wave of revivalism had touched her also, and, to the surprise of everyone, an announcement was one day made that Mrs. Thistlethwaite would conduct a revival service in the little Free Church building which stood just outside the grounds of Loch Luichart. The services were not very well attended at first, for, except the local minister, the Free Church people looked shyly at their new recruit. But after a time curiosity got the better of discretion, and people flocked from all parts of the country to hear her discourse. The internal surroundings of the church did not lend themselves to any emotional effect, but Mrs. Thistlethwaite, beautifully dressed, and standing at the end of the building, so that all the light which entered through the small windows was thrown on her, illuminating the spot where she stood, poured out an impassioned address, not eloquent nor convincing, but certainly effective. She spoke with great facility, and with a good deal of emotion in her voice, and an evident air of sincerity and personal conviction. This, added to the remains of very great beauty, an influence largely increased by her great generosity to the poor people, made a vast impression on her congregation, and after the first meetings she succeeded in producing all the effects of other revival preachers, and many conversions were supposed to have been the result of her ministrations.

Had she been content with her success in the mountain recesses of Ross-shire, she might have been handed down to posterity as a sainted Magdalene. But, not satisfied with her minor triumphs, she appeared one Sunday in the county town of Dingwall, and, in defiance of the warnings of the Free Church minister there, attempted to hold a large meeting, which was not a success. Her crowded congregation was attracted more from curiosity than religious ardour, and after a second attempt, during which time she was exposed to the uncontrolled criticism of the minister and the elders, she contented herself with her Sunday meetings among the hills. She was a very striking-looking woman, and the large black mantilla which covered her masses of golden hair, the magnificent jewels she wore round her neck, and the flashing rings on the hands with which she gesticulated, added to the soft tones of a very beautiful voice, made a great impression on those who listened to her.

She was joined afterwards by Lord and Lady Kintore, Lord Kintore being a very religious man, and he and Mrs. Thistlethwaite conducted services for many weeks; but the conversions of which they boasted were not many, nor, I fear, very permanent.

Another visitor to our part of the Highlands, shortly before the arrival of Mrs. Thistlethwaite, created almost as much excitement, and in some respects attracted a greater amount of public attention. Mr. and Mrs. Trelawney became the tenants of a shooting about four miles from Brahan, the property of one of our neighbours. They were not acquainted with anyone in the county, and very little was known about them, while even the vigilant curiosity of the ladies in the neighbourhood failed to discover anything, except that Mrs. Trelawney was, though past her first youth, a very beautiful woman, and magnificently dressed. Her husband was a keen sportsman, and they came down apparently with the sole object of shooting. We had so few neighbours that a new-comer was always welcome, and a certain number of people called upon her. To their surprise and disgust, none of these calls were returned, and, though Mrs. Trelawney remained for two years in the county, no one ever saw her, except out driving. We often met her, as we lived close by, and I can remember now what a beautiful woman she was, with magnificent masses of deep red hair, in those days a very unusual adornment.

I think she would have passed quietly out of the county but for the fact that Mr. Trelawney was suddenly taken very ill, and the local doctor had to be called in. Then a thunderbolt fell on the community, when the news spread that Mrs. Trelawney was no other than Madame Beauregard, for many years a mistress of the Emperor Napoleon. Had there been any suspicion as to her past, the fact that she was French, combined with the hue of her magnificent *chevelure*, which was the colour the Emperor was known to admire so much, might have put more sophisticated people than ourselves on the *qui vive.* Mr. Trelawney shortly after recovered, though, when the facts transpired, the religious and moral sentiment of Ross-shire was so strong that there was great difficulty in getting the doctor to continue his attendance, and even the tradespeople began to doubt whether they were justified in supplying anybody with so stormy a past. The lady disappeared as mysteriously as she came, and was another problem added to those which puzzled us as children.

Just at that time, shortly after the Indian Mutiny, Sir Colin Campbell, newly created Lord Clyde, came down on a tour of inspection of the troops, then quartered at Fort George. We were all staying on a visit to a neighbour, when Lord Clyde, accompanied by Sir Richard Taylor, who was his Aide-de-Camp, arrived as a guest for two or three days. He was a fine-looking old man, not very tall, with as straight and upright a figure as a young man. His hair was cut short, and stood up about an inch high all round his head. His face was very furrowed, and bore traces of the anxiety and strain which the Indian Mutiny had laid upon him. A pair of very bright blue sparkling eyes, an ugly nose, and a heavy moustache, completed the picture. He was greatly pleased with us and the children of the house in which we were staying, and I remember to this day the chase we all had after him round a fountain which stood in the middle of a large flower-garden, and how he escaped from our pursuit, running as quickly and as lightly as if he were a young lad.

We had one other visitor whose impression still remains on my mind—Dr. Wolff, the celebrated Central Asian Explorer, and father of Sir Henry Drummond Wolff. Dr. Wolff had just been released from his imprisonment in Bokhara, and had completed his book giving an account of his confinement and escape. He presented us each with a copy of the immortal work, which was a cause of great pride to us; and when we realized that his journey to Scotland was connected with matrimonial intentions in regard to a member of our family, we looked on him with increased curiosity and respect. His matrimonial hopes, however, were destined to be defeated, and he left, a discouraged but not an unhappy suitor, for he consoled himself shortly afterwards by marrying Lady Georgina Walpole.

When Lord Ashburton's health permitted of it, he and my aunt came to Loch Luichart for the autumn, and I remember with what interest and awe I used to stay with them for a day or two at a time. Lord Ashburton's first wife was Harriet, Lady Ashburton, a great friend of Carlyle, and he and Mrs. Carlyle had extended their friendship to my aunt on her becoming Lord Ashburton's second wife. Mr. Delane always paid them a visit during his autumn tour in Scotland, either on his way from Glenquoich to Dunrobin or on his way back. Mr. Delane was one of the first distinguished men I knew well, and he was immensely kind to young people, and specially so to me. He was always ready to listen, to talk, and to treat one a little bit as a reasonable intelligent human being, and no greater compliment than that can ever be paid to a young girl. He was full of fun, always chaffing and teasing, and yet ready to be serious. Even now he stands for me, as he did in those days, as the best presentment, in appearance and character, of a typical "John Bull." His fine, open countenance, his clear, frank, kind eye, his ruddy complexion, and the expression sometimes stern, and yet breaking into playful changes, made his face intensely strong and interesting; and he was delightful in the sympathetic, cheery way in which he entered into all one's pursuits. His appreciation of the Scotch character, especially of its weaknesses, was very amusing, and he never failed to rub it in, especially to strong champions of their country such as I was.

I have to this day preserved a short letter Mr. Delane wrote me in the year 1861, when he sent me his photograph (now quite faded) after a long and vehement discussion in consequence of his scornful criticism of the Highlanders, in which he was backed up by Lord Sherbrooke—they both mercilessly attacking an unhappy little girl.

"Dear Miss Mackenzie,

"Please accept the enclosed shadow of one who, though he has not the good fortune to be a Scotsman, does not forget the promise he made in Scotland or the great kindness he received at Brahan Castle, and who begs to be remembered as one of Scotia's humble admirers and her zealous champion's faithful servant,

"John T. Delane."

Some years afterwards, on coming to London, I used still to think he was my ideal John Bull, when I saw him riding in Rotten Row, sitting his horse with ease and confidence, and with that curious impression of power which he always gave.

The first time I ever went to the opera was with him. I remember the delight and wonder with which I heard Grisi and Mario sing in "Norma," and all through that first summer in London he never forgot my fondness for music, and constantly gave me his opera-box. I saw a good deal of him later on at Lady Waldegrave's, Lady Molesworth's, and at my aunt's (Lady Ely), but my recollections of him are always associated with that visit to Loch Luichart, and with the kindness of the great strong man to the inexperienced girl.

Lord Sherbrooke was there at the same time, but he was not sympathetic to anyone, and I was horribly afraid of him.

My aunt, Lady Ashburton, was an exceedingly hospitable woman, and taxed the resources of her house beyond its limits, so that Brahan, which was only thirteen miles distant, was constantly used as an annexe for the various guests who overflowed the Lodge at Loch Luichart, and had to be entertained elsewhere. It was rather later, after Lord Ashburton's death, that Dr. Tait, then Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir Roderick Murchison, and Mr. Browning, were sent to Brahan late one evening, there being no room in the Lodge; and that was the beginning of a deep and sincere friendship with Mr. Browning, the memory of which I have always prized. He again, like so many great men, loved young people, and very often was quite as great a child as any of us; in later years, after I was married and settled in London, and he had become a constant visitor at our house, he used to talk and laugh over the days we had spent in the Highlands together.

The two most hospitable houses in the Highlands in those days were undoubtedly Glenquoich and Dunrobin. Mr. and Mrs. Ellice kept open house during the whole autumn, and Glenquoich was the *rendezvous* of all the political and distinguished people who made an annual pilgrimage (as it really was then) to the Highlands. Glenquoich was only a shooting-lodge, and at that time the luxury of modern Highland life was unknown. The rooms in most houses were small and plainly furnished; the *ménage* was more simple, and there were none of the toilettes and changes of dress which are now the fashion. People had to rough it, especially the servants, who greatly disliked the discomforts of their time in the Highlands.

There is an amusing story told of Mr. Ellice—"the Bear"—who was very dictatorial in his dealings with people. On the arrival of a batch of visitors from the South, the lady's-maids complained that it was quite impossible for them to sleep in the rooms that had been allotted to them. As there was nothing else to be done, the matter was referred to Mr. Ellice. He did not attempt to discuss the matter, but ordered round an open brake, in which he had the grumblers driven to a small lodge about four miles distant, along one of the most precipitous and dangerous roads in that part of the Highlands. The story goes that, after driving along this road at a breakneck pace, and arriving at the lodge (which Mr. Ellice told them was the only alternative to the rooms that had been allotted to them in the house), they one and all instantly prayed to be taken back, and gratefully accepted the rooms assigned to them, feeling that anything was preferable to the experience which they would have to undergo twice a day in what seemed to their unsophisticated English eyes a most dangerous expedition.

Dunrobin was in every respect very unlike Glenquoich. The house was a fine and large one, and had been made extremely comfortable and luxurious by Harriet, Duchess of Sutherland, who was a woman of great taste. It was considered the last thing in luxury and magnificence, though nowadays it would hardly aspire to such a unique reputation, notwithstanding that it has been completely modernized and improved by successive Dukes of Sutherland. Most of the pilgrims to Glenquoich found their way to Dunrobin, which, however, was mainly filled by the various relations of the Howard and Leveson-Gower families, to many of whom Dunrobin was a second home, and the members of these families formed a goodly host of visitors.

The vast Sutherland estates, which had come into the Leveson-Gower family through the marriage of the Marquis of Stafford to the daughter and heiress of the last Earl of Sutherland, comprised nearly the whole of the county of Sutherland. They had, however, been largely increased by purchase of the territories of the Reay country, which for centuries had been in the possession of the Mackay family, of whom Lord Reay is the male representative. Large parts of Sutherlandshire were very thickly populated in the earlier part of the last century, but later on, when the great clearances of the Highlands took place, and the land was turned into forests and sheep-farms, thousands of the people emigrated, and went to Canada and Australia, where they largely contributed to the growth and prosperity of those colonies. An old gardener who lived and died at Brahan was the father of four or five sons, all of whom went, like many of the younger people of that generation, to the Colonies, leaving their parents behind, and sending them money to comfort their declining days. Some of the older people joined their children after they had settled and made a home for themselves in the new country, but the majority stayed behind.

The story of the clearances in the north was very dramatic. After the potato famine, and the ruin which followed, it would have been impossible for the Highlanders ever to have made a living in their own country. The potato famine and the destruction of the kelp industry deprived thousands of their daily bread, and although emigration was considered at the time a harsh measure, and to those with the passionate patriotism of the Highlanders the agony of leaving their country was indescribable, it was the only remedy. The loss of two of the emigrant ships with nearly all their passengers added indignation to the feelings of pity which swept over the country, and many of the misfortunes that befell certain of the landlords whose estates were cleared were always considered by the people a just punishment of Providence.

There were very few clearances on my grandmother's property. She lived to the age of eighty among her people, and I think it was, perhaps, when she died that the last great Highland funeral ever took place; and it was undoubtedly an extraordinary sight. Thousands of people came from all parts of the country to attend it, and the long procession to Fortrose, about twenty miles away, where she was buried, extended over five miles of that distance. Although the estate of Kintail had passed out of her hands, the Macrae tenants claimed the ancient right of carrying their Chief to his burial, and the long *cortège* was headed by pipers playing the weird laments of their clan. The preliminaries of a Highland funeral are very grim and melancholy. Black gloves and hatbands were given to everybody, and the number of people seemed innumerable, forming a dense thick crowd, which followed the hearse. A substantial luncheon was laid out in the old hall of the castle, and whisky and bread *ad libitum* were served to the vast crowd of people waiting outside. The *cortège* proceeded at a foot-walk until it arrived at the summit of the Mil Buie, a dreary hill about ten miles from its destination, at which point the people on foot left the procession, and it then proceeded at a rapid pace to the old Abbey of Fortrose, where my grandmother's ancestors were all buried, and where she was laid to rest.

On looking back at those times, and comparing them with to-day, the contrast indicates a greater change in the life and condition of the Highlands than anyone who has not passed one's life there can well imagine. The intimacy between the upper and lower classes and the simplicity of life were the two prominent characteristics of the old order. As far as our family was concerned, our friendship with our people was mainly brought about by the fact that we were members of the Free Church, which most of the gentry were not. Even in those later days the old rebellious spirit against Church discipline and patronage still existed, and the lower classes viewed the Scotch Episcopal Church with grave suspicion as a survival of the ancient Papacy, in fighting against which they had suffered so deeply.

Mr. Russell, the editor of the *Scotsman*, used to come and fish every year in the Conon, and on one of his visits he was accompanied by Sir William H. Russell, the celebrated correspondent of the *Times*, and by Mr. Shirley Brooks. That was the commencement of a lifelong friendship with Sir William, for whom we all had the deepest affection. They both entered with great zest and amusement into all the jokes and amusements of the young people, Mr. Shirley Brooks maintaining that he had never been able to sleep in consequence of the ghost (which was said to haunt the house) visiting him nightly; and the verses which follow were written by him in commemoration of that event:

THE GHOST'S EXCUSE.

"The ghost came to see me, but flew in a minute,
And left this excuse, and there seems something in it—
At least, it acquits him of anything rude.
He said (while his fishified eye became tearful):
'Mr. Brooks, sir, this castle's so happy and cheerful,
Good spirits are here *de rigueur*, and I'm fearful
A bad one like me didn't ought to intrude.'

"At which, in my terror, I managed to stammer
That ghosts had no right to talk French and bad grammar;
But if he'd be off I'd endeavour to hammer
His plea into verse which I wish were as good.
"S. S. B.

"Brahan Castle,
"15 *September*, 1860."

Sir William assumed the title of a Highland Chieftain, and, putting an Irish and Scotch prefix to his name, dubbed himself Mackenzie O'Russell, performing many hare-brained deeds on a small island on the river, which he declared he had acquired by conquest from my grandmother. Nothing ever seemed to diminish or cloud his wonderful spirits, his unfailing buoyancy, and his intense sense of enjoyment, and the affection and devotion which he awoke in our hearts can never be forgotten. He was like a great happy schoolboy, bubbling over with health and spirits; and when we saw him in some of his mad, harum-scarum adventures with the young people, it was difficult to realize how short a time before he had stood facing all the suffering and terrors of the Crimean struggle, stirring the soul of the country to its depths by his description of the horrors of the war.

The completion of the Highland Railway, by the opening of the line along the old Highland road from Inverness to Perth, brought the south into much closer communication, which has now extended all over Scotland. New hotels were built, small towns sprung up where hitherto there had only been a few shanties on the hill-side, tourists from all parts of the world came in eager haste to visit the hitherto unknown regions of the Western and Northern Highlands, and soon the voice of the foreigner and the American was often heard in the lands of mist and shaggy heath. The opening of the Highland Railway was the occasion of some very entertaining letters which appeared in the *Times*, written by Sir William Russell, who, I believe, came to the Highlands in one of the first trains that travelled over the new line. His description of the whole journey was most amusing, and represented the railway as a medium for the transmission of all the local gossip. The officials in charge of the train communicated at each station the news that they had picked up along the way, and when the admiring gillies and crofters had surveyed the train, and had heard all the scraps of news which were related by the guard, it was allowed to proceed on its journey.

CHAPTER V

IRELAND FORTY YEARS AGO

PERHAPS in no part of this country or in the everyday life of its people have greater changes occurred than in Ireland, and though the condition of things in the north is less altered, the difference is unmistakable. It is almost impossible, when reading the newspapers and realizing the relations between landlords and tenants to-day, to believe that this can be the country of forty years ago. From the fact of Lady Ely being my aunt, and the Herberts of Muckross my cousins, besides having many other friends there, we paid long visits every year to Ireland.

Nothing could be more friendly, intimate, and affectionate than the terms on which Lord Ely and his tenants lived, and Lord Enniskillen, who was a near neighbour, was a patriarch among his people. To my mind, no happier or more peaceful spot ever existed than Crum, where lived Lord Erne, beloved by everyone who belonged to him; while Florence Court was the home of Lord Enniskillen, the renowned leader of the Men of Ulster. Ely Lodge was a delightful old-fashioned house, situated on one of the many islands in Lough Erne, which is among the most beautiful and picturesque spots in Ireland. In many of its characteristics Lough Erne reminded one of the Lago Maggiore, and had much of the same charm in its geographical features, as well as in its atmosphere and climate. It was a wonderful place for sailing. Everyone had a boat in which one seemed to live, and many were the expeditions we made on the Lake; while great was the delight of sailing away down to Ballyshannon for a long afternoon, and drifting slowly back, waiting and watching for the uncertain breeze, which sometimes came in an unexpected and unwelcome manner. Other days were spent on the coast of Galway or at Westport, in Sligo, where, when it did not rain, one lounged in a subtropical climate, with its dreamy, drowsy atmosphere, watching and listening to the great Atlantic waves as they rolled in, and broke in clouds of spray below us.

I have not been in Ireland for so many long years that I can only speak of the experience of forty years ago; but I should imagine that very little of the friendliness and kindness of those days now exists. Nothing could be more engaging and amusing than the people one met then in everyday life—fishermen, gamekeepers, the peasants, the immortal car-driver—all gifted with that wonderful Irish humour and repartee, and at the same time with an apparent affection for their masters which certainly impressed one with a feeling of its sincerity. There was a light-heartedness, a philosophical indifference to the obvious drawbacks and grievances of their existence, and at the same time there was a recognition of authority which startled one. Even the much-dreaded John Adair, though the terms on which he lived with his tenants were not ideal, earned their admiration for his extreme courage and the manner in which, in spite of all their threats, he braved them and lived his life unprotected and unharmed among them.

The situations of Kilkenny and Lismore are, perhaps, among the most beautiful in Ireland—Kilkenny from its commanding position, and Lismore from its lovely woods and river; while Doneraile and Foaty Island, with their beautiful gardens, wonderful trees, and almost subtropical vegetation, made one forget and forgive the everlasting rain, the only drawback to a scene which those who had once lived there could never forget. Powerscourt and the pretty country around it, as well as Shelton Abbey, occupied a fair, smiling corner of the Emerald Isle in the Vale of Avoca, the most romantic memories of Tom Moore's delicious songs of the beauties of river, wood, sky, and mountains all seeming centred in that lovely valley with its haunting memories.

But the chief beauty of Irish scenery was concentrated in the south; and who, after seeing Killarney, could ever forget its enchanting charm and fascination? The combination of mountains, wood and water, the luxuriance of the vegetation, the wildness of the scenery, and its quiet isolation—for in those days few tourists visited it—made it one of the most beautiful spots in the world. I shall never forget a Christmas week I spent at Muckross during a very severe winter some forty years ago. The hoar-frost lay thickly on the branches of the trees and evergreens, outlining the whole of their dark green foliage with a dazzling whiteness; the deep blue of the sky and the waters was almost Italian in its brilliancy, the dark cypresses and yews standing like solemn sentinels against the snowy background.

There were endless expeditions to be made, and I never quite realized the beauty of the situation till we were rowing across the Lake, looking back to the hills, at the bottom of which Muckross Abbey nestled on the one side, while to the west stood Killarney House, with its beautiful Italian gardens stretching down to the water. An even more delightful excursion was to Dereen, farther west on the coast, where subtropical vegetation and rare plants from every country and of every clime flourished in the greatest profusion, overlooking the broad Atlantic Ocean.

When we left, the drive over the hills and along the coast by Bantry seemed even more beautiful than Killarney itself. But, indeed, that part of Ireland was full of a nameless beauty entwined with all its past history and haunting pathos.

One of our visits was to the typical Irish house, with which Charles Lever has made us so familiar, belonging in this case to Tom Conolly, at Castelton, near Dublin. That was indeed a place of revelry and fun. It was a huge barrack of a house, which had long begun to show evidences of want of means, the result of the wild extravagance of so many of the Irish landlords. Its owner had lived the rackety, reckless life which one somehow associates with Ireland : his hospitality was unbounded, and his house was always full ; there were horses to ride ; there were cars to be driven ; there was an excellent cook, and plenty of champagne ; and from morning till night, during that wild New Year's week, we did nothing but hunt, and dance, and enjoy ourselves. So determined was our host that nothing should break up the party until Saturday morning that, though some of his guests were obliged to leave, he vowed no one should do so without his permission ; and when unexpectedly one visitor was summoned away on account of family illness, he not only refused to allow her to be driven to the station, but locked all the doors in the house, so as to make it impossible for her to escape until after the ball which he was giving that night in her honour as a farewell entertainment. In spite of her protestations and entreaties he remained obdurate, and she was obliged to creep away in the cold early morning after the revellers had gone to bed, in order to catch the mail-train for London. Dear old Tom Conolly! he was the kindest, the brightest, the most delightful of people, perfect as a host, a kind and stanch friend, and universally beloved; and his memory is still green in the recollection of all those with whom he came in contact.

Even Dublin society has altered its character completely since those days. The Viceregal Court at the time of Lord Carlisle was most stately and dignified, and the Chief Secretary's lodge is now very unlike what it was in the days of Sir Robert and Lady Emily Peel. Lord Carlisle impressed one with a great sense of dignity, while his charming manners and very agreeable conversation, to say nothing of his unbounded hospitality and kindness, made him an ideal Lord-Lieutenant. He was not an imposing person to look at, being small and thin, but he had a pleasant word and a kind smile for everyone, and he was extremely popular. Sir Robert Peel, I think, inspired people at first sight by his fine presence, but he possessed besides many qualities which endeared him to the hearts of the Irish people, while Lady Emily, who was an exceedingly good hostess, made the Chief Secretary's house very agreeable. One of the most lovely women in Ireland at that time, then in her first youth, was Mrs. White, of Woodlands, afterwards Lady Annaly, one of the greatest and most hospitable hostesses of Dublin. She and her husband lived at a beautiful place near by, and were among the few hosts outside the Castle.

The hospitality of Dublin society in those days was centred mainly in the Castle, and was dispensed by the Lord-Lieutenant and the Chief Secretary, but Mrs. White's balls and parties were also very amusing. I remember several cheery dinners and dances at her house when I went with my cousin, Mrs. Skeffington Smith, to meet the Lord-Lieutenant, and there was a constant flow of gaieties going on from Christmas till nearly Easter.

The alienation of the upper classes and their absence from Dublin now has completely altered the character of the Viceregal Court. Forty years ago the Viceregal *entourage* was aristocratic, and numbers of the upper classes came from all parts of the country to spend five or six weeks of the season in Dublin; but to-day, when one reads the lists of the Castle guests, the old names are no longer there—perhaps the best proof of how entirely all power and influence in the country has passed into the hands of strangers.

Colonel Edward Taylor, for many years the principal Whip of the Conservative Party, was in those days a great man in Ireland, and was perhaps as typical an Irishman as anyone. Tall, broad-shouldered, good-looking, most hearty and cheery, he was a delightful companion and a wonderful *raconteur* of Irish stories, which he told in a racy and unconventional manner, though they were not, perhaps, always appropriate to the company in which he delivered them. He was for many years the friend and most confidential adviser of Lord Derby, Lord Beaconsfield, and the leaders of the Tory party, and in the House of Commons wielded a sway which all his successors in that particular office have emulated. He was enormously popular in the House of Commons, and most persuasive, and it was a common saying that no member was ever known to disregard his whip. His keen political sagacity and long experience, and his great knowledge of character, which enabled him to appeal to everybody from the point of view which most influenced them, were very remarkable. I do not suppose he had an enemy—at any rate, I never knew anyone with a larger number of friends. His political memory was a very long one, and when he could be persuaded to talk of the battles he had fought, and the divisions in which he had led his party to victory, he was most entertaining, and no story ever missed its point, told in his picturesque and incisive way. For many years he was one of my dearest and kindest friends, and one of the great regrets of my life has been that I never kept any record of his endless Irish stories and his long and varied accounts of his political experiences.

To a later generation any allusion to Ireland and her people would be quite incomplete without some mention of one of her most popular and gifted sons—Lord Morris. To everyone who knew him Lord Morris was one of the best and most representative of the many able men who, in spite of the so-called oppression of the mother-country, have had a deep influence over the political, military, and social questions affecting not only England, but the Empire. Apart from his ability, he was a very delightful person in every way.

A brilliant talker, with an unending store of anecdote and reminiscence, he was one of the most *répandu* people I ever knew. He was a kindly and affectionate friend, and, even with the temptation which must always be a potent one to so brilliant a talker, he never said an unkind word or told an ill-natured story. In spite of his judicial position in Ireland, and the stirring times in which he lived, he was much beloved in his native country; for the Irish were quick to appreciate his particular gifts and power, although they were opposed to their dearest aspirations. Some day, perhaps, Lord Morris's sayings and stories may be collected and given to the generation—now, alas! passing away—who knew him. He never wavered in his loyalty to the Unionist cause, but was upon good terms with the Irish party, his sense of fun and humour often saving him when another man might have failed. Even the Liberal Lord-Lieutenant, Lord Aberdeen, and his indefatigable consort were his friends, and I think there is no better example of how Lord Morris understood the irony of a situation than on the occasion of his being the guest of Lord and Lady Aberdeen at the Castle one evening at a large party, at a moment when there was a temporary lull in the bitterness and tension of the political situation. Lady Aberdeen, in her kindly manner, congratulated herself and Lord Morris on the large and friendly gathering, which she considered a happy augury of the perfectly peaceful realization of the Nationalist party's hopes; to which Lord Morris replied: "I don't believe there is anyone in the room in favour of Home Rule, barring your Excellency and the waiters." The well-known story of the Judge, which tells how, on his saying to a jury, "Gentlemen, will you take your seats?" the twelve jurymen tried to take their seats in the dock, was one he took great pleasure in repeating.

Irish humour has some distinctive qualities, none of which are more amusing than their apparent lack of humour. I have often heard a story told of a small farmer who, after Mr. Balfour's time in Ireland, when there was a distinct improvement in the conditions of life, came unexpectedly to pay his rent, which had long been in arrears. The agent expressed his great surprise at the occurrence, to which the tenant replied: "Och, sir, thanks be to God and Bloody Balfour, ony man can pay his rent!"

Colonel Taylor used to tell a very good story of a neighbour of his who generally indulged at dinner, and as he was often not in a condition to return home alone, would be escorted by one of his sober companions. On one dark evening he left by himself, believing that he could find his way, and got safely into a long avenue with trees on either side, along which he journeyed in safety for some time. Before, however, he had gone the whole distance he got off the road and kept running up against the trees. Mistaking them for foot-passengers like himself, he kept taking his hat off at every collision, saying apologetically, "I beg your pardon." Finding that the obstacles in his path increased, he finally sat down, and was overheard by someone who had overtaken him saying, "I think I will just sit down here till this procession has passed."

Father Healy I hardly knew, but Lord O'Brien was a great friend of ours, and I was very proud, on the occasion of a visit I paid to the Castle during the reign of a Liberal Viceroy, of having gone and taken tea with "Peter the Packer" (as the Nationalist party nicknamed him) and Lady O'Brien, though I was dared to do it by the Viceroy's staff, or to acknowledge that I had gone into the enemy's camp.

CHAPTER VI

LONDON IN THE SIXTIES

Among the many changes in modern English life, none, I think, are more remarkable than those which have affected the habits of young people. Nowadays it is the young who dominate English social life, and though it is the fashion to accuse English mothers of devoting more time to their own personal amusement and pleasure than to the care of their children, it is undoubtedly a fact that society and modern life are run to-day on lines which conduce more to the enjoyment and amusement of the young people than of their elders.

Women preserve their youth much longer now than formerly, and treat their children more as friends and contemporaries. A juvenile grandmother is no uncommon object to-day, while daughters are scarcely younger, less developed, and less qualified to fill whatever position in life they may be called upon to occupy, than their mothers.

When I first came out, it was a recognized fact among our family, friends and contemporaries, that when a woman attained the age of fifty years or thereabouts, or her daughters came out, she became, for all practical purposes, an old woman. At forty-five my mother, who was still young and good-looking, and sang beautifully, began to wear caps, and assumed the particular dress adopted by women who recognized that they had passed the age when they could any longer be called youthful. Nowadays mothers and daughters dress almost alike; and what is more common than the sight of a young and still beautiful mother dancing all through an evening as merrily, and as much sought after, as her daughter?

Nothing could exceed the simplicity and economy practised by the young ladies of my time. Our allowance was very limited; £100 a year was considered princely, especially when it was augmented by our parents providing Court dresses. But the real cause of the lesser cost of our toilettes lay in the fact that amusements were fewer, and were generally confined to an occasional afternoon party and a ball, so that only two changes of dress were necessary, even among those who went out a great deal.

A certain number of people rode in Rotten Row in the morning, but there were no luncheon parties and no evening parties; Hurlingham and Ranelagh were unknown, and girls were hardly ever asked out to dinner. Evening receptions were rare, and they were generally only attended by older people, girls being usually put to bed at 8 o'clock to sleep until 9.30, when, refreshed and beautified by their rest, they dressed themselves for their ball. As a rule there was only one ball each night, and though there were exceptions, but few people went to two, so that the evening ended not later than 1.30; and if on rare occasions the invariable rule was broken, the event found no favour in the maternal eye.

The contrast between the conduct of the young people of to-day and then is even more marked. Balls began earlier, and young men came to them in good time, so that a row of girls awaiting partners was unknown. The unwritten law of etiquette and conduct enjoined that no one should dance more than once with the same partner. Under certain circumstances to dance twice was perhaps permissible, but after that a girl was considered fast, and held up as a warning to well-brought-up and well-conducted young ladies. Your partner always brought you back to your mother, or your chaperon, where you remained until your next partner came to claim his dance. The cotillion was always danced in those days at the end of a ball, and it was generally led by Sir Augustus Lumley, whose services on such occasions gave it a great *cachet*. At Dudley House, at Apsley House, at Lady Molesworth's, or at Lady Waldegrave's, he always officiated, and being asked to dance by him during the cotillion was considered a great compliment.

Lord Dudley, who was an old friend of my father, was very kind to young people, and the balls at Dudley House were always a great event. In the days when I first of all knew him he was a bachelor, and attended personally to all the details of his entertainments, which was the reason of their being so delightful. Everybody wore her best frock when invited to Dudley House, as the host was most particular that his guests should appear *en grande toilette*, and he also insisted that nobody who was invited should wear black. The last ball I went to at Dudley House was after his marriage to the beautiful Miss Moncrieffe, and I can see her still, a perfect vision, as she stood at the top of the stairs receiving her guests. There were many lovely women in London then, but nobody could ever approach her in the dazzling brilliancy of her beauty.

Society in London in the quite early sixties was not very brilliant, because of the Queen's retirement from any kind of social life; but after the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales it received a marked impetus, and there was a great revival of hospitality.

The Princess of Wales took the whole country by storm. Her extreme grace, beauty and charm of manner captivated everyone, and no one ever received a warmer welcome to her new home, from all classes, than she. Crowds stood in the Park all the afternoon waiting for her, and the interest that was taken in everything that she did was unbounded. The most remarkable instance of this occurred when she held her first Drawing-Room in London after her marriage. The crowds in the streets were enormous, but were nothing in comparison to the multitude of ladies who attended the Drawing-Room. Many people started at 9 o'clock in the morning, and waited in their carriages in the streets till the Palace doors were opened at 12; and in spite of all the precautions that were taken, and the barriers that were erected to deal with the crush of ladies inside, the hustling and pressure were so great that many gowns were almost entirely destroyed before the wearers reached the Presence Chamber where the Princess of Wales stood. *Punch* was extremely witty over it, and the sketches in which he depicted the scenes at the Drawing-Room were no exaggeration. Every scrap and vestige of trimming on some of the dresses and trains was destroyed, and many ladies' gowns bore testimony to the severe conflict they had undergone in their passage from the entrance of the Palace to the moment when the Princess smiled her sweet welcome upon them.

Many dinners and balls were given in London to the royal couple, but the most magnificent was the ball given by the Brigade of Guards at South Kensington. No invitations were ever more eagerly expected and longed for, and London society was, generally speaking, very well represented. It was a beautiful sight: the long gallery belonging to the Horticultural Society, which stood on the ground now partly occupied by the Imperial Institute and the South Kensington Museum buildings, was beautifully decorated with plants, flowers, flags, trophies of all times, and a wonderful collection of exotic plants. The scene, as the Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by a dazzling *entourage* of the Royal Family and State officials, entered, was most brilliant, and as the strains of the Royal Anthem died away a wonderful State quadrille was formed, in which all the royalties danced, no one seeming to enjoy it more than the Duke of Cambridge, then a very active man, and Princess Mary—always the brightest-looking of people, and one of the best dancers in London. The ballroom has long since been swept away, and that fairy scene and many of the actors who took part in it are but the ghosts of memory.

The supper, even in these days, would have been considered magnificent, and on the whole I think no ball of such magnitude ever caused fewer heart-burnings, for nearly all London was present, every officer having a liberal number of invitations.

I remember how lovely the Princess of Wales looked, dressed in a beautiful white gown, covered with clouds of tulle, which was then the fashionable material for ball-gowns, and wearing the diamond necklace which the City of London had given her as a wedding present. There was a brilliant and endless cotillion, led by Captain Dalzell, of the Scots Guards, and

Lady Florence Paget. The latter was one of the most lovely girls of that time, and to the end of her life was a very beautiful woman. She usually rode in the Park every morning, and was a wonderfully good horsewoman, always wearing a light blue riding-habit, which suited her brilliant complexion and golden hair; but she sometimes walked beside the chair of her old father, Lord Anglesey, who was one of the Duke of Wellington's Generals, and had lost his leg at the Battle of Waterloo. Her marriage to Lord Hastings, and the circumstances attending it, created an enormous sensation at that time. I shall never forget the excitement caused by the fact that on the eve of her marriage to someone else she eloped with Lord Hastings. She took advantage of a pretended shopping expedition to Marshall and Snelgrove's to leave her carriage at one entrance, and (after transacting her ostensible business) to leave the shop by another door, where Lord Hastings was waiting for her. They proceeded to St. George's, Hanover Square, were married, and then started for the station, *en route* to Donington Castle, for the honeymoon. A few short years of happiness, and a successful racing career, soon came to an end, and the defeat of Lord Hastings' horse in the Derby by "Hermit," who belonged to Mr. Chaplin, was a dramatic termination of the luck of Lord Hastings, which had hitherto seemed invincible. Up to the last day of her life his wife was, to my mind, one of the best representatives of English beauty and high breeding, and her two brothers, Lord Berkeley and Lord Alexander Paget, were also a very remarkable-looking pair.

London then possessed a unique residence in Chesterfield House, Mayfair, which belonged to Lord Chesterfield, and was let to the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn. Chesterfield House, as it now exists, with its fine façade and courtyard, is one of London's stateliest houses, but in those days the gardens in which it stood stretched down as far as Chesterfield Street, and were full of fine old trees and shrubs. The Duke and Duchess of Abercorn gave a very few—very select—entertainments; and a ball at Chesterfield House in the summer-time, with its illuminated gardens gay with flowers, and brilliant with beautiful women, magnificently dressed and adorned with dazzling jewels, was a sight the splendour of which could not be forgotten.

There were comparatively few theatres in London at that time. The Princess's, the Adelphi, the Olympic, and the St. James's were the most important; but society gave much less support to theatres than it does to-day, and went only in the winter or early spring, and little during Lent. Very few theatres paid well, and most of the people who "ran" them lost their money; but as London was only crowded during the season—from Easter to the end of July—and there were no gaieties before Easter, the existing playhouses supplied quite as much amusement as the public required. It was just about that time that the little Prince of Wales's Theatre, in Tottenham Street, was opened, and Robertson's plays, acted under an ideal management, created a new standard of dramatic art. I suppose there was no event in our lives which gave us greater pleasure and delight than going to the Prince of Wales's Theatre for the first time. Robertson's plays, though they now may appear old-fashioned and out of date, were deliciously refreshing, and gave unbounded pleasure to the crowds who flocked there to listen to the silvery laughter of Marie Wilton and to enjoy the finished acting of Squire Bancroft, Carlotta Addison being the *ingénue* of the play and Montague the *jeune premier*. What more could be desired? One laughed and cried to one's heart's content over "Caste," "School," and "Ours." They were nothing but purely delightful, simple comedy, played by the most perfect company that had ever been brought together.

There were also two opera-houses—Covent Garden and Her Majesty's—and the opera at that time was a very serious, as well as an educational, performance. "Norma," "Lucrezia Borgia," "La Somnambula," "Don Giovanni," "La Gazza Ladra" were the favourites, for the operas then performed belonged to a very different school from those of to-day. I was at the opera the first night that Patti made her appearance, and the wild enthusiasm of the house over the new diva was indescribable. Her extraordinary youth and beauty, the marvellous quality of her voice, the facility and ease with which she sang, and the complete grasp she showed of her part, made an impression which time has not obliterated. She had come with a certain reputation, and the audience waited patiently as she made her appearance. After her wonderful rendering of the duet scene, there could be no doubt that Patti was enthroned for ever in the position she has held all through her life.

She had her rivals in Christine Nillson and Pauline Lucca, whose singing of "Faust" was the most beautiful thing I ever heard in my life, but, in her own way, no one ever eclipsed Patti. Grisi and Mario were still on the stage, and Mario retained a great deal of the beauty of his voice and his personal charm; but they were stars whose glory had begun to wane, and only sang for a year or two longer before their final farewell, although they made periodical reappearances.

At that time, I think, Guilini had the most beautiful voice of any tenor. He was then singing at Her Majesty's, and even now the echoes of his exquisite silvery tones come back to one. The opera was a very expensive amusement, and had it not been for the kindness of Lord Dudley and Mr. Delane, I should have gone there very little. Gounod had just written "Faust," which was produced in London with some hesitation on the part of the managers, as it was not an opera to which *les jeunes filles* could go. My people, however, belonged to that section of society which thought that an opera in a foreign language was different from an English play, because very few people could understand the words.

I remember once as a great treat, and under promise of inviolable secrecy, being taken by my father and my aunt to Cremorne. There is always in the feminine heart a great craving for forbidden fruit, and I suppose that was why I wanted to go. But I found it very dull, and could see no charm or reason for visiting it a second time. The gardens were pretty, but badly illluminated; the dancing was ungraceful, and the various grottos, or what we should now call side-shows, were tawdry and uninteresting—at least, that was how it appeared to me—and I never had any desire to go there again. One year when my father and I were in London before Easter, he also took me to what was considered hardly a place for young ladies—Evans's Supper-room in Covent Garden. All my contemporaries must remember it perfectly well, and to me it was then a most decidedly thrilling place, especially as I went there for the first time on the night of the Boat Race. But I do not think to the young lady of to-day Evans's would present any charm, except that it was a place to which she had better not go. The room in which we sat, with its grille in front entirely hiding us from the view of the people in the restaurant, was stuffy and ill-ventilated. There were crowds of men sitting at tables all along the room, and the fact that everybody smoked added to the discomfort and heat of our prison. The really interesting thing was the part-singing which the proprietor, Mr. Paddy Green, provided for his patrons. The choir, which sang part-songs and patriotic ditties, was beautifully trained, and the voices of the boys were exquisite, as only boys' voices can be. But two or three visits to Evans's quenched all desire on my part to go there again. Forty-four years have made many changes, and Evans's has been swept away. A supper there was—in its way amusing—but not so *recherché* or expensive as that which is now supplied at the Ritz or at the Carlton. The contrast between the standard of food and wine, as regards both quantity and quality, is very striking, for grilled bones and toasted cheese was then considered a feast good enough for anybody, and the sum of a few shillings represented the cost; nowadays very few people would think that a sufficient reason for sitting up so long after midnight.

Though tennis and croquet were not a popular form of amusement, and garden parties were not of frequent occurrence, there was one hostess in London who gave them every Saturday during the season. Lady Shelley was a delightful old lady, very kind, hospitable and popular, and her garden parties were most enjoyable. There was no music, nor game of any kind, to vary the afternoon's amusement, but people walked about and talked. She lived in a very old house on the banks of the river at Fulham, which has now disappeared, and endless streets of small houses cover what was once a beautiful garden bright with flowers and full of magnificent old trees. Everyone in society went to Lady Shelley on Saturdays, and Mrs. Naylor, who lived almost next door at Hurlingham (in a house which still exists), was her neighbour, and gave parties also. Occasionally, Lady Burdett Coutts (then Miss Burdett Coutts) gave a tea-party at Holly Lodge, and Lord and Lady Westminster sometimes opened Grosvenor House in the afternoon. I remember being there, and watching with much interest the host, who was a curious mixture of great generosity and economy, and who, though he gave large sums of money privately to charity, and helped cases of people needing help in a most unstinted manner, was curiously economical in his household arrangements. All the parties at Grosvenor House were conducted in the most simple and careful way; I was so struck by the enormous quantities of fruit which was placed on the buffet when tea was served, but I was told it was all made of wax, as Lord Westminster thought it an extravagance to have real fruit! And yet he had only a few days before heard of the case of a remarkably clever young man who was too poor to go to the University, and was about to accept a position as clerk in a Bank. After satisfying himself that the story was true, and making a condition that his name should never transpire, he paid all the expenses of the young man's University career, so that he was able to enter the Civil Service, and was secure of an income and a congenial career. That was only one case among the many people he befriended. On the other hand, it was said that once, when a footman left him after only two or three days' service, he had the coat altered, and wore it himself!

CHAPTER VII

LONDON IN THE SIXTIES—CONTINUED

THE season generally finished by the end of July, and then everybody went to the country, and remained at home, with the exception of one or two visits for shooting, until the next spring. I believe one reason why people in those days were well and healthy, and suffered so little from the nervous diseases which are the maladies of to-day, was because their season was less severe, and they had a much longer time to recover before the next one came round. No one can say that the autumn and winter life of people is nowadays a tranquil or peaceful one, and the perpetual round of enjoyment and gaiety must entail a strain and fatigue on even the robust constitutions of English women and girls.

It is very difficult, after the lapse of so many years, to compare the physique and beauty of English men and women then with those of to-day. When one is young, with the novelty of coming out, and with the freshness of enjoyment that young people have, and the keenness with which they throw themselves into it, every woman is a Venus and every man an Adonis. If I were critical, I should say that women nowadays are prettier than their grandmothers—stronger, better developed, better set-up, and certainly more independent and more self-reliant than they were forty years ago; but I do not think that the men are as handsome or physically as strong and as finely developed as their grandfathers. There were some women whose beauty was undeniable—the Duchess of Wellington, Lady Constance Grosvenor, Mrs. Percy Wyndham, and Susan, Lady Lincoln, to name only a few, live in one's memory as visions of grace and loveliness. While admitting the well-known adage that even they were not as good-looking as the women of a former generation, it is difficult to imagine anything approaching more perfect types of English beauty.

There was a beautiful bevy of girls in the Moncreiffe family, Lady Louisa Moncreiffe bringing out one daughter after another, each more lovely than the last; while Lady Bective, then Lady Alice Hill, was in her way perhaps more attractive than any. Lady Diana Beauclerk, Lady Alice Cuffe, and the daughters of the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, were also striking representatives of the beauty of Englishwomen, while above everyone Lady Adelaide Talbot (now Lady Brownlow) reigned supreme.

As for the men, young and perfectly unqualified as one was to form an opinion, no one will deny that the Forresters, the Duke of Hamilton, Lord Wemyss, the Duke of Westminster, the Duke of Abercorn, Horace Pitt, and Herbert Wilson, were pre-eminent as men whose good looks it would be difficult to eclipse; and the striking masculine characteristic of that time was great height and a magnificent figure.

It was not the fashion then to invite girls to dinner with their parents. Though my father and mother had lived for many years very quietly in the country, they belonged to that happy class of people who have a large number of relations and connections. Luckily for me and my sister, all these were extremely kind, so that the first year I came out was in every way a very delightful time. I remember being very proud of the fact that during my first season I had sat next to Lord Clarendon one night at my aunt's (Lady Ely), that I had sat between Charles Dickens and Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton at Lady Molesworth's, while at Mr. Shirley Brooks' I met Mark Lemon, Sir Henry Thompson, Sir John Tenniel, and sundry other interesting and remarkable people. Lord Clarendon was charming, as he always was to all young people; but Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton was the person who interested me most, I suppose from the fact that he was exceedingly nice to me, and talked to me as if I were much older than my age. Charles Dickens' health was beginning to fail, and the noise and fatigue of the dinner seemed to distress him very much.

Lady Molesworth was one of those hostesses, as also was Lady Waldegrave, who liked having young people about her, and I always remembered the kindness they showed me with great gratitude.

Lord Torrington, whom one always met at Lady Molesworth's, was a sort of whispering gallery; he knew everybody in London and everything that was going on, and it seemed as if Lady Molesworth's house was the centre of all that was interesting and worth hearing. Lord Torrington was Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen, and I imagine he was very much in the political secrets and confidence of his contemporaries. Bernal Osborne was another of Lady Molesworth's *habitués*. He was very amusing and witty, but sometimes very brutal, and many people lived in a state of terror of his sharp tongue and cruel criticisms.

By reason of family connections, we saw a great deal of Lord and Lady Egerton of Tatton. Lady Egerton was a sister of Lord Ely, who had married one of my mother's sisters. She was an extraordinary woman in her way, and said out loud everything she thought, and as she had a sharp tongue and a vivid manner of expressing herself, she was one of the most entertaining people I ever knew. She always uttered whatever came into her head—I am bound to admit it was not always agreeable. She had many feminine weaknesses, and she recognized the principle of reciprocity in all social questions. There were endless stories of the things she said, quite irrespective of whether it pleased them or not, and she certainly was no respecter of persons. It would be impossible to retail the stories about her, or the good things she was supposed to have invented, because, if there were any good story, a sharp saying, or a malicious criticism going, Lady Egerton was the person on whom everything was fathered. She was always very amiable to me, and, as she was a most entertaining person to be with, I look back on some weeks I spent at a German watering-place with her (when she was extremely kind) with great amusement; but she was not popular with the English, who were there in large numbers. She was not a person who had many friends, because people were afraid of her and of what she possibly might say. Still, on looking back on society then, and, comparing it with that of to-day, I think Lady Egerton's influence was salutary. She was extremely severe on the manners and deportment of young men, and adhered most rigidly to the small conventional rules of society. Her standard of life was very austere, and, though Lord Egerton was an enormously rich man, they lived carefully and without any ostentation. At her large house in London, and also at Tatton, she received a good deal, and contrived to gather many agreeable people about her, for though she was very severe and exacting as to the conduct of men, she had among her guests most of the younger men of ability and position. I remember, on my first visit to Tatton, meeting Lord Edward Seymour—then one of the handsomest and most brilliant among his set, who, alas! lost his life some years later on a hunting expedition in India—Lord Schomberg Kerr (afterwards Lord Lothian), and Auberon Herbert, all of them in their way typical examples of the most promising young men of that time. What criticisms Lady Egerton made on the world at large she also meted out to her family; and in her description of her various children she showed a sharp and witty appreciation which was, I think, very characteristic of her Irish birth.

Lady Palmerston was then the great political hostess. Her Saturday evenings were exclusively Whig, and she was served by an able staff of aides-de-camp. Mr. Abraham Hayward, chief of the staff, kept her informed of everybody who came to London and ought to be invited to her house, whose political support was worth having, and whose claims must not be overlooked; and undoubtedly Lady Palmerston, by her social gifts, was a very great assistance to her husband in his political life. Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Dutton were friends and neighbours of Lord and Lady Palmerston in Hampshire, and Lady Palmerston was very fond of Mrs. Dutton, who was a daughter of Mr. Stevenson, formerly American Minister in London, and a clever woman. Mr. Dutton's sister, Lady Dunsany (the mother of Sir Horace Plunkett), had been a great friend of my mother in her youth, and

Mrs. Dutton was exceedingly kind to me on this account. It was through her kindness that I witnessed an interesting event in the life of Lord and Lady Palmerston.

The question of the position which England had adopted with regard to Denmark at the time of the war between that country and Germany, in 1861, was the subject of a debate in the House of Commons, and a vote of censure was moved against the Government, of which Lord Palmerston was then the head. Political feeling ran high, and it was expected that the Government, if they won, would have a very small majority. I went with Mrs. Dutton to the Speaker's box on the last night of the debate to hear the end of it, and Lady Palmerston was also there. She was in an evident state of excitement and anxiety during the whole evening, but the division gave Lord Palmerston a substantial majority. I shall never forget Lady Palmerston's delight as she hurried downstairs to meet him, and we followed her. She reached the Lobby just as the House was emptying, and Lord Palmerston came out, followed by his enthusiastic party. Forgetting everything except her joy, she rushed forward, and threw her arms round him and kissed him, to the surprise of Lord Palmerston and the obvious delight of his followers. It was a touching evidence of her devotion to him, and the complete way in which she made his successes and triumphs the great object of her life and ambition. I only once spoke to Lord Palmerston, at a concert at Apsley House just after I came out. It was very crowded, but there were some empty seats in front, and I was told by my mother to go and sit farther forward, as there was no room beside her. I found myself next to an old gentleman who was very kind to me, and told me about the music, and talked to me on a variety of subjects. I had not the least idea who he was, but thought him quite delightful. On rejoining my mother, who was with some friends, I got dreadfully chaffed and laughed at for sitting next to the Prime Minister, and getting all that attention, and not knowing who he was. I remember at the time being struck by the fact that I had never heard anyone with such a boyish laugh, and my perfect ignorance of his personality had evidently amused him very much.

I used to see a great many foreigners at the house of my aunt, Lady Ely, who was then Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen. She had known the Empress of the French in her early days, when Mademoiselle de Montijo, and had chaperoned her during the one or two seasons she had spent in London. The Empress's friendship for my aunt lasted all through her life, and in the days of her greatness and glory, as well as in her sorrow, Lady Ely was with her a great deal. She was sent by the Queen to be with the Empress at the time of the birth of the Prince Imperial, and on both occasions when the Queen paid a visit to the Court in Paris, and when the Emperor and Empress came to England, my aunt was in attendance either on the Queen or on the Empress. In the dark days of her agony and despair, when the Prince Imperial died, Lady Ely was one of the old friends to whom the Empress turned for the sympathy which everyone was pouring out at the feet of the broken-hearted mother. I was paying a visit to my sister and brother-in-law, who then lived at Chislehurst, at the time when the body of the Prince Imperial was brought back from South Africa to be buried. Many of the Empress's neighbours received the distinguished Frenchmen who came to England to attend those last sad rites, and among those to whom my sister and Lord Tweeddale gave hospitality was M. Haussmann.

It was a most melancholy and heartrending time, and we in England were full of sympathy for the mother and the young life so tragically ended. The sorrow of the French mourners was very deep and sincere, but the strongest feeling at first was one of intense curiosity to know how the ill-fated boy had been killed—whether in endeavouring to escape from his hard-hearted foes, or in facing them boldly. It was very curious to witness the satisfaction with which, after seeing his body, they all embraced each other, exclaiming, "*Il a été frappé en face.*"

Though my aunt was Lady-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria, and was a great deal away from home, my uncle, Lord Ely, generally lived in London, and as children we were much attached to him. He was a most amusing man—very witty, bubbling over with health and spirits, and with a store of Irish stories which were perfectly irresistible. He was too fat to be able to take much exercise, and was very much under the influence of his valet, Woodruffe, a man of great rectitude and truthfulness. Lord Ely, with an Irishman's wit, had the Irishman's gift of imagination, and none of his stories lost anything by his narration. Whenever he had a new story to tell, or one which he had sufficiently embellished, he always seized the opportunity to remember that he had left something in another room, and Woodruffe was sent to fetch it. Woodruffe knew perfectly well what these orders meant, and used to hurry back with great rapidity, only to find Lord Ely in the midst of a story, which he was hastening to finish before the return of his faithful servant. Woodruffe generally got back in time, and I have constantly seen Lord Ely stopped by a warning cough when he had exceeded the bounds of veracity, and when Woodruffe's scruples would not allow him any longer to stand quietly by without correcting, or at any rate reminding, his master.

The first time I really made Lord Beaconsfield's acquaintance was after my first marriage, at Lady Stanhope's, when I sat next to him at dinner. He was very kind to me, while I felt shy and nervous at sitting next to the great man; but he was specially sympathetic, as my husband, Colonel Stanley, had just stood (unsuccessfully) as Conservative candidate at the last election for Maidstone. Maidstone was the first constituency which returned Lord Beaconsfield to Parliament, and he had shown his interest in Colonel Stanley's candidature by writing a letter to him, to be published in the constituency, which, in those days, was rather an unusual occurrence. I found, on talking over the names of our supporters, that some of them were known to him. But I did not like to tell him a story connected with his own election in which Mr. Wyndham Lewis, Mrs. Disraeli's first husband, was his colleague, and was defeated. The elections then lasted for several days, and on the last morning the Conservative agent was standing in the garden of the little inn which was the headquarters of the Conservative party. Mr. Disraeli came into the garden where Mrs. Wyndham Lewis and his agent were sitting, and throwing himself down on the grass, exclaimed that in not being elected for Maidstone his life would be ruined. Mrs. Lewis, evidently in great agitation, went into the house, leaving the two men together, but she waylaid the agent as he was leaving the hotel, and pressed a small heavy parcel into his hands, saying, at whatever cost, Mr. Disraeli *must* be returned; and the next day, at the conclusion of the poll, Mr. Disraeli was returned at its head. Our agent delighted in relating the incidents connected with that election at Maidstone, and used to speak of Mrs. Wyndham Lewis's evident admiration and devotion to Mr. Disraeli, and how her great object all through had been to get Mr. Disraeli returned. Lord Beaconsfield talked about his experiences at Maidstone with much interest, and was very amusing over some of his reminiscences.

Lord Sherbrooke's name was mentioned among those of other people, and Lord Beaconsfield discussed him perfectly frankly and openly. It was no secret that Lord Sherbrooke and he had always been unsympathetic, and were never friends, and I believe Lord Sherbrooke was one of the men whom he had always cordially disliked. Turning to him, I said, "I think Lord Sherbrooke has at least one very good point. Knowing how trying Lady Sherbrooke is, and how very ugly, I think his patience is admirable." He looked at me with a twinkle in his eye, and said, "Do you think he has ever *seen* her?" an allusion to Lord Sherbrooke's very bad sight.

I saw but little of him later, although he dined with us once or twice, and one of the last times I met him was when I was paying a visit to Lady Iddesleigh. There was a little child I knew, who once had a most delightful experience of his kindness. She had been told by her father, a strong Conservative in a Radical family where political feeling ran high (even in the nursery), to say, whenever she was asked whom she loved best, "Dizzy." Nor did she forget the paternal injunction. One day, while calling with her mother on a mutual friend of Lord Beaconsfield, he came in to tea, and seeing the child, he began to talk to her. He was very fond of children, and they were never shy with him. After talking to her for some time, he got up to go away, and as he kissed her on parting he said, as one often does to a child, "Now tell me whom you love best in the world," when she promptly replied, to his great amusement, "Dizzy."

Lord Beaconsfield used to speak constantly about Mr. Gladstone—his career, his political life, and, above all, his attitude towards himself. I think that Mr. Gladstone's dislike to Disraeli, which was exceedingly acute, puzzled Lord Beaconsfield, but at the same time rather amused him. Personally, he was a man who allowed no feeling of animosity or antipathy to his political opponents to influence his attitude towards them, and, in fact (with the exception of Lord Sherbrooke, as I have said before), he felt quite indifferent to the leaders of the Liberal party. Mr. Gladstone's attitude of open hostility, and the exhibition of animosity which he constantly showed in the House of Commons, was a subject which Lord Beaconsfield often discussed. He told me that he considered Mrs. Gladstone, when young, one of the prettiest women of her day, and that he and Lady Beaconsfield had always liked her, and wished to be friends with them, but that Mr. Gladstone, instead of giving them the slightest encouragement, was always most repellent to any overture they made.

Lord Beaconsfield was very select in his friendships, and he went little into general society. He had a few old friends with whom he was intimate, and with whom he practically spent his life after the death of Lady Beaconsfield, except when he was at Hughenden or in London. Lord and Lady Bradford, Lady Chesterfield, and Lady Dorothy Nevill, were the people of whom he saw most; but his most faithful friend and follower was Lord Barrington (whom he admitted to a greater degree of intimacy than anyone else, except Lord Rowton), and those who remember him can well recall the familiar sight of the two walking arm-in-arm down Curzon Street, Piccadilly, and across the Green Park to the House of Lords.

Though my acquaintance with Lord Beaconsfield was of so recent a date, I had often seen him at Lady Ely's house, and one of the most curious of his characteristics always appeared to me to be the fact that he had aged so little from the time I first knew him. He had always the same curious sallow skin, and the dark hair, and neither in colour nor in texture did either seem to change.

Mrs. Norton, who was very kind to me when I was a girl, used often, when she was in the mind to talk, to relate her experiences and recollections as a young woman, and one connected with Lord Beaconsfield was, I think, rather interesting.

One night she was dining with Lord Melbourne, and he told her she was to meet three young men who were very distinguished in their own particular way, and were all, he believed, going to make a mark in the world. They were practically unknown, but he had come across them, and was anxious to befriend them. One was a brilliant young man—a lawyer—not particularly talkative, but still clever and amusing. The second one was dressed in an exaggerated, fantastic way, with velvet coat and ruffles, his hair very much curled, and his person very carefully groomed and attended to. He was brilliant, irrational, amusing, and sarcastic, and during the whole dinner he and the young barrister sustained the conversation, which gave Lord Melbourne great enjoyment. The third guest was a silent young man, with strongly marked features and dark hair. He seldom spoke, but listened to the conversation with great attention, and he impressed the other guests with a sense of his strong personality and power of observation. Mrs. Norton said she had never passed a more enjoyable and more tantalizing evening, because at the moment she knew nothing—not even the names—of the young men, or on what careers they had embarked. After they had gone, her host informed her who they were : the first, the young barrister, was Sir Alexander Cockburn, afterwards Chief Justice of England ; the brilliant, versatile young man was Benjamin Disraeli; and the third, the silent and observant guest, was the late Emperor Napoleon III. She told me with what deep interest she had followed their careers, but the one of the trio that impressed her most was Lord Beaconsfield.

We were then in a house in Curzon Street, Mayfair, just opposite Chesterfield Street, where Mrs. Norton lived, and I used to go to see her constantly. She often gave little dinners of eight or ten people, and I hardly ever met any women there. She was most agreeable when she was in a good temper, and she generally was delightful on these occasions. She expected a large amount of attention and deference from her guests, and as I was only a girl, and was much flattered and pleased by her kindness, she had no rival. She liked to talk herself, and was very impatient of any interruption, but as she was so entertaining and witty, most people listened to her. Lord Houghton and Charles Villiers were, I think, less tolerant than the rest, and sometimes the discussions which took place became very animated. Lord Houghton did not like any interruption, and was impatient if anyone attempted to intervene, and Mr. Villiers, who had a very sarcastic and sharp tongue, occasionally interpolated remarks which aroused Mrs. Norton's anger. She was, even in those days, a most beautiful woman—more regularly beautiful than either of her sisters, the Duchess of Somerset or Lady Dufferin. She had a most perfect Grecian profile and head, and such wonderfully lustrous soft brown eyes. A little granddaughter, Carlotta, lived with her, the child of her son, whom she loved in a sort of savage way, and she was always either petting Carlotta or scolding her. The child, who, in addition to her father's wild temperament, had inherited the passionate nature of her Italian mother, was not patient with her grandmother, and bitterly resented the tasks often imposed on her by Mrs. Norton, many of them being of a very servile kind, owing to the difficulty there always seemed to be about servants, none of whom would continue long in her service. There was an Italian woman, however, who appeared to be an institution, and she remained until Mrs. Norton left Chesterfield Street. Mrs. Norton was very communicative at times, and often told long stories of her life, and talked much of the people she had known. She used, even then, to sing her own songs, and though her voice was *passée*, she had such a power of expression and manner of singing that it really was delightful to listen to her. Nothing pleased her more than hearing her own songs, and I believe her kindness to me was the result of my knowing and being able to sing a large number of her compositions—they were very sentimental, and to us, nowadays, would seem very twaddly, but they had a charm and sweetness of their own.

The mantle of Lady Palmerston, as the social head of the Whig party, devolved after her death on Lady Waldegrave, who had just then married Mr. Chichester Fortescue, Chief Secretary for Ireland. The fortunes of the party could not have fallen into more capable hands, for Lady Waldegrave was from every point of view a very remarkable woman—more remarkable, perhaps, in those days than had she lived now, as her individuality and cosmopolitanism gave her greater scope than in these latter days, when every house is open to every variety of guest. She was the *châtelaine* of Strawberry Hill, which in its way was an ideal appanage, and throughout the summer she always spent the Saturday and Sunday there, when the house was full of most interesting people. She had a great gift for society, and she loved to surround herself with pretty women as well as distinguished politicians, and literary, dramatic, and artistic people. Strawberry Hill was a delightful place to stay at, and the perfect liberty which everyone enjoyed made one feel absolutely at home. She was one of the first hostesses, I think, who never made her appearance at breakfast, which was always served in the dining-room to her guests at a succession of small tables, then a great novelty, and looked upon as an innovation on the old usages of hospitality. Everyone belonging to the Liberal party was to be met there, besides a very large mixture of the Opposition, and she always kept herself in touch with political wire-pullers, so that the composing elements of her entertainments were very catholic and cosmopolitan. It was at Lady Waldegrave's that the members of the Irish Parliamentary party got their first introduction into English social life. I remember seeing Mr. Butt there, and there I first of all met Mr. Justin MacCarthy.

Having in those days a very large fortune, Lady Waldegrave dispensed unbounded hospitality, and that, added to her talent for society, and her generous, kindly nature, made her extremely popular. One great feature of her parties was the large number of the younger members of society whom she always invited. She had the secret of success, which was a thorough enjoyment of her life and occupations, and she always seemed instinct with vitality—I can never remember her being ill. All those who loved her were profoundly thankful that her life ended as it did, for a long, lingering illness would have been intolerable to her, and though her sudden end seemed very terrible, one could not but feel that Death had dealt kindly with her. There were many who mourned her sincerely, for, whatever her faults, she was a stanch friend, and very few women possessed her intellectual qualities.

Lord Carlingford, who survived her for many years, was the most devoted husband, and his admiration for her was very touching ; he never really recovered the shock of her death, and though it did not end his political career, as he afterwards served under Mr. Gladstone, the zest and interest of life passed out of him when Lady Waldegrave died.

Lady Molesworth, in her early days, was to a certain extent Lady Waldegrave's rival, but it was a kindly rivalry, and, knowing both of them intimately, I honestly believe they had a real affection for one another. Lady Molesworth perhaps prided herself on her society being more select, but then her house was small, and she had no political obligations.

The Whig party in those days possessed the monopoly for social purposes of nearly all the large houses in London, and the Dowager Lady Cowper, who lived in one of the most beautiful old houses in St. James's Square, was a strong Whig, and used to give dinner-parties which were strictly "party"—small, and rather select. Lady Cowper had hardly brought herself at that time to receive the new element that was influencing and breaking up the Whig party. She was a very agreeable old lady, most hospitable and kind, and her dinners were stately ceremonials. The dining-room and drawing-room, with their magnificent old pictures lit up by myriads of wax candles in beautiful silver sconces and chandeliers, always seemed, to my mind, to represent the true embodiment of refinement and beauty, without any of the luxury and display which are so often associated now with great riches. She was the mother-in-law of Julian Fane, one of the most attractive and delightful men of his day, and Auberon Herbert, a very different person, was another son-in-law. Her youngest daughter, Lady Amabel Cowper, married Lord Walter Kerr. Lord Cowper, her eldest son, was an extraordinarily handsome man, and always reminded me of a beautiful Vandyke. Henry Cowper, the second son, was witty and delightful, and he was beloved by a host of friends. He died comparatively a young man.

Mr. and Mrs. William Cowper Temple (afterwards Lord and Lady Mount-Temple), Lord and Lady Shaftesbury, Lady Jocelyn, Lord and Lady Ripon, and a host of relations and friends, were always to be met at Lady Cowper's, and her house was certainly one of the most agreeable in London, the centre of a very happy and devoted family circle. One night, when we were dining with Lady Cowper, four men came who were not expected. She bore the arrival of three with great equanimity, but when the fourth was announced, she said : " I have room for three extra guests, but no more, so you must go to the side-table."

Lady Margaret Beaumont was also a leading Whig hostess at this time, and she threw her social influence into the cause of the Liberal party, of which her husband was a member. Mr. Beaumont, though a strongly pronounced Liberal, always seemed to me to be too much blessed with the good things of life to have much sympathy with the party to which he belonged, although he persistently furthered and helped it during his life. Lady Margaret was a sympathetic, kind-hearted woman, with many friends who were devoted to her, and to whom she was invariably kind and constant. Her dinner-parties were always agreeable, and her house on Sundays was a great *rendezvous* for politicians. Women were not expected to visit each other on Sunday afternoons, and though I knew Lady Margaret very well, I never remember paying her a visit on Sunday. It was always understood that the husbands went, and their wives stayed at home.

One of the most remarkable women then in London was Lady Clanricarde, Canning's daughter, and sister of Lord Canning, first Viceroy of India. She lived in an old house, which has since been destroyed, in Stratton Street. She was a most alarming person, and I shall never forget the terror with which my visits to her used to inspire me. She had a great regard for Colonel Stanley, as he had been Aide-de-Camp to Lord Canning during his reign in India, and she always welcomed him with great cordiality; but beyond shaking hands, she took no notice of me, and never vouchsafed any remark, and I sat through many a long visit, devoutly praying that it might come to an end. At last I struck, and refused to go there any more, and Colonel Stanley paid his visits alone.

Lord and Lady Stanhope were two very delightful people, and at Chevening, as well as in London, they made their house most agreeable. Lady Stanhope was a very pretty, charming old lady, gentle and kindly, and I should think she never said an unkind word about anybody in her life. She was adored by her family. Her only daughter, who married the late Lord Beauchamp, was, I think, as much beloved in her own way as her mother. Lady Beauchamp was a remarkable woman, clever, accomplished, well-educated, with a great deal of her father's gift of conversation and love of society. Chevening was a delightful old house, and in the days when we first went there it possessed all the distinctive peculiarities of the old country-houses in England. Lord Stanhope had done his best to modernize it, and fit it with some of the modern necessaries of life; but it was an excellent type of all the large houses in England, which at that time possessed none of what are to-day considered the absolute necessities of sanitation and comfort. Lord Stanhope was a charming companion, very agreeable and very youthful, and fond of young people, and they of him. His fund of memories and anecdotes was endless, and he never tired of talking to any willing listener, and telling of the varied incidents of his life, and of all the interesting people he had known.

The late Duchess of Cleveland, then Lady Harry Vane, was a sister of Lord Stanhope, and in her youth had been a most beautiful woman. She possessed much of the ability of her brother; she had read widely, talked very well, and was a good artist. Her second husband, the late Duke of Cleveland, was a fine specimen of an English aristocrat, and as he got older I think his picturesqueness increased. In the evening, when he wore his Ribbon of the Garter, standing up with his tall, erect figure, piercing eyes, and snow-white hair, he was always a very striking personage. He was an enormously rich man, and owned land, it was said, in every English county. I remember Lord Stanhope telling a very amusing story with reference to this. A by-election was taking place which was being keenly contested, and Lord Stanhope, who believed that he possessed authentic information, assured the Duke one night that he knew the Tory candidate was going to get in. The Duke contradicted him somewhat emphatically, and Lord Stanhope, rather nettled, again asserted his opinion. The discussion went on for a minute or two, and then the Duke said: "I know So-and-so is going to win. In point of fact, the whole place belongs to me."

The Duchess's second son by her first husband, Lord Dalmeny—Colonel Everard Primrose—who lived and died almost out of the memory of the present generation, was considered by those who knew him well to be man of great ability. He was a beautiful artist, very accomplished and well read, and, had he lived, would no doubt in time have occupied a prominent position. He had many social prejudices, and still clung to some of the old shibboleths and beliefs of his class, deploring with real grief the revolutions that were taking place in the social fabric of English society. He recognized the inevitable, but he mourned it. He was a keen soldier, and his early death in the Egyptian Campaign of 1885 was as unexpected as it was sad.

One of the greatest characters of that time was the Dowager Duchess of Cleveland, *née* Lowther. She was one of the few people left who absolutely refused to accept the social changes that were so rapidly altering the whole aspect of English society. She preferred the severe etiquette and conduct of the generation to which she belonged, and was very intolerant of what she considered the want of good manners and bumptiousness of the younger generation. I remember being terribly scolded by her one day at Osterley, when we were on a visit there, because I shook hands with one of her guests on his being presented to me. I endeavoured to justify my doing so by saying that he was a friend of my husband's, but the Duchess allowed no appeal from her judgment on social matters. She was a wonderful old lady to look at, and drove in a magnificent yellow chariot, and I have seen her on a Sunday morning walking to church followed by a tall footman. She was agreeable, and, on the whole, kind, but she was very sarcastic and intolerant; and on the slightest deviation of what she considered the laws of good society, she never scrupled to give her opinion, and that in a very unpleasant manner.

Not many people now remember Lady Ossington, the wife of Lord Ossington—best known as Mr. Denison—the Speaker of the House of Commons. Lady Ossington was a sister of the Duke of Portland, and co-heiress with her sister, Lady Howard de Walden, to that enormous property. She was a most delightful old lady. She and Lord Ossington had no family, and they lived almost entirely in the Speaker's house at Westminster, making visits in the autumn or when the House was not sitting. They often went to Scotland, where the Speaker spent his holiday at Langwell, a shooting-box which belonged to the Duke of Portland. He was an ideal Speaker, courtly, dignified, and good-looking, with all the experiences of a long life. He was enormously popular, and will always live as a traditional ideal of what an English Speaker should be.

Lady Ossington exercised a mild despotism in her position in Westminster, and to be invited to her box was a great privilege, and one not often given. She regarded the wives of the Ministers in power, or their predecessors, as having the right to go, and what seats were left were distributed among those whom she felt had, to a certain extent, claims to be admitted. I remember going to her box the first time I went to hear a debate in the House of Commons, when Lord Palmerston was Prime Minister and Mr. Gladstone, I think, Chancellor of the Exchequer. We all sat in absolute silence, for Lady Ossington allowed no talking and no crush, and even on crowded nights those ladies who sat in the back rows were comfortably housed in comparison to the condition of the ladies who nowadays occupy those seats.

CHAPTER VIII

THE COMMUNE, 1871

On August 15, 1871, I married Colonel Stanley, second son of Lord Stanley of Alderley, who had been in the Grenadier Guards for eighteen years. He had served in the Crimea during the Siege of Sebastopol, and was Aide-de-Camp to Lord Canning, Governor-General of India, for five years. He had, perhaps, a unique experience after he left the Grenadier Guards, in that he was one of the few Englishmen who were in Paris at the time of the outbreak of the Commune in 1871, and was attached to the Ambulance de la Presse, which he assisted during the whole time he was there. His knowledge of French, and the fact that he spoke the language like a native, enabled him to see much of the intimate workings of the Government, as he was associated with many of the leaders of the revolutionary movement, who, though men of no birth or position, had great ability and firm convictions, and were absolutely uncompromising.

In particular, he saw a great deal of Moreau, who was one of the principal leaders of the movement, and a desperate, determined man; yet he had a cool head, and was not disposed to adopt the extreme measures which his party advocated. Of him Colonel Stanley writes: "The National Guards support him, but doubtless they all hate him at the Commune. He is the only gentleman, and he represents the Comité Central."

Colonel Stanley lived at the Hôtel Mirabeau, in the Rue de la Paix, which remained open during the whole siege, and his letters, from April 7 to May 26, 1871, give a very interesting account of all the privations to which people were reduced during those few terrible weeks. His friend Mr. Lewis Wingfield, who was a correspondent for one of the English papers, lodged close by, at the Hôtel Chatham. He was attached to the American Ambulance, and Colonel Stanley praises its excellent organization and special service of couriers and telegrams, as well as its general efficiency in hospital work.

The currents and cross-currents of feeling in Paris at the time of the Commune were bewildering. On April 9, Colonel Stanley writes: "This afternoon at Porte Maillot I saw some pretty firing. When one tells a policeman *c'est triste*, one can enjoy it at one's ease; otherwise there is a chance of being treated as a *çi-devant*. They are a very odd people. A working-man came to me and said: 'You wear a horse-shoe ring! Well then, don't, for I know it is adopted as a sign in certain circles that you are a special follower of the late Emperor; as a stranger, you cannot know this.' (Bear in mind I had not spoken.) I asked him, Was he assured that I was a stranger? His answer was flattering, though startling for its novelty: 'You wear good shoes, and you have the appearance of an English *rentier*.'"

On one occasion Colonel Stanley had a very exciting experience. Near the Porte Maillot he was challenged by one of the sentries—the man was very drunk, and finally arrested him. They adjourned to the *poste* of the bastion (leaving the sentry's own post deserted!).

"Here," he goes on, "I found myself with a powerful tail. Roughly speaking, I had a good half of the men on my side. They all declared I should not be taken up; I had done no harm. The citizen who had caused the friction had better return to his post, as they intended to defend a friendly Englishman who had the day before picked up five bombs, and who deserved well of France." Colonel Stanley eventually called for silence, and said that sooner than see patriots shed one another's blood, he preferred to go to prison, and appear before the *maire* of Batignolles. By the time they reached Batignolles the escort had dwindled down to one stout corporal and the sentry who had originally arrested him. On arriving at their destination he was taken to a handsome room with velvet chairs, where sat an officer—"a pretentious ass in a red scarf, with dirty hands." After hearing the sentry's story, he ordered "*Citoyen* Stanley" to be at once placed *au secret*, by order of the Committee-General. He was then locked up in a room two paces long and one broad, but was told he should have it to himself. All his papers, watch, knife, and money were taken away, but he had hidden his life-preserver down his back, and they did not find it.

After a while a number of drunken men were pushed into the cell, the atmosphere becoming perfectly unbearable. Fortunately, Colonel Stanley had been allowed to keep a small flask of whisky, which kept him from fainting. At 10 a.m. (having been there from 12 the night before) they were turned into the corridor while the cell was cleaned out. Colonel Stanley opened a window and saw a boy passing, to whom he offered 100 sous if he would go to the British Embassy, and say an Englishman was going to be shot without any reason. After some hours' further captivity in the stinking cell, he was removed to the Hall of Justice in a half-fainting condition, and was lying there when Mr. Lascelles arrived from the Embassy. Colonel Stanley was immediately liberated, one of the insurgents with whom he had been sharing a mess of soup remarking dryly, "You can look back to having supper with me, when the business is all over, as an episode in your life." The commander of the bastion at Batignolles subsequently explained that he had intended to free Colonel Stanley in half an hour after he was first locked up, but had been suddenly called away to the front.

Paris was, of course, in a state of civil war—feeling ran high between the Reds, the Gardes Nationales, and those who sympathized with the Regulars at Versailles. The conditions that prevailed are best described in Colonel Stanley's own words, taken from his letters :

"*April* 9.—The National Assembly soldiers are defeated every day. There must be great bloodshed whenever Paris is taken. The Commune are determined, desperate men—must be killed out; they won't surrender ; and the Hôtel de Ville will surely be destroyed itself; there is just anger in their hearts which must be vented. From what I observe, the only thing, if they are to be abolished, for France is a moderate Republic, but for Paris separate protection must be desired.

"The officers of the National Guard have been warned by their General not to go into the follies of gold lace, etc. Some of them are very smart. It is really painful to see the way some of them ride. All the children in the street play at soldiers."

"*April* 10.—Valérien this evening had smashed down the drawbridge of Porte Maillot and silenced the guns—the men were hiding—and the only Red batteries which gave any trouble were at Trocadero ;

the mitrailleuses were flying about all the afternoon, also heavy volley-firing. The streets were full of funeral processions without friends; the soldiers who followed had better have been resting or at the front. I should say, from the chance talking that I hear in the streets, it is intended to fight it out from beginning to end. It is horrible to realize what this means. A Swiss workman said to me: 'Every strange woman and child ought to leave Paris shortly; we shall have a massacre such as has never been seen.' There are many who, no doubt, feel most indignant, and most of the people and women are for peace; but I fear they will do nothing, and will wait to see which side will get the day. They are, in fact, next the Reds, the greatest curse; but just conceive what the retribution will be on the insurgent Government, and what the state of Paris will be for some days!

"The Reds hate the *sergents-de-ville* bitterly, and say that they are paid 10 francs a day to shoot at them. So are the artillerymen (the rebels) paid 3 francs a day by the Commandant. I met a *Réactionnaire* Colonel of the National Guards at a café who told me that the money is found by individuals here. This shows that some people, at any rate, believe in the movement.

"Barricades are being thrown up in Porte Royal and other places, and the houses are closing early. It is very curious to see the streets watered regularly when under fire. Of course the Reds, from their own *locus standi*, can only defend, they having first of all attacked. The Commune are fighting among themselves here."

"*April* 11.—The Reds owned to me to-day that they had no generals, no discipline; how, then, can they hope to succeed? A Rouge said to me: '*Voyez-vous, nous sommes tous ambitieux; nous voulons tous être chef.*' I have bought a quantity of caricatures here. Of course, no theatres open. If it were not for the size of the place, one would be bored.

"The contention is very great among the Communes; they refuse to serve in a body, and the enormous amount of futile arrests which have been made have given great offence. My waiter was frightened into fits by a National Guard bringing me my passport from the *maire*, and was told that in future all prisoners would be shot to save time and trouble.

"All the workmen will feel the want of employment more than anything else. A horrible accident happened near the gates here. A father went to fetch his wife and children, and left them, as he thought, in safety, while he went to fetch two other infants; when he returned in a few moments he found his wife cut to pieces. A shell came and cut off the father's leg, killed the eldest son of nineteen, and injured two others."

"*April* 12.—Fresh arrests in the Commune and quarrels among the members. They have commenced to coin money out of the silver spoons they steal everywhere. . . . A house near this, the property of a rich man, was entered by the Commune last night, and wine taken away valued at 80,000 francs."

"*April* 13.—I have been to the Français de Légataire; very pleasing in its way. The people were delighted, and the acting bouncing. Things seem to be getting worse, and society and people are more afraid. After my great and lengthy experience of Paris (and this week seems indeed an age), I fancy I begin to see the silver lining. The Embassy—that is, Malet—will no longer be responsible for the safety of British subjects, and advises them to leave at once—*tant pis*. The losses lately on both sides have been great, and achievement is great, but there is a perceptible change in my friends the Rouges. The Commune has solemnly decided that the Column of Vendôme shall be destroyed, as the name of Napoleon is a curse. In the first place, it will be a labour of immense difficulty to get down Napoleon's statue alone, and they also profess to want the bronze for sous. A work of art to be destroyed for sentimental motives—it is contemptible! the Prussians, whom they are so fond of abusing, would not have done it, or thought of doing it.

". . . . There is no fire to make the pot boil over. The fight between the leaders of the Commune and the party at Versailles is not understood either by the people or, indeed, by anyone else. The people are three-fourths out of work, and I feel they would starve if they lost their 30 sous a day, and they doubt their continuing it to them long. The rougher lot near Belleville are being killed off in daily fights, and the more respected men who guard the Vendôme, and make and remake silly barricades, and generally refuse to go beyond the ramparts, are not, as a rule, inclined to molest private property. Some battalions—the 153rd, for instance—refuse to assist in obtaining forced requisitions or plundering the churches; but, of course, an entry into Paris by the line might change their views, and an undisciplined body of men, especially Frenchmen, cannot be depended on from one day to another."

"*April* 14.—There are wonderful conferences every night of women; I am trying to get an introduction to one. To-day I was fortunate enough to be present when the Église de Saint Roque was pillaged by order of the Commune. I worked my way into the crowd of angry women, and saw with indignation an old man of eighty-five, much respected and loved, hurried off to prison. We all took off our hats, and they hissed the National Guard. I urged the women to rescue him, but they said, 'The assassins would bayonet us!'"

"*April* 15.—There is no doubt that the Reds intend to blow up the drains, pillage the good houses under the pretence of searching for food (if we are besieged), and will probably shoot all well-dressed people they feel inclined to. Of course, if the food-supply is stopped, the game is up; but the Commune think they will be safe while they have the chance. The Vendôme is being strongly fortified with a treble instead of the silly single line which they had before. The Column is still there, and I hope they will not have time for destroying it. Great difference of opinion exists in the Commune about that. . . ."

The mad fury which seemed to have taken possession of the mob in Paris found its most enthusiastic exponents in the women, who were anxious to proceed to the extreme measures which the men deprecated. The organized Corps de Pétroleuses were a savage crew, who had no feeling of pity or mercy in their hearts, and would have sacrificed even those they loved most dearly to the cause which they had espoused. They co-operated actively with the Commune, deluging what public buildings they could with petroleum, and then setting light to them; and most of the fires that broke out in Paris on the entry of the troops originated through their action. They went down into the streets and fought at the barricades, showing superhuman courage, and when one of the great fights took place at the barricade in the Rue de la Paix, which was defended by the Communists, the first person to mount it and to hoist the red flag of the revolution was a woman.

Some of the details given by Colonel Stanley are very graphic:

"I took Wingfield with me (he was somewhat reluctant) to a women's meeting. It was at the other end of Paris. We heard three speakers. The public—all women—were not animated, and I was disappointed, but they were more attentive than the men's meetings which I went to. The abuse of the priests was most popular. One speaker with a red sash, worn as some officers wear it, said: 'We do not want them setting our children against us, talking of God. Where is He? And telling them that they must obey God. Where is He? Obey Him, too, rather than their mothers!' They mocked the Communion and mimicked the adoration of the Host. They went on to say: 'The priests use soft, winning words to turn the sisters and turn the lady visitors. They will give a *casquette* to a boy and a *châpeau* to a girl to come to church; but we are Republicans, and this movement is essentially one to emancipate the working-classes—to make them really free. Let us avoid those presents. Let us be above such bribes. Who pays the priests? Who supports this useless Government? Who spends our millions? Who sweats us at every moment? Why, the governing class! Are they worthy of this trust? No. All the members of the Commune indulge in luxuries.' Another woman, a good-looking girl, who was laughed at for her mistakes in French, said: 'Let them fight; but we shall do better than *ces lâches*, and, until the time comes for that, let us go forward and *panser les blessés*. Let us organize and offer to cook the food that the Commune give our brothers. We can do that and keep them up to the mark. Ah! we feel what it is the moment there are no half-measures in our hearts.'

"I forgot to mention how the women, when the men have been drugged on the walls, defend the ramparts and go round till the men come. I make great allowances for their ignorance, and the easy way they are led astray; but the poor are generally ungrateful —at least, they forget too easily.

"We were not molested in the least. The stink was terrible, and I forgot to bring my snuff. I was not at all afraid, and would have spoken had I been invited. After all, those poor women are under the priests, and have lost their protectors, and like to talk."

Again:

". . . . An old *mégère* with white hair came up to me on the boulevard, and said to me and a *kiosque* woman, 'Until we can get those *sergents-de-ville* and place them between boards and saw them in two before the public we shall do no good.' An old gentleman beside me shuddered, but dared not speak. I laughed and said: 'Go to a *maison de santé.*' Another woman came up and abused her, so I got off.

"Republicanism in France, at any rate, leads to atheism. This old brute had spoken disgusting things of the priests—things which I could only repeat to men. As long as one keeps one's nerve up, there is not much danger, but woe betide any hesitation. I still believe that this is a judgment on Paris for its vices."

There were, however, many other women who, while they espoused the cause of the Commune, did all they possibly could to minister to the wounded, devoting what time they could spare from their political occupation to help at the ambulance. Of one of these Colonel Stanley writes:

"I met a woman—I think she was a German-Swiss. She is a spy. She speaks excellent French and some English; she interested me very much. She was, of course, a Republican, and, as I saw that she wished to give me that impression, I indulged her, and led her on to talk. Dressed quietly in woman's clothes, with a smooth, Madonna-like face and large violet eyes (not exactly pretty), with a *Daily Telegraph* in her hand spotted with blood, she comes and goes, and, when there, she dresses the ugliest of the wounds—it was all so curious. The Communist doctors, in stained aprons over their uniforms, coming in and out as the wounded required their wounds dressing before being sent off—they were smoking and stirring their coffee with the instruments with which they had extracted the bullets. The growl of the mitrailleuse was incessant. Ammunition was brought in for the blackguards, and their shells were filled under cover of the red-cross flag, and the consequence is that it is little respected. All these realities and inconsistencies formed striking contrasts with war at home. Noisy and vulgarly dressed *couturières* jabbered and swaggered in, and let out things that they had no business to tell. Under the room where operations were performed was a mass of gunpowder, and the house which had been a pretty well-got-up thing was a wreck.

"I have not got over the shock of that shell which fell so near a woman, near the Arc de Triomphe. There was no wind. I was looking for it as I heard it coming, and luckily stood still. I saw it fall and burst almost, as it seemed, on the woman, and I was not twenty yards away. The smoking of the explosion quite covered her, and, when it died away, I saw her standing unharmed. I could not help saying, 'Thank God!' She came across to me, and said, 'You see, I am not afraid.' I could have beaten her. It would have been more natural to see her go on her knees and thank God for her escape. It sent a chill through me, and I turned away quite shuddering. It was a shell that weighed sixty-four pounds, and the bits came so near me—one little bit struck me somewhere.

"The Château de l'Étoile was again on fire. There was a very brave woman there. She was present all the time. She had bright eyes, white teeth, and dirty hands. She did not seem to be at all afraid. Certainly, French women are braver than English.

"A shell fell this afternoon beyond the Rond Point, near the Palais de l'Industrie. No one was touched, but there were crowds looking on. One lady only said, who was close by, '*Comme il est maladroit!*'

* * * * *

"I have been to the 'Folies,' and saw the 'Canard à Trois Becs'—a broad burlesque. It was more amusing than an English one."

"I have just come back from St. Nicolas des Champs. The church there has been turned into a spouting-shop; there are others in different parts of Paris applied to the same purpose. The speaking was poor; it was crowded. It is a very fine old church with double aisles—Roman style. The enthusiasm was very great when a man got up to protest against the suppression of a certain paper, and was sat upon by the man in the pulpit, who delivered an address against the freedom of the press which was considered strong. This was much applauded. I took my hat off when I went in, in the hopes of someone saying something. I had got a set speech about liberty as to waving one's hat; that was denied me, and I was sold. Afterwards the crowd was so great I had to put it on to have room for my elbows. There were many women there; I talked to one: she was disgusted. The talking was fluent and feeble. The principal object was to get men to come forward and fight.

"Begging is forbidden by the Commune. 'Vive la Commune!' as far as that. To-day a woman near the Vendôme was seen begging. She was cautioned, but persisted. On getting something, she went to buy at a shop, so she was taken in charge; she resisted, screamed, and a crowd followed. A man said soon afterwards to an unoffending National Guard, '*Vous êtes mauvais*'; he continued, when suddenly out popped a sergeant from the barricade and silenced the voluble ass.

"I was at the Embassy to-day. Two drunken National Guards and a drunken prisoner—an Englishman, beastly-looking—came in. He had been shut up for eight days at the Vendôme, apparently for nothing. They (the escorts and the prisoners) were on very friendly terms. I asked the corporal if, after the strict orders of the Commune, he had not had his case investigated within twenty-four hours. He laughed, and said: 'Ah, we have two rooms full like them, and the Commune will never be able to get through them.' They departed together to have a drink.

"I went to-day with Austin to see a Frenchman—an artist, very feeble. He is a Rouge, a friend of Moreau's, and we had a long talk. He is also a friend of the Swiss, who puzzles me as much as ever. It seems that Moreau (who is said to be of noble birth and under a false name) is still devoted to the Republic, but hates the name and abominations of the Commune, and is now the head of the National Guards. He wishes to oppose the Commune and to crush it. It is very curious to see this revolution within revolution, and we must see if it succeeds. Moreau I went to see, and he was very civil to me the other day."

"*April* 25.—The National Guards have been hard at work all this day strengthening their many barricades; they worked at it with a will. In front of Porte Maillot it is much thickened and raised to twice the height, and they have guns behind it; and in the avenue in front of that gate, halfway between it and the barricade in front of the Porte de Neuilly, was the principal place, where the women and non-combatants passed mostly through a line of sentries. I tried to get an officer to let a woman who was looking for her mother go by, but he threatened to arrest me. I dared him to do so on neutral ground. Austin was also threatened, and got into a rage; the officers were furious when the people said, '*Nous sommes tous les frères!*' I must say I understood their feelings. Soon after a guard arrived he ordered the poor suffering woman to be allowed to pass.

"Presently a well-dressed lady came and threw herself on my protection. Heaven knows how I got her, her *bonne*, and old mother of eighty (who was in a hideous terror, and told me she had been living in a *cave* for some days on bread and water), and all her beastly little traps, into a small fly. However, I did.

They wanted to go back for more luggage, but I would not allow them. They were very grateful, and took all my change—some seven francs. All French people are the same—very mean. The *bonne* offered me money to fare her, but I laughed, and said that English officers should not accept money. She was very simple, and said that French officers did not mind. Then I only said that there must be a difference."

"*April* 25.—Provisions are rising in price—meat 2 francs per pound, milk not to be got, and butter 5½ francs per pound. I chiefly quarrel at having been asked to pay 75 centimes for washing an unstarched silk shirt. I revenged myself by wearing them three days. Later on sickness from many causes will be great."

"*April* 30. — I went to church this morning, and then went to the Porte Maillot, and got shattered splinters from the Porte Lévi. I then wandered about, and found a distressed old lamplighter who wanted to get back to his sick wife, and dared not cross the Avenue de la Grande Armée, and yet feared to cause her anxiety by going all round. I told him not to be afraid, and we would run over together. I shall never do the same folly again, please God; but, having told him I would see him over, I was afraid to seem afraid. We started. The Avenue—it was getting dusk—was dark from the bursting shells; I could not see the opposite side. This must sound an exaggeration, particularly to a soldier, but it is positively the simple truth. I ran—how I ran! Three shells struck close before me. On the other side I found I had missed the turning; so, after hiding in a small recess to get my heart a little further down my throat, I started up the Avenue, but the shells became thicker than ever as I got near the arch. The ground was cut up, but finally I turned to go down again. A shell struck the house I was running by with a horrid crash, and I was pelted with broken bits of stone, but was not hurt.

"I here lost my head for a moment. I confess I was frightened. However, I started off in five minutes, which seemed an age, and got to the turning in safety. A little farther on a carriage came by. I stopped it, and told an officer inside that it was madness attempting to go across the Avenue, and showed him the dense darkness caused by the bursting shells. He refused to turn back. The brute was drunk. He said: '*Mon enfant, c'est aimable de votre part, mais je suis Chef de Guise, et je vais voir les dégâts des remparts.*' At another time I should have yielded and let him take his chance, but I had been well sobered, and said: 'At least, with lamps lit it is folly. And think of your poor coachman—he has, perhaps, children, and you are crossing at the most dangerous place almost. Why not, if you are in a hurry, run over?' The poor coachman shuddered; he had been requisitioned, and dared not speak—that is their liberty.

"The officer became insulting, and began to talk of arresting me. I mentioned General Cluseret, with whom he would have to deal if he did; and two *bourgeois*, coming out of an underground place where they had heard all that had happened, took the side of common humanity, and turned the horses round. The poor coachman could only say 'Merci.' The sot was too badly gone to get out, and the brute must needs pretend he would walk along the works under such a fire, hardly able to see straight. I must, indeed, with so many of the officers constantly drunk, give the National Guards proper credit, which is only their due, for fighting as they do. I was very tired when I got to the café, very circuitously. I went round by the Porte des Ternes before I struck into the town. Near that gate a house had been set on fire, which blazed furiously, and lit up the ramparts and guided the fire of the line. All this evening the fire has been intense.

"The Freemasons are talking very big, and saying they will join the Commune (all their rotten little flags have been blown away by the firing to-night;

all the bastions have been dotted with them), but *c'est du blague;* it is impossible to say what Paris really thinks—every other man contradicts the other. There is much jabber going on in the streets—crowds about nothing. Spouters are being suspected of being paid by both sides."

"*May* 2.—Great crowds out of doors to-night; they are expecting something. Wretched dogs! they are always waiting for an impossible Frenchman to give them a lead. If those who wished for a change had had the courage of rats, there might have been a chance long ago."

"*May* 9.—I confess, though I despise them, I have got into a strong, unreasonable sort of sympathy with the best of the Reds. They are fighting for municipal liberties—what all our towns have always enjoyed. I am sure I wish them joy of them. It is not sufficient to answer, 'Thiers will allow it.' They cannot trust him, and experience teaches them that a strong army is used only to crush them. As it could not keep out the Prussians, they would not have it now. That is the difficulty. The people feel—'if only Thiers would be faithful!' They cannot trust the Assembly, and, above all, the heads of the armies; and so it will go on.

If the Reds have got hold of the wrong end of the stick, and advocate their views as only maniacs would do, they still have got hold of it somehow, and all these agitations against the clergy, violent and vulgar as they are, have a basis of truth. There are too many of them—too many idle *célibataires* exposed to the vices of a dissolute town, and too many ready to fall. The Confession is abused, and the Sacraments are used as an end, and not as a means of purifying daily life. I have got these views from constant listening. If I speak to people, I, of course, raise a flood of useless violence.

"I have seen the doctors this evening at the front. I am sorry to say that it is the old story. Out of forty cases operated on, hardly one recovers. Drink—drink

—drink! There is always a smell of drink when they lie panting on the wooden trestles, where they are put when their wounds are examined. When they require all the calm and vitality they have to resist the shock, they offer nothing but a feverish, exhausted state of blood. As a great friend of the Reds said to me: 'They won't fight unless they are half drunk, poor devils!' They are so inconsistent. One must not trust them as one would the English; but, anyhow, I am sure they are more grateful for small services.

"The last order of the Commune is to destroy Thiers' house, although it does not belong to him. It is worth £80,000."

"*May* 12.—People may talk of war lightly, but they should see it first. The bad qualities seem to come out in this civil war. Treachery, cowardice, and unmanliness are attributed to the members of the Commune. The edict has at last gone forth that all between nineteen and forty who will not fight shall be shot. There were sixty executions in the Rue Saint Honoré. Two men begged for mercy; the others were quite cool and silent. I myself saw a procession of wheelbarrows, each manned by sailors and loaded with bodies. The sailors had taken the boots off and put them on. The *gamins* and women lifted up the blankets to look at the corpses. I saw no expression of disgust—only vulgar curiosity. Dead bodies here and there are frequent."

Colonel Stanley's descriptions of the dead and wounded are very gruesome. The bodies were laid out in churches, hospitals, and other large buildings, where they were not in ruins; but, owing to the drunkenness that existed and to the state of the weather, they had become so decomposed that identification was almost impossible. In the case of those who had been killed before they had been stupefied by drink, the eyes were open with an expectant look, but in very few instances was there any expression of pain, owing to the fact that most of them had been shot instantaneously. The wounded were taken to the temporary hospital that had been erected, and some of the most painful sights were when they lay dying in torture from want of attention and nursing, many of them cursing the Commune and all it had brought on them and their families. Although they themselves had joined the Reds and espoused their propaganda, the last and most earnest petition of many was that they might, if possible, have a priest sent to them before they died. That their desire for religious consolation was not shared by the women who took an active part in the Commune has been shown in the previous extracts.

"*April* 27.—I have been to-day to the Ambulance de la Presse at Longchamp, close to the Place de Rome. It was most interesting. I was first taken to the chapel, where the dead were laid out. Some were much decomposed and covered with flies. I advised them to disinfect, as, if the flies got on wounds, mortification would set in. Their attitudes varied. They mostly had their eyes wide open with an expectant look. They were much knocked about.

"Yesterday I went over the huts, thirty-three in number, containing about twenty-five in each, very airy and well-built. It was very touching. What pains me most is not the wounds, but to see their poor shrivelled legs, really not larger than a strong man's thumb. I spoke to them—all so gentle and grateful. Very many said the same thing to me. . . . They wished they could have *le père Chrêtien*. When one hears of those weary, bed-ridden sick, one utters deep curses against the Commune. I saw a Commandant. His old mother of eighty sat by his side. He was so handsome and cheery. He waved his hand to me. I did not speak, but his eyes followed me. They all fought for an idea which they supposed to be true. Perhaps what moved one most was to see the poor mothers and sisters, and in one case a poor girl by her lover, sitting patient and silent by the wounded man, not daring to break his slumbers, and looking so piteously anxious at the doctor's face as he inspected and passed on. . . . I saw no impatience, contrary to what I had previously noticed; the old soldiers bear their pain the best. It was explained to me that the *citoyen*, full of excitement and wine, may stand the *premier pansement* well, but will break down afterwards. . . . Many of the wounded belong to the Prussian siege line, and are not atheistical Communists."

Colonel Stanley used to say that one of the most dramatic of all the terrible things he witnessed in Paris, besides the burning of the public buildings and the devastation of the Tuileries, was the destruction of the Column in the Place Vendôme. For days before the actual demolition hundreds of men had been busy with tackle and ladders, fastening ropes round it, which were to pull over the column and the statue of Napoleon; and on the day when all was ready an enormous crowd filled the Rue de la Paix to watch the destruction of the monument to the man who had made France the power that she was.

"*May* 11, 1871.—I shall give a party to-morrow to see the Vendôme fall. I have a balcony which affords an excellent view. Sand and brushwood are laid, to moderate the falling of the Column, and there are actually some loads of *fumier* for it to fall on."

"*May* 14.—The line are advancing on all sides. It is high time. All Paris is disgusted. The men are seized and forced to fight. The destruction of Thiers' house and of the Column Vendôme (which is positively announced for to-morrow), and the demolition of objects of art everywhere in Paris, which is promised shortly, have prepared everyone for the relief, and it is noticeable that in the theatres people talk openly."

"*May* 15, 4.30 *p.m.*—Wingfield, Austin, and a Norwegian are collected on my balcony, to see the falling of the Column. The streets are densely crowded—about 10,000 people. The National Guards have driven the mob off down the Rue de la Paix. It is a wonderful sight to see the buzzing mob. We are all expectation. I expect that it will be another hour. It was first announced for two o'clock, though.

"I hear that the objects of art in Thiers' house were much exaggerated. I really think I must remain to see the troops come into Paris. It will surely be soon. The crowd driven halfway down the streets, the windows pasted up with bits of paper, and the single officer watering the streets, are a sight worth seeing alone.

"6.30 *p.m.*—In vain we have been waiting all day to see the Column fall, and they have hoisted the tricolour in order to insult it by throwing it down."

"*May* 16, 12 *p.m.*—From 2 to 7.30 I was in the Place Vendôme. I saw the Column fall at a quarter to six; it is a blackguard vandalism, but as it was to fall, I would not have missed it for a good deal. I had a chair from Roberts, the chemist, and sat on it until the Column fell. It was a curious sight to see the public who were admitted inside the Place flying in terror when it did fall. The first attempt commenced at 3.15. The rope, a double piece attached to a windlass anchored to the ground, began to be tightened at that moment. At 3.36 the snatch-block gave way, and two or three men were wounded—not anything very serious—and then there was a long interval. The workmen drove in extra wedges on the Rue St. Honoré side, where it had been sawn. The other side had been largely cut out wedge-like with picks. An extra rope was put round the top of the Column, and manned by fifty men on either side standing in the Rue de la Paix, and they, and not the windlass, caused it to lean over at 6. Finally, it fell on the heap of sand and faggots prepared for it with a mighty crash. There was no concussion on the ground: the Column broke up almost before it reached its bed, and lay on the ground a huge mass of ruin. An immense dust and smoke from the stones and crumpled clay rose up, and an instant after a crowd of men—National Guards, Communists, and sight-seeing English—flew upon it, and commenced to get bits of it as remembrances; but the excitement was so intense, people moved around as in a dream. In vain respect for public property was implored: the National Guards with the butt end of their muskets, and every one with what they could find, were busy breaking up the pieces of bronze. An excited wild National Guard said to me (as a schoolboy would who offers his knife to cut up another boy's cake): 'Here is a hammer; set upon this bit and break it in two.' I got it from underneath and rushed off with it, he following me. 'You can trust me,' I said, 'for I am an English gentleman, and live at So-and-so. You come for it to-morrow, but you will never be able to get it out of the place.' I was going off, having stowed it away—it was quite hot like a shell—in my chest, when I saw two men seized by a National Guard and led off to prison. I then got away, and hid it in the sacred columns of the *Times*. The National Guard afterwards searched me, but I did not swagger. I then turned back to wait awhile; the members of the Commune collected round the Column, which was not so much destroyed as one would suppose.

"Some *frères* spat upon it and said: 'Oh, thou who hast fallen, we insult thee.' I only hope I may see them prisoners and well flogged. With three members of the Commune in front, and an artist, Tissot, behind, we got out the other side. Bands have been playing all day, and the moment the Column was down red flags were hoisted on the base. The eagles at the corners had their beaks knocked off, and members of the Commune made speeches that no one listened to. The excitement was intense, and the smoking huge mass of broken stone, covered with the shattered bronze plates, and half buried in the muck, which was most unsavoury, was a very interesting sight. I was much surprised to see it break up as it did; the weight was, I suppose, enormous. The moment it tottered was, if I may say so, awful; civil engineers ought to have been present.

"The Column was 130 feet high. The Prussians in '15 tried with hundreds of horses to pull it over, but did not succeed. What the enemies have spared, the Parisians have destroyed, and the contempt of the civilized world will fall, I trust, on the perpetrators."

"*May* 17.—I have been to the Column again to-day, and the curious thing is that it broke off 1 foot 3 inches above the place where it is sawn—the cemented place was there.

"The engineer who superintended the affair has had given to him the little statue of Liberty on a club which was held in the Emperor's hand. It is the same small figure which was in the hand of a former statue which was changed by Louis Napoleon and placed at the end of the Avenue de Neuilly.

"An awful explosion of a cartridge manufactory took place this evening. The building, which was reduced to nothing, is close to the Champs de Mars. The women employed had all left, and there were only artillerymen in the place, but of course people were killed immediately around. Wingfield went to see, and he says he thinks the number of human bodies is about two hundred. There are not many wounded. Over twenty million cartridges, they say, have been destroyed. The houses about are all in a tottering state, and will have to be pulled down at once. The bits come unpleasantly near to one at all moments; they have a most eccentric way of turning about in the air. The people at this side of the river have the most dangerous place; yesterday after the explosion they were nearly knocked down, and the windows in the Avenue Josephine were broken all the way to the Arc de Triomphe. Poor women were crying and searching for the bodies of their daughters, and it must have been much like a pit's mouth after an explosion of fire-damp.

"The robberies continue under the pretence of searching for arms. I had all the particulars from the manager of the Grand Hotel of what happened to him a few days ago. Four men with revolvers stood over him while the house was sacked; they took all the silver for which the hotel is famous, women's boots, linen, everything. Finally, they took 30 francs out of the pocket of a waiter's waistcoat, which was hanging in his bedroom. They ate everything, and drank themselves drunk on 200 bottles of wine. I asked him why he did not complain, but he said it would do no good; the terror is intense. . . .

"The folly and tyranny is getting very great, but the Frenchman is an enduring animal.

"Meanwhile the barricades are growing every day, and there is no heart in the people, and I expect they will bolt before a well-planned attack."

"*May* 22.—The position of France is very bad, and she must be bankrupt very shortly. In the best of times it would take all her strength and credit to pay the sixty million pounds in a year, and with revolutions impending, with this cursed self-seeking, want of real patriotism, and mortal incompatibility of parties, her future seems very miserable. The Parisians' boast of their power to treat the last twelve months as a dream, as soon as superficial order is restored, is to me a sign of want of character, but it is no common boast. They will, and must be, amused, and will take no lesson, however rudely administered, to heart. If classes are at loggerheads (and one must accept the fact), there is no call for a gentleman of birth to attack his own set, and adopt every Socialistic doctrine he can get hold of. Must England go through what France is enduring?"

And finally (on May 22) Colonel Stanley writes:

"AT LAST the troops have come inside Paris. I walked as far as the Madeleine, but it was not safe to go any farther, as the bullets came down the Avenue. The troops have got as far as the Church of S. Augustin. Barricades are being made everywhere. Near this street a great line of water-carts is across the boulevard by the new opera. Firing in volleys can be heard all round."

Though the troops entered Paris on May 22, it was not until the 24th that they really obtained possession of the town.

The horrors of those last days exceeded all that had gone before them. The Line entered from Versailles by the Porte du Tour, Porte de la Muette, Porte Dauphine, opened by the treachery of the officers in command. They then spread into the town; but on May 23 Colonel Stanley continues:

"The Versailles people have not advanced as much as I expected; the musketry has been very continuous and very heavy. The Reds are making barricades everywhere. . . . For the last three-quarters of an hour there has been an awful fire. It is a very grand sight; but the firing is, of course, a most pitiful one, and also the cowardice of the people. We shall soon have the *red legs* in the streets, and them I shall not dare to bully as I do the Reds."

"*May* 24.—I have been within sight of the Hôtel de Ville this morning. It is in flames, but the place is in possession of troops. I was arrested (God save the mark!) as a Communist this morning. My passport did not quite satisfy them, so, as I saw they were excited and perplexed, I said: 'Give me a *sergent-de-*

ville, and he will go to the Embassy with me.' This seemed a most happy thought for all parties. On my way back, at 1 p.m., I was requisitioned three times by *pompiers*. '*Mais, sacré bleu! ne voyez-vous pas que je suis au détenu?*' Little did I think I should glory in being a prisoner. My policeman was soon satisfied when we got to the Embassy, and he imparted excellent information over a bottle of wine later. I saw a perquisition in Felix Pyat's house, and found his sabre and greatcoat. I believe he has since been arrested. The fighting goes on, and shells are being fired anyhow, merely to fire the town, by these drunken, maddened, desperate scoundrels. It is ridiculous to see the quantity of soldiers employed. One-eighth the number of English would do it. I think of leaving Paris to-morrow night, but don't expect me. The railway is too uncertain."

"*May* 25.—The Commune is dead. . . . The state of things is awful. The Rue Royale is almost burnt down; the Tuileries is burnt; there is fire everywhere. Troops pouring in, generals cheered, dead men's bodies thrown near the Place Vendôme. The Embassy is a little knocked about, the Rue St. Honoré awfully destroyed, also the Boulevard. The women are brutal to the prisoners, and they gloat over the dead bodies."

"*May* 25.—I was just awake at 7, when I heard a noise in the street. I saw a procession of about 250 prisoners—33 of them women—going from the Place Vendôme to somewhere, perhaps to be shot or tried—goodness only knows!

"Last night three women were caught throwing fireballs down the opening of the cellars in the streets. Already smoke was coming from some of them. There was no doubt of it. They were driven into a corner, and shot then and there through the head.

"The fire at the Ministère de Finance was continued all night, and burns fiercely now. My *sergent-de-ville* told me he went into the part then unburnt, and found the walls and tables smeared with petroleum.

All the Tuileries were burnt to the ground. That part of the Finance from the Palais Royale (which is also destroyed) to the end towards the Hôtel de Ville is destroyed. The Hôtel de Ville is destroyed; all the houses in the Rue Fort St. Honoré and also in the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré have been destroyed by petroleum. The Reds still hold out at the Buttes de Chaumont, and have been shelling all round. I saw three shells fall successively yesterday on the Place de l'Opéra—the first wounded a woman, the second killed a horse and wounded its rider, and the third burst in bits and went into windows around.

"I much doubt getting away, for there are no carriages, and I should certainly have to drive to St. Denis."

"9 *a.m.*—Yes, decidedly one is a prisoner. . . . The Halles is said to be still in the hands of the Reds, and also the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville. It is maddening to be shut up here and not dare to leave. One is all alone too.

"The attack commenced on the 21st, and here, on the 25th, the line is by no means captured. . . . The awful turmoil somehow communicates itself to me. I cannot help feeling my heart jump. I see shells bursting; the cavalry, the guns, provision carts rumbling along; the shuffle of the silent, tired infantry; and, not least, a body of prisoners—thirteen women and one man—who are received with fiendish cries of '*Vive la ligne!*' as they came to the Place Vendôme."

Later he adds:

"I have just been told that those women who passed had killed a Commandant and two officers.

"The foreigners generally are accused of firing the Tuileries, as the vanity of the French will not accept of its being possibly the act of a Frenchman."

"*May* 25.—The shooting of the prisoners is so great, I really think a reaction has set in. So many women have been shot, but they chiefly deserved it. Many have killed officers with pistols, and many have been caught with petroleum in their aprons, ready to throw it where they could make a fire. What devils women can be!

"Five thousand people have been shot (after being made prisoners) to-day. Wingfield saw an old couple who could not walk the great distance. The woman was a cripple. She said, 'Shoot me; I cannot walk any farther!' The husband stood by her. They were shot down after thirty shots of revolvers."

Lastly, he writes:

"*May* 26.—Heavy rains all night and day. It will wash the stains of blood off the pavement. Guns are still to be heard—I suppose at Belleville—but all *is* to be finished to-day. The Reds still have the Fort of Bicêtre. I leave this afternoon for St. Denis, where I shall take the train for dear England. I carry despatches. This is the last of my series of letters relating to the Siege of Paris by the French troops from April 7 to May 26.

"J. C. Stanley."

* * * * *

A year afterwards we went to Paris, and revisited all the places where my husband had been during the terrible weeks under the Commune. It was a melancholy sight. The ruins of the Tuileries, the marks everywhere of the rain of shot and shell on the doomed city, were still visible; and though rebuilding was going on in the central part of the town, the suburbs bore unmistakable evidence of the dire condition they had been in. Beyond the Arc de Triomphe and in the Champs Élysées there were houses with broken windows, with no roofs, and an air of terrible desolation, and the *débris* of beautiful decorative furniture and hangings scattered everywhere. Yet the French, with their wonderful power of recovery, were going about their everyday work, and life seemed as bright and easy as it had been before all these disasters.

We had an order from the General in command to see the fortifications of Mont Valérien, which were very interesting, because it was on that side that the great fortress had poured down its rain of shot and shell on Paris; and there the signs of the struggle had lasted longest, and were still untouched.

Lord Lyons was then Ambassador in Paris, and, delightful and hospitable as he always was, he was most kind to us. He was very amusing in many of his stories and reminiscences of the time that he had passed both in and out of Paris during the French and German War, and of the subsequent events. Sir William Russell was also in Paris during the first siege, and it would have been difficult to imagine two more interesting historians of all the events of the past two or three years.

The Coronation of the German Emperor at Versailles, and the solemnity and magnificence of the ceremonial, seemed to have made the greatest impression on all those who witnessed it. The old Emperor was, of course, the central figure and pivot of all the enthusiasm, but the Crown Prince came in for a large share of the admiration and affection of his countrymen who had gathered there to witness the ceremony.

Sir William Russell once told us an amusing story of how he had gone with the Prince of Wales during his first visit to Paris after the war, when it was particularly noticed (I think at Versailles) that many of the beautiful clocks, which had formerly been among its greatest treasures, had disappeared. The French guide who accompanied them, showing the party round, explained that the Germans had taken them away, adding significantly almost in the hearing of the

Prince of Wales, "*C'était Fritz, qui a fait çela. Il était grand amateur pour les pendules*," to everybody's great amusement.

The German soldiers seemed to have impressed the French very much by their moderation and good behaviour, especially with regard to their conduct to women. But, as Lord Lyons said to me, when I remarked upon it to him, "Yes, that is quite true, but I believe the French thought the Germans were great muffs for showing that consideration." The sympathy and the respect shown to the women by the Germans was not vouchsafed by the French troops. The story of how the women of Paris suffered at the hands of the Versailles soldiery has never been written, and the ghastly tale had best be forgotten.

We stayed at the Mirabeau during our visit, and used to breakfast and dine at Bignon's, that being the only hotel and café which had kept open during the siege; there Joseph, the head-waiter, welcomed any friends and acquaintances of those who had remained his clients in the stormy days when his gastronomic efforts were put to such a severe test.

I have an amusing little note from Lord Mark Kerr, who was also in Paris, written after the collapse of the Commune, describing himself as—

> "Mark Kerr, who has been in various prisons since Monday morning; nearly executed as a spy from Versailles, then as a Communist. Escaped from prison this afternoon. Eaten nothing for three days. Going to dine at Café Voisin. Is one likely to be able to leave Paris to-morrow evening?
>
> "M. K."

CHAPTER IX

UTAH AND NEVADA

In the early spring of 1872 we settled in a house in Wimpole Street. The rents of houses in Mayfair in those days, as in these, were prohibitive for younger sons. The Dowager Lady Clarendon had overcome the prejudice which some people entertained against the other side of Oxford Street by taking one of the largest houses opposite to us in Wimpole Street. In 1872 houses to the north of Oxford Street had the advantage of being cheap, and we soon found one with a long lease at a comparatively small price. It was one of the oldest, with beautiful decorations on the ceilings and walls, designed by Adam, with classical chimney-pieces in the drawing-room, dining-room, and library.

House-hunting in those days was limited to a comparatively small area, because Belgravia was then all the height of fashion, and there was nothing to fall back on except South Kensington, to which people were beginning to drift, or the old houses in Bloomsbury. Russell Square, Bedford Square, and Bloomsbury Square were still largely occupied by lawyers and solicitors, as well as by City men, their nearness to Lincoln's Inn, Westminster, and to the City making the locality a convenient one.

We had to make as much haste as we could, and get settled in our new abode, because Colonel Stanley had just joined the Board of Directors of an American Mining Company, best known to fame as the Emma Mine. It was considered to be one of the richest silver deposits in America, and some huge fortunes had been made out of the large pocket of silver which constituted the mine. But, unfortunately for people in England, it was rather a "sucked orange," although there was much apparent belief in its future on the part of the American people, and it was brought out with a great flourish of trumpets.

General Schenck, at that time American Minister in London, was allowed by his Government to go on the Board of Directors, and as such a guarantee of good faith, of course, appealed to the credulous British public, the mine was launched with a capital of one million sterling. The best of accounts came from America as to its flourishing condition. Nothing, when it was brought out, could have looked more rosy than its prospects. General Schenck, who attended the Board pretty regularly, gave his personal experiences of its value, and recommended the Eldorado that was supposed to have been found, interspersing his information with many anecdotes of the prominent part he had taken in the great Civil War in America, which was just over. General Schenck's connection with the mine, however, did not last very long, and in the course of two or three months ominous rumours came concerning its condition, and the shares fell rapidly, after having been at a very high premium.

Colonel Stanley, with another director, was deputed by the shareholders to go to America to Salt Lake City, in Utah, near which the mine was situated, to examine and report on it.

Though the object of our journey to America was supposed to be a secret, the fact somehow leaked out on board the steamer that we were bound for Utah, to investigate the condition of the Emma Mine; and mining experts, engineers, explorers, and an endless number of people interested in mining ventures seemed to spring from all parts of the ship. The passion for gambling in mines was just then beginning, and we soon found that there were other people like ourselves on board who were bound on similar missions. Our American fellow-passengers had a curious way of giving everyone military rank. There was an old mining engineer from Bradford on board who, when we started from Liverpool, was plain Mr. Snowdon. By the time we got to New York he was "Captain" Snowdon, and when we met him a fortnight later in Utah (whither he was bound, as well as ourselves) he had become "General" Snowdon.

An exaggerated appreciation of the different grades of military rank is not uncommon in America. I remember a certain General coming over here in 1870 from New York with letters of introduction who, on being asked to which branch of the military profession he belonged, answered: "Well, sir, in my country I am Receiver-General, but when I come to England I drop the Receiver."

We had letters of introduction to Mr. Abraham Hewitt, Mr. Cooper, Mr. Levi Morton, and Mr. Duncan, all leading and well-known Americans; but as we were obliged to press on to our ultimate destination, we had little opportunity of doing more than just leaving our cards. Mr. Hewitt and Mr. Peter Cooper showed us the greatest kindness and hospitality, and we spent a delightful Sunday at Ringwood, in New Jersey, Mr. Hewitt's country house. A drive in the Central Park on our return to New York on the

Monday, a dinner at Mrs. Paran Stevens' (mother of Lady Paget), and another at Coney Island, where we had our first experience of delicious soft-shell crabs and terrapin soup, was the extent of our dissipation.

We reached Chicago about a fortnight after the great fire, and it is impossible to describe the desolation we found there. The railway-station, which was built on the outskirts of the town, had been entirely destroyed, and on every side as far as the eye could reach there was nothing to be seen but a bare, black extent of land, which stretched miles away, broken here and there by the blackened skeletons of dwellings that had been completely gutted, the frames of which stood up gaunt and spectre-like against the skies. Where the streets were composed of small old houses, the fire, like a devouring monster, had licked them up in its progress, and they had been entirely destroyed. A few of the newer dwellings, however, constructed with the steel framework which was then coming into use in America for the first time, had escaped annihilation.

I remember how hungry we were as we wandered about in search of food; but as there was nothing at the station in the shape of a restaurant or hotel, we started towards the town to see if we could be more fortunate, and at last came upon a little wooden shanty, erected only two or three days before by two Chinamen, where we got a most excellent breakfast of coffee, poached eggs, and bacon. It was curious, amid the ruins, to come across the clean, bright-looking house and its civil, enterprising owners. Fortunately, we were ahead of our fellow-travellers; and when they arrived in a horde, shortly after we had finished our breakfast, there was very little with which to satisfy their sharpened appetites.

The rest of our journey was uneventful; but it was interesting to see how the country was being developed, and the land on both sides of the railway taken up by settlers. Mr. Sickells, the chief engineer to the Union Pacific Railway, to whom we had a letter of introduction, met us at Omaha. He allowed us to walk across the great bridge which spans the Mississippi, and was our cicerone to the other side, where he again put us on board the train.

It was a wonderful sight, standing on the railway-bridge above the turbid, yellow waters of the river, which, even at that distance from the sea, was flowing in a great wide estuary.

I can never forget my first impression of the Rocky Mountains, the glorious sunsets and wonderful colouring; and when we left our train at Ogden, the junction for Salt Lake City, and saw its long line of smoke disappearing into unfathomable cañons, we regretted that we were obliged to leave the scenery we had just passed through. But we soon discovered that, fine as that country had been, what opened out before us on emerging at the station at Ogden was quite as wonderful.

The line from Ogden to Salt Lake City ran through comparatively flat country. On the one side there was the great Salt Lake, and beyond it the endless plain in which stood Salt Lake City, surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills, behind which the sun was setting, bathing the mountains in a flood of rosy light that reminded one of Alpine sunsets seen from the roof of Milan Cathedral. It was a beautiful evening, with the great yellow plain lying like a field of gold before us, stretching away into the far distance.

Salt Lake City in those days was quite a small place, though it was the centre of a great mining population, and was unlike any American town we had seen, with its well-paved streets, through which ran streams of water, flanked with trees on either side. We put up at the Townsend House, the only hotel in the town. It was in a great state of commotion, because General MacLellan was on a tour of inspection, and was staying there with his staff. It was fairly comfortable, but we suffered terribly from a plague of flies, which invaded everything—even one's dressing-table and washing utensils—and the food that we had to eat was only protected from their inroads by having enormous gauze wire covers placed over it. The dinner-tables presented a curious appearance at meal-times, as the American custom of having a vast number of small dishes, each containing separate food, all served at the same moment (and which, at Salt Lake City, had to be protected, as I have described, by wire covers) gave the table an extraordinary appearance, every guest being seated opposite to his own special collection. The food was not good, and it was very expensive, while the beds were extremely uncomfortable. However, it did not matter much to us, as we were not able to stay more than twenty-four hours, having to hurry up to the cañon, some thirty-five to forty miles from the city, where the Emma Mine was located.

Early in the morning Colonel Stanley, Mr. Stewart, Professor Silliman, the great American mining expert, and I rode across the desert to the Emma Mine Camp, in Cottonwood Cañon. It was very difficult for anyone, except experts, to understand the condition of the mine, or to realize that anything like the millions of money which undoubtedly had been taken out of it could ever have been extracted from the miserable, broken-down, deserted workings which then were the only remains of this unlucky Eldorado. There had been a land-slide two days before, and the mine had filled with water, so that all the workings were stopped, and there was nothing to be done until the water was pumped out. We returned to Salt Lake City to await further instructions from England and further developments in the mine.

We called on the Prophet, and made acquaintance with one or two of his wives. He was a tall, coarse-looking man, with a hard, strong face, a fine voice, and a commanding way of speaking. He had complete control and command of the city, and of all its inhabitants, and was a very rich man, though he lived simply.

At that time there was a great deal of discontent in Salt Lake City among the women, for they were beginning to realize the difficulties of their position. Mrs. Stenhouse, whose acquaintance I had made, had been married to a Mormon, and, having seceded from the Church, she gave us a good deal of information about Mormonism. She was regarded with great dislike by the orthodox Mormons, as she was very open in her attacks on them, and was voicing a revolt which was attaining considerable importance among the women. If Mormonism was the outcome of one of those curious emotional waves which are so strongly characteristic of the growth of a young country, there seemed another very potent reason (to those who saw the Mormons and lived for even a short time among them) for its continuance, since it appeared to be the natural and logical consequence of the social and domestic conditions in which the first dwellers in the Valley of the Salt Lake soon found themselves. The difficulties of finding servants, and the impossibility of attaining anything like domestic comfort, made it almost a matter of necessity that where a man was rich enough to keep servants he was obliged in some way or another to render it impossible for them to leave him, and the result of that position was that they became his wives. A man wanted a cook, a housemaid, or a nurse—the only possibility of his getting servants, and of keeping them, was by sealing them to himself—and so polygamy gave a religious sanction to a condition which would otherwise have been impossible.

We made many expeditions to the various settlements round about, in the distant cañons, in which a large number of Mormons lived, always finding the same state of things. A man had four or five wives, who were in reality domestic drudges, but undertook different kinds of work, and each woman, for the sake of her children, was obliged to remain with her husband and his other wives, making the best she could of her unenviable position. It was only the richer Mormons who had five or six wives; the poorer ones generally contented themselves with two. The last and favourite wife of the Prophet refused to see me, on the ground that she could only consider herself in the light of his mistress, and it was undoubtedly true that the Prophet did show greater preference for her and his younger wives than for the older ones, who had lost their youth and personal attractions; but even his enemies and critics did not deny that he was kind and considerate even to those who had lost his favour.

Though the weather was intensely hot, the dryness of the atmosphere in Salt Lake City and the wild surrounding country, prevented one from feeling it, whereas in New York the same temperature had been almost unbearable.

Our stay in Utah was brought to an unexpected conclusion by a temporary decision of the Judge as to the position of the English shareholders in regard to the Emma Mine. As the water took much longer to pump out than was expected, there was no object in our remaining there, and we started off, in company with our friend "General" Snowdon, to see some mines in which he was interested in Nevada.

A day and a night's journey brought us to a little wayside station, at which we left the train and got into a large coach, drawn by eight mules, to cross the great Sage Desert of Nevada. Anything more dreary or more unlike the beauties and charms of Utah it is impossible to imagine. On either side was an endless expanse of sand and dust, the sole vegetation being a low-growing shrub, which seemed to be the only plant that flourished in that part of the Territory of Nevada.

We passed one night at a little inn, kept by a Scotchman, and started the next day after breakfast for the mining camp in which "General" Snowdon was interested. I was the first white woman who had been to that camp. The men were a wild and undisciplined lot. Smoking and card-playing were the order of the evenings; mining and prospecting went on all day. It seemed as if people from all parts of the world were congregated there—English, Scots, Poles, Norwegians, Spaniards, Mexicans—in fact, there was no nationality that had not its representative. With a great amount of money going, many men were quite penniless, though, indeed, the majority of the prosperous miners were most generous to those who were less lucky than themselves. The servants at the hotel were Chinese. The cooking was good and the hotel clean, and the ten days I spent there were a new and very enjoyable experience. The difficulty always was, however, to get a bath. Our long journey across the Sage Desert, and the irritating effect of the sand on the skin and eyes, made us long for a plunge to remove all these disagreeable sensations. We consulted the manager at the hotel, who told us there was a hot spring at the end of the street where we could bathe. He gave us towels and a piece of soap, and Colonel Stanley and I started off in search of it. Fortunately it was early, and there were few people about, for on reaching the bath, we found it consisted only of an open hot spring, from which the water had been diverted into a kind of shallow basin. Posts were put at the four corners of the bath, and round these was nailed a piece of strong sheeting. But there was no way of insuring privacy, as anyone passing might lift up the curtain which formed the door of the bathroom and come in.

I mounted guard while Colonel Stanley had his bath, and then proceeded to have mine while he performed the same duty for me. There was no margin on the basin on which to put one's clothes to keep them dry, so I handed mine out to him. Something attracted his attention, and he went away a few yards from the bath, during which time I had finished my ablutions, and called to him asking for my clothes, but received no answer. Again I called, but there was no reply. My position can be better imagined than described as I sat in the middle of the steaming bath with no clothes, with increasing signs of life around me, and foot-passengers on either side. I lifted up the flap and looked out. Colonel Stanley and my clothes were gone! After about five minutes of agony he returned, bringing my garments with him, and I never felt happier in my life than when I got into them again, and found myself clothed and clean.

We stayed there for several days, and made expeditions to many other mining camps, riding out to them on little Mexican ponies, which were used in great numbers. The Mexican pony is a wonderful animal, and is a strong and sturdy brute. His appetite is small, and his temper the worst I have ever encountered in my life. He is the worst buck-jumper in the world, and nobody can retain his seat if the pony once takes it into its head to get rid of him.

Our Nevada expedition did not produce any great results, but we had a unique experience, and saw many of the mining camps which were centred in that valley between Virginia City and Carson. We found a wild, picturesque, dare-devil lot of men—reckless, extravagant, and absolutely without any moral sense of right and wrong; but they were a kind-hearted and hospitable set, with all their faults and shortcomings. They carried their lives in their hands without fear or misgiving, and placed as little value on them as on those of the men with whom they lived, and with many of whom they had deadly feuds. I never saw there what we encountered at Denver, where we stayed for a night on our way down the Rio Grande Railway, which was then being made. On the night we arrived, there was a man in the City of Denver who had made a bet with some of his friends that he would ride down the street in his night-shirt, and let each of them have a shot at him, without being wounded. The preliminaries were carried out with due gravity. Every man at the windows and verandas of the hotel shot at him as he tore madly by, but he got to the winning-post unhit and unharmed, and I believe the stakes were distributed in champagne and brandy to his friends and admirers at the hotel—at least, I thought so, judging by the noise and row that went on all night.

CHAPTER X

ACROSS AMERICA

Our mining operations in Nevada having come to an end, we started again across the Sandy Desert to pick up the train, *en route* for San Francisco. We had eighteen hours of driving in a Concord coach, and it would be impossible to describe the discomfort, not to say the positive personal suffering, of that long journey through a country where there was neither water, tree, nor vegetation of any kind—nothing but glaring sun; while the dust which our coach threw up was blown about by the wind in storms and clouds, filling our eyes and nostrils, creating a condition of things which nobody who has not gone through it can possibly realize.

We were thankful to get into the train and leave the desert behind us in the twilight. By morning we had climbed the divide, and rapidly descended on the other side of the mountain into California. We came into a land of sunshine, beauty, and fertility—a land glowing with golden corn, fruit, and plenty; with herds of cattle, happy homesteads, orchards and gardens overladen with fruit—peaches, grapes, apricots, nectarines, melons—ripening on every side. It seemed a veritable Garden of Eden.

The beauty of San Francisco and its magnificent situation, as well as the soft balmy air and cloudless blue sky, was the first thing that impresssd one on coming out of the station. We stayed at the Occidental Hotel, then the largest, and situated in the principal street of the city. The paving of the streets in San Francisco was very little better than some of those in New York; the road was rough and full of holes, in which we were jolted and tossed about; as there was no attempt at drainage, the holes were often full of mud and water, which splashed up into our open conveyance.

San Francisco society in those days was in a very elementary condition. The principal street, in which we lived, was full of drinking bars and saloons, and there were constant quarrels and shooting affrays. During the time we were there it was said that a murder had been committed every night of the week in that street. For the truth of the statement I cannot vouch, though I well remember the unholy noises and disturbances which gave us restless and broken nights the whole time we were there. San Francisco was in the throes of a great gambling fever, and the most thrilling excitement had been the discovery of a very large tract of country where precious stones of all kinds had been found in enormous quantities. People crowded up to the Rockies, and vast fortunes were lost and made in that wild and reckless period. The story of the discovery of this great tract of country, in which precious stones cropped up as in the valley of Sindbad the Sailor, is one that could only occur in a country which, like America, was then going through a feverish period of the wildest gambling. The stones, samples of which were brought down to San Francisco, were large and of the finest water, principally sapphires and rubies, and the office of the company at which they were exhibited was so crowded by a wild mob of speculators that no calm, unprejudiced observer could enter. The whole affair was managed with the greatest skill; and it was not till after the shares had been run up to an enormous price, and people had unloaded, that the fact transpired that many of the stones discovered were found cut and polished. The stampede to the mines, indeed, continued long after it had been admitted that the jewellers of London and New York had furnished the precious specimens with which the ground had been salted, and which flung the whole of the Western States into a fever of expectation. An amazing instance of the measure of human credulity!

We went down the coast to San José, and spent two or three days at Monterey, with its picturesque remains of the beautiful and romantic life of the old Spanish settlers, who were there long before San Francisco came into existence. Nothing could be more delicious than the afternoons passed in the Hotel Garden, where tropical vegetation grew amid magnificent pine-trees, through which one looked out over the distant blue waters of the Pacific. We had intended to return home by Japan and Honolulu, but business called us back to Salt Lake City; and perhaps we should have considered this a merciful interposition of Providence, for the steamer by which we were to have travelled was burned, and everybody on board perished.

To leave California without seeing the Yosemite Valley was impossible; and, after returning to Sacramento, we rode away south with our small camp to visit the big groves of Calaveras and Mariposa, and so on into the Yosemite Valley. There are some things in life which are never forgotten, and the memory of that journey will always be one of my most precious recollections. We had a cloudless sky, and under the shade of the great forest trees (with a most kind friend who undertook to be our guide) we started, riding as much as we felt inclined during the day, and pitching our tent at night wherever the fancy took us.

The beauty of the Yosemite Valley is so well known that there is no need to describe it ; but, to my mind, the magnificence of the big groves—unique as they were—was not more wonderful than the never-ending miles we rode through the forests of colossal trees, every one of which to our unaccustomed eyes was a giant. Their thick tops prevented the sun from scorching us, and the great, bare, red stems looked like the sandstone pillars of a cathedral, and seemed interminable, stretching for miles and miles, rising out of the grass and undergrowth which surrounded them. The colouring of the manzenetta-tree, which grows there in great profusion, with its glossy green leaves and vivid scarlet stalks, added enormously to the intense brilliancy of the scenery; and when, in the afternoon of the day on which we arrived at the Yosemite, we rode round the great bluff which concealed the valley, we were overwhelmed by the beauty of the picture that opened before us. At our feet lay the Yosemite Valley, with the river winding through it like a broad blue ribbon; and at the farther end the Bridal-veil Waterfall fell in great feathery clouds against a background of dark green foliage, while huge masses of rock, which rose perpendicularly on either side, partly clothed with trees and flowers, gave a perfect environment of peace and rest. We spent four days and four nights of reposeful indolence, only moving occasionally from one side of the valley to the other to see the endless beauties which were always unfolding themselves.

Fortunately we were there at the time of a full moon, and I never shall forget the enchantment of those nights. The blue of the sky was hardly dimmed by the moon's radiance, but as it waned the colour deepened, and myriads of stars shone out, with the brilliancy only seen in southern countries. The mysterious nocturnal sounds added an indescribable charm —the chirp of tree-frogs and grasshoppers, night-birds calling to each other, the thousand voices of Nature waking while she slept, all enhanced the delight of those wonderful hours.

There were a good many tourists there besides ourselves, but in those days appreciation of scenery was not a characteristic of Americans ; the potential possibilities of the country, as regards more material matters, was what impressed them most, and their undisguised admiration at the size of everything was most refreshing.

The only discordant note was struck on the morning of our departure. When the enterprising manager of the laundry objected to our criticism of his bill, we had a long argument, but he assured us he had no time to wait and discuss such minor matters, and we must either pay his bill or . . . and he produced a small pistol out of his pocket! I do not know that the pistol had much effect on our guide, but time was pressing, and so we paid the bill, and started in a large brake, driven by the most hideous nigger I had ever seen in my life, on our way back to Sacramento. If my memories of entering the Yosemite were all delightful, they were certainly counterpoised by that nightmare of a drive out of the valley. Our driver sat cross-legged on the box, lighting cigars from time to time, and letting his team, who obviously knew what they were about, go their own pace along a road which I can see now. It was narrow, impossible for two carriages to pass, with no railing or protection on the outside, so that we were perpetually on the edge of a precipice; and the only indication our driver gave that he was controlling his team was when at each new turn of that winding road—which was at right angles with the last—he cracked his whip over the heads of his mules, and on their taking the corner at a gallop, the coach seemed as if it were going to fly over the edge of the road. However, we accomplished our journey without any accident, and I don't think I ever tipped anyone with a more grateful heart than that driver, who remarked as we said good-bye, "I guess, marm, you was frightened;" and he then proceeded with obvious delight to relate the effect of his driving on timid travellers, whose only way out of the valley was under his guidance.

We reluctantly left California to return to the bustling life of the Eastern States. California will ever be a beautiful memory, with its glorious natural beauties, its vastness, its fertility, its delicious climate. In spite of its youth, it has all the charm of a country with a history and traditions, and, with the exception of the south, is the only part of America which seems to have a past that has left an atmosphere of romance behind it.

We spent a fortnight in Canada, staying most of the time with Lord and Lady Dufferin, Lord Dufferin being then Governor-General. The feeling of Imperialism which now exerts so much influence both in Canada and the Mother Country, had not come into existence, but everywhere and among all classes one came, even in those days, across the same impression —that the future of Canada and her welfare were inseparably connected with the greatness of the British Empire. It was very pleasant in our wanderings beyond Ottawa and Toronto to find so many Scotch people, the descendants, in many cases, of the Highlanders who had left Scotland in the early days of the "Clearances," when sheep and deer drove them from their native country.

On our journey back to New York we passed through the beautiful Adirondack Mountains, and spent a night at Albany with some American friends, who took us to see the Military College at West Point. We were fortunate in finding a really delightful cicerone in the person of an old American soldier, who gave us a great deal of interesting information, and showed his tact and discretion in avoiding all subjects which might hurt the feelings of a sensitive Englishwoman. He evidently wished to spare us anything disagreeable, and was much put out when I insisted on going back to examine some colours which were in a large case of military trophies. When I realized that they were English colours, and forgetting my English history, insisted on knowing how they came there, he delicately intimated that they had been there since the War of Independence.

We steamed down the Hudson River from Albany to New York, and that, I think, was one of the most beautiful bits of American scenery. The narrowness and serpentine course of the river at West Point and Albany, and the wooded banks on either side, with their autumn dress of red and yellow, made a brilliant setting as we came out on the wider waters of the river.

After a few days in New York, we journeyed to the south to pay a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Le Trobe at Baltimore. Mr. and Mrs. Le Trobe were parents of many sons and daughters, the former of whom had borne their part in the war which was just over, one of the sons having been on General Lee's staff. They were a delightful old couple, and nothing could be more friendly and agreeable than our stay in their house. It was much more like English country life than anything I experienced in America, except when staying with Mr. and Mrs. Hewitt. Mrs. Le Trobe was born in the State of Mississippi, and she was a tall, stately old lady, with strong likes and dislikes, but warm-hearted and kindly. While living in the South one saw how deeply the war had left its scars and unhealed wounds. Little else was talked of but recollections of it, its results, and the effect it was having on the people in the Southern States. It would have been impossible to accept what either side said of the other without many reservations, but the South had been hardly treated by the North, and the emancipation of the slaves and the punishment meted out to the country was felt by everybody with deep bitterness. Even had one's sympathies been in opposition, one could not fail to realize what the war had meant to the Southerners, for the land at every point bore traces of its footsteps. The deserted farms, the devastated country, and an atmosphere of desolation pervaded everything. Homes had been wrecked, lives sacrificed, fortunes lost in that great struggle for independence, and the Southerners, conquered, but not overwhelmed, with undaunted courage were setting their faces to recover all that they had lost in that bitter fight. Many were the stories of the superhuman bravery of the men who were defeated, but who, with dauntless courage, refused to take the iron-bound oath of the new Constitution. There were many vacant places in the homes of the people whom we knew, and the bleeding wounds were not yet stanched, but the conviction that their cause was not an unjust one seemed to sustain them in that dreadful hour of defeat and darkness.

The discussions as to the merit and characters of the different men who had taken part in the war were endless; but, above all, the one and greatest hero was General Lee, to whom everyone was bound by an affection which is indescribable. In the heart-stirring stories of the condition of the army at Richmond before he surrendered, and the absolute acquiescence of all his followers in the course which he adopted, one realized a personality which has for ever left its mark on the people of America. Colonel Osmund Le Trobe was not with Lee when he surrendered at Richmond, and though away on duty with the possibilities of escape before him, he preferred to return and surrender with the General, knowing full well the risks such a course entailed. If ever there was hero-worship in its most concrete form, it was that of the people of the South for their great General; and as long as the world lasts General Lee will remain one of the greatest heroes of the nineteenth century, and his memory will be enshrined for ever in the heart of his country, both for his own followers and for those he fought against.

General Taylor was a constant visitor at the Le Trobes', and told endless stories, with wonderful descriptions of the battles and many incidents of the war. Mrs. Le Trobe, strong Southerner as she was, had a keener sense of justice than any woman I have ever come across, for she was always ready to state her honest convictions about her enemies. Perhaps no man was more widely detested in the South than General Butler, and he was quartered at Mrs. Le Trobe's house during the greater part of his stay at Baltimore. In spite of the detailed accusations and anecdotes of his general misconduct and brutality, Mrs. Le Trobe always generously contended that he had behaved like a gentleman while he was her guest. But the stories of his cruelty and his insolence to women, whether true or not, had taken far too deep root in the hearts of the Southerners for anybody to admit anything that could mitigate the universal hatred he inspired at that moment.

We were given a very good instance of the feeling about him, showing also the difficulty people felt in not being allowed to give vent to their feelings, by open criticism of him and his conduct. There was a funny little man at Baltimore, who had a large cage of canary birds, which he used to exhibit at the street-corners. They were tame and well trained, and each bird bore the name of some particular Federal General, and, on being called, would immediately hop out of its cage and settle on the man's finger. General Grant, General Sherman, General Sheridan, General MacLellan, all came out on being called, but the unlucky bird who bore the name of General Butler sat sulkily in the corner of his cage, and refused to move. After many fruitless attempts, his owner would say with a shrewd twinkle in his eye, "Well, I guess we'll get General Butler to come down," and forthwith putting his hand into his pocket, would draw out a large silver spoon, at the sight of which General Butler would hop from his perch, and sit lightly on it. This representation of a notorious accusation against General Butler was well understood, and was received with the greatest acclamation by the crowds which assembled at the street-corners whenever the cage made its appearance.

It was a great change from the South to find ourselves with Mrs. Edward Cooper at Newport, where everything spoke of prosperity, comfort, and luxury. Thirty-seven years ago there were very few houses built on that rocky promontory, looking out over the Atlantic, whose great waves broke on the cliff below. The sea views from Newport were most beautiful, and as it was then, comparatively speaking, a little village, the cliff-walks were delightful—an aspect of Newport which has, I should imagine, long disappeared in the avenues of palaces that have sprung up since those days. We spent a day or two with Mr. and Mrs. Mahlon Sands, who were just married, and had newly arrived there after their honeymoon. It would be difficult to exaggerate the beauty of our hostess in those days of her early married life, or her kindness and gracious hospitality. From there we went back to New York, where we stayed a week or ten days before we started homewards, and where, to my intense enjoyment, Mr. Tilden used to take me out for long drives with his famous trotters. He was extraordinarily kind to us, and I saw a good deal of him afterwards when he came over to England. He was a good *raconteur*, full of humour, and a most interesting person.

We sailed again on board the White Star liner *Adriatic*—one of her last voyages, as she was lost not very long afterwards. We had a very stormy passage, and were sixteen days out, breaking two blades of our propeller, and with a head-wind the whole way. Bad sailor as I was, the roughness and danger of that journey entirely cured me of my sea-sickness. The ship was carrying a large cargo of grain, which had shifted to some extent, and that, combined with the noise, the bumping, the roughness, and the discomfort of our journey, made our arrival at Liverpool an eventful and much-appreciated day.

CHAPTER XI

LIFE IN WIMPOLE STREET

On our return from America we settled down in Wimpole Street, and I was much occupied with the cares and duties of a young housekeeper, and in setting my house in order. Though it was not a small house, we lived more simply in those days, requiring few servants, while those we had did a great deal more work than the servants of to-day. A cook, a housemaid, a parlour-maid, with a between-maid, sufficed for our wants, and though we lived quietly, we were still able, with even our small household, to give little dinners. These, though nowadays they would be considered very modest, were amusing and pleasant.

Living in affectionate intimacy with my husband's family, I began life in London under the most delightful auspices. My mother-in-law, Lady Stanley of Alderley, was one of the most lovable women I have ever known. Clever, intellectual, and bright, with a most sympathetic and affectionate nature, to be with her was a great delight and a real education. She was a strong Liberal by conviction, and a stout politician, and she regarded every one outside the fold of the Liberal party as an object of small consideration. There was a great deal of diversity of opinion in the family, and as all the members of it inherited their father's and mother's intellectual qualities and individuality, it was a very amusing and educational *milieu*. A family dinner in Dover Street was a unique experience. Well do I remember my astonishment and amusement, the first time that I was admitted into that sacred circle, at the difference of opinions. The vehemence with which every person upheld his own, the perfect frankness with which each dissented from the others, filled me with speechless admiration. It was a little bewildering, but intensely amusing, and I soon realized that if I was to uphold my own convictions I should require to sharpen all the weapons I had at my disposal. Although my husband and myself were Conservatives, it was often a single-handed combat, but they all extended a merciful consideration to me.

Years have never dimmed the recollection of those days, nor time diminished the deep affection and gratitude with which I look back upon them. Lady Stanley, who had keen intellectual qualities and enjoyed the society of remarkable people, was a most agreeable woman, and a good talker. She was one of the earliest champions of the Women's Movement, and espoused it with all the enthusiasm and ardour of her nature. No one realized more strongly than she the mental power of women, and she had a firm belief in their capacity for successfully entering the lists in competition with men. Mrs. Garrett Anderson, Miss Emily Davies, Mrs. Grey, Miss Swanwick, Miss Mary Gurney, and others, the well-known pioneers of the Women's Political and Educational Movements, were her stanch allies, and in knowing them, one realized how much the cause owed to their undaunted courage. Miss Clough, the first Principal of Newnham College, was also a friend of Lady Stanley's, and the success of the movement which culminated in founding a Women's College at Cambridge was, I think, the cause which lay nearest to Lady Stanley's heart. Her own generosity, and her efforts to win over those who did not sympathize, and to secure the help of those who agreed with her, were untiring, and she lived to see the completion of her heart's desire. No one enjoyed visiting Girton more than she herself, and if my memory serves me right, one of her last acts just before she died was to give advice to a Committee of Governors of the College, which was actually sitting in her house, next to the room in which she was lying dangerously ill.

My sister-in-law, Maude Stanley, represented another aspect of the strenuous life, and her unceasing work in the cause of charity, the care of young girls, and her labours on public bodies, gave her endless occupation. She was the pioneer and founder of the Working Girls' Club in Soho Square, the parent of so many institutions of a like nature which now exist in London.

It was after we settled and came to live in London that my constant intercourse with my husband's family first brought me into intimate contact with Mr. Carlyle, though I had previously met him and Mrs. Carlyle at the house of my aunt and uncle, Lord and Lady Ashburton. Mrs. Carlyle was then dead, and Mr. Carlyle was living alone in his little house in Chelsea. He was a great friend of the Stanleys, though it can hardly be said that he sympathized with any of their opinions, except with those of Colonel Stanley, who was a strong Conservative and, as a soldier, represented a force which Mr. Carlyle always recognized and admired. He was getting very old and feeble, but the fire and vehemence of his youth at times returned. We used to meet him also at the house of a common friend, Miss Davenport-Bromley, who was devoted to him, and watched over him most tenderly, ministering to all his enjoyments and comforts. I well remember the first time I went with Colonel Stanley to pay him a visit in Cheyne Walk. What presented itself on going upstairs was the now familiar picture of the interior of the little room. The tall, attenuated figure, dressed in a loose wrapper, seated beside the fire smoking his long pipe, the fine head with its masses of grey hair, the stern face with its almost youthful colouring, his keen eyes with their expression of great sadness, his occasional grunt of acquiescence, or a violent outbreak of opposition, as the conversation changed or varied, made up an impression ever associated with him.

He always had his little court of devoted friends and admirers. Mr. Froude, Miss Davenport-Bromley, Mr. Darwin, Mr. Brookfield, Sir James Fitz-James Stephen, and Sir James Knowles, were among those one often met there. He was either agreeable or argumentative, according to the condition of his health and the mood he was in. He was most often contradictory, but if he were allowed to continue his argument, or rather, I should say, deliver his opinions uncontradicted, he very often broke off at the end with a laugh, which was, in a way, apologetic, for the duration of his discourse, to which we all had listened most patiently. Mr. Froude and Sir James Stephen used to take him out walking in turn, and their accounts of their rides home in omnibuses, where Mr. Carlyle sometimes addressed his fellow-travellers in his usual manner, were very funny, as his remarks were not always appreciated.

He often spent the afternoon with Miss Davenport-Bromley at a little place she had on Barnes Common, and in her house and under her influence he was more delightful than in any other surroundings. She let him talk, and the dear old man was perfectly happy. I remember well one afternoon during the Turco-Russian War, when he was furiously angry with the "unspeakable Turk," that he broke out in a long tirade of abuse, to which we all listened in obedient silence, and when he had exhausted himself, receiving no response or contradiction, he stopped, and, breaking into a loud laugh, said: "Well, well, I expect you're thinking I'm a daft old man."

There were moments when he was very kind and even tender; and the little letter which is printed here, written to my husband on the birth of my eldest daughter (now Lady Midleton) in answer to my petition that he should be her godfather, showed that he had a softer side:

"*July* 2, 1878.

"My dear Colonel,

"I am much touched at your letter, and the wish expressed that I should undertake that godfatherly enterprise which you propose.

"If you wish it, I am agreeable, only would you not like to wait for another time, when the boy you want may perchance make his tardy entry? I will do as you wish, and will endeavour to be present at the ceremony, and I hope to send an appropriate gift to the young lady from her godfather.

"Yours,
"T. Carlyle."

He did not come to the christening, but he sent her a mug with an engraved inscription in his own peculiar handwriting round the top of it.

I used to take her down, when she was old enough to walk, to pay him a visit, and the last time she and I ever saw him was one day when she was about three years old. It was in the winter, and we found the old man lying on his sofa. He was looking very pinched, cold, and ill, evidently feeling weak and disinclined to talk. We stayed a short time with him, and, on leaving, I asked him if I might come and see him again. He opened his eyes, and said, "Well, well, I will just submit to it!" and, shaking hands, said good-bye. It was not encouraging, but I quite understood how he felt. He did not live very long after that, and, though I went several times to inquire, he was never well enough to see me.

I always think Mr. Froude and Sir James Stephen were more sympathetic to him than any of the others whom he saw. He certainly loved Mr. Brookfield, and there was undoubtedly a great sympathy between him and Sir James Knowles, who deferred to many of Carlyle's prejudices and predilections. Mr. Carlyle's peculiarities were very like those of a woman, for he was uncertain, irritable, and capricious; and while he tolerated many people who paid their court to him, he regarded them from quite a different intellectual standpoint, and the short descriptions and nicknames with which he designated some of them were irresistibly funny and appropriate.

Carlyle would never join the Metaphysical Society which had just been founded, but laughed at its deliberations. Sir James Stephen always maintained that it had been founded by Sir James Knowles to answer Lord Tennyson's philosophical doubts on the question of immortality. It was a small but very exclusive body of the most serious thinkers of the day.

I always feel that the times when Mr. Carlyle dined with us in Wimpole Street, which generally owed their origin to Miss Davenport-Bromley, were very precious moments, and he used to make me sing Scotch songs, which he thoroughly enjoyed. I well remember how he chuckled at "The Laird of Cockpen" and "Hame cam our Guid Man at E'en," and also the tears that rolled down his cheeks at "The Land of the Leal" and "John Anderson, my Jo."

Up to the very last day of his life Mr. Froude was a constant, almost a daily, visitor at Carlyle's house, and his affection and patient tenderness to the dying old man were almost woman-like. No one, perhaps, loved Carlyle more than he, and no one felt more keenly the criticism of what he had written about the Carlyles, though he never would admit it. That the Carlyles were an ill-assorted couple no one could deny. She was a highly-strung, nervous woman, very quick, able, and impatient, disappointed with her married life and her position, jealous of the admiration which Carlyle received at the hands of all his admirers, especially of one or two women, whom she found very unsympathetic. That Carlyle adored her there is little doubt. He loved her with all the rough passionate power of his nature; but he was a peasant in manner and character, and lacking in all the little outward signs of devotion and affection which so many women exact, and the absence of which they resent most bitterly. Mrs. Carlyle found herself tied to an irritable genius, who was sensitive at every point—deeply devoted to her, but absolutely incapable of translating that love into the language which she craved and longed for. I remember her once saying to me in a bitter way, "My dear, whatever you do, never marry a philosopher"; and that was the key to the enigma—the woman always hungering for proofs of the devotion in which the whole of her daily life was wanting. In her way she was quite as much a Queen in her immediate circle as any of the women whom Carlyle admired, and of whom she was jealous. She held her own intellectually with all the cleverest people of the day, and no Sovereign ever presided over her Court with greater authority and command than did Mrs. Carlyle. After her death their former misunderstandings and little differences were exaggerated by her husband, causing him for the rest of his life the most poignant anguish. That she loved him and admired him passionately he realized better than anyone else; but the bitterness and the remorse which he felt were accentuated by his nervous, sensitive temperament, and his grief was intensified by an everlasting self-reproach.

Mr. Froude knew both husband and wife perhaps better than anyone, and was probably better able to unravel the mystery—if mystery there was—as to their mutual relationship, and to his sensitive nature the criticisms of his book must have been very painful. The letter he wrote to me some years later, after the publication of his "Life of Carlyle," shows to a certain extent his feelings about the matter; and the evening to which he alludes when he came by mistake to dine with us on the wrong night, and (finding my husband and myself alone) remained to dinner, was a very interesting occasion, for he stayed on till very late discussing the various questions in which he and my husband were both interested, especially the South African problem, which he had so much at heart.

"ONSLOW GARDENS,
"*November* 1.

"MY DEAR MRS. JEUNE,

"You are a most agreeable correspondent. If I could think that your opinion would be the opinion of the world, I should feel that I had got through my very difficult work with some success. Not that the opinion of the present world would weigh much with me, even if it was unfavourable, for I have had to weigh for myself all the considerations which have been flung at my head during the last three years, and to set them aside. But it is not agreeable to the natural man to see his friends make long faces at him, or to cross the street to avoid meeting him. I have borne a good deal of this kind, and worse than I can remember.

"I trust that when you speak of 'we' you mean that your husband agrees with you. He is one of the 'elect.' I mean one of the few who have clear eyes and clean hearts, and can see things as they really are. I shall be very glad to see both you and Mr. Jeune again. How often I think of that Sunday evening when I came on you so unexpectedly, and through my own blunder had so delightful a dinner!

"You can understand now, perhaps, what things I had upon my mind, and how common duties were apt to get into disorder.

"Yours faithfully
"J. A. FROUDE."

There were few people Carlyle really liked among a good many that he tolerated (not always kindly or patiently), but among those few he had a great affection for Mr. Brookfield. Mr. Brookfield is only a name to the present generation, but in the days when I remember him he was a very well-known personage. By profession he was a clergyman, yet somehow one never realized that the Church was made for him or he for the Church, unless when listening to the sermons he preached weekly in the little chapel in John Street, which has now disappeared. He was a Broad Churchman, which in those days meant being somewhat of a heretic. Despite his occasionally irreverent way of expressing himself, no man ever overflowed with more of the milk of human kindness than he, and underlying the apparent cynicism of his nature there was a deep and strong religious sentiment which actuated his whole life, and gave him influence and power. He was intensely sympathetic and kind, and those who knew him intimately were devoted to him. His sermons were a great intellectual treat, and though he had not so large a following as Frederick Maurice, he influenced personally quite as large a circle.

He used to be a good deal with Carlyle, to whom he was very devoted, and who reciprocated his affection in his rough, uncouth way. There were times when we saw a great deal of him, and when he was constantly our guest. He often made the fourth in our quartet at Miss Davenport-Bromley's little cottage on Barnes Common, when Carlyle used to go down and dine with her. Mr. Brookfield was not a happy man, for I do not think his career was all-sufficient, or that he had found what he had sought in its pursuit ; but the very fact of the imperfections of his life made him, perhaps, more sympathetic and useful to the people with whom he came in contact.

There are many people still alive who remember Lord Houghton, and no one who knew him could forget him. The well-known stories that are told of his early life are probably quite true. They gave a very fair impression of what was the secret of his success. He always knew what he wanted, and he never failed to attain that object if it were possible. He was extremely kind, good-natured, and agreeable, and, when he liked, the most charming companion. I can remember him during my girlhood, the first time I saw him being when he and Mr. Browning were sent down from Loch Luichart (because the house was full) to seek hospitality at Brahan, where he remained for some days. I remembered being enormously flattered at overhearing him tell my mother that he thought I was like one of the women in the picture painted by Millais, "The Knight's Release." He had an unfailing flow of conversation, and nothing annoyed him so much as when anybody interrupted him, which was a rare occurrence, for when Lord Houghton had once taken up his parable it was difficult to do anything but listen. He dined constantly with us, and I believe upon his last birthday. I thought the occasion a fitting one on which to propose his health; he returned thanks in a charming little speech.

If Lord Houghton talked more than most people, he certainly was eclipsed by Mr. Browning, who spoke louder, and with greater persistency than anyone I have ever come across in my life. Although I had known him as a girl, we did not renew our acquaintance till after my marriage, when I saw a great deal of him, as he constantly came to our house. He dined with us often, and used to come and see me generally every Sunday afternoon. He was very agreeable and kind, and though I was never one of his devoted followers, and often told him I had never been able to read a line of his poetry, he still continued his friendship with me.

I think most people feared him rather than loved him—certainly men did; but women adore poets, and they worshipped Mr. Browning. He was always very interesting on the subject of his own life and work, and his devotion to and admiration of his wife, of whom he constantly spoke, and whom he regarded as the most wonderful woman of the age, were very touching. I think he only once, to my knowledge, found, or acknowledged, himself outdone by anyone in his conversational capacity, and that was by Carlyle during one afternoon at tea at the Deanery of Westminster, when the late Queen was present, as she had expressed to Lady Augusta Stanley her wish to meet some of the distinguished men of the day in an informal manner. The party was a small and very select one, and Carlyle was in a good humour, and in a loquacious and communicative vein. He treated the Queen like an ordinary mortal. He did not wait for her to begin the conversation; he talked incessantly to her on the subject that was uppermost in his mind; sat down in her presence without being told to do so, and continued to talk to her during the greater part of her visit. As she rose to leave, and passed the remaining guests, who were making their obeisance, she turned to Mr. Browning, who had not been able to get in a word during the whole afternoon, and said: "What an extraordinary man Mr. Carlyle is! I have never met him before."

We used to spend many evenings at Hampstead with Mr. Maurice Drummond and his wife. Mr. Drummond was then Receiver of the Police—an office long since abolished. Mrs. Drummond (a daughter of Lord Ribblesdale) was a charming woman, bright, gentle, and sympathetic, and we met many agreeable people at their house. One of our lifelong friendships was there begun with Mr. Greenwood, the then editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette;* another also with Mr. and Mrs. Du Maurier, who were neighbours of the Drummonds. Their dinners were always small—only six to eight people—but they lasted well on into the night. Du Maurier was then in his youth, and the shadow of a great misfortune was hanging over him, as from overwork he was beginning to lose his sight, and he lived daily in the danger of becoming blind. About this time, however, a new process was discovered which was a great relief to him, as he was enabled to draw on a larger scale, which was much less trying to the eyes. At one time all drawings to be engraved were drawn on the wood block, but by the new process artists made their own drawings on paper, and these were photographed on to the block. The execution had to be rather different, and Du Maurier never thought the effect so good, since straight lines suited the process better than cross-hatching. This can be seen on comparing his later drawings in *Punch* with the earlier ones. He was a most attractive person, very good-looking, full of fun, witty, clever, and with those extraordinary high spirits which are so often vouchsafed to people over whom the shadow of a dark cloud is hanging. He used to sing nearly every evening, and his French songs were most delightful. He had an expressive voice, and being a Frenchman, was able to interpret them as no English person could have done.

Mrs. Du Maurier always came with him, and was as beautiful as those who remember Du Maurier's early illustrations in *Punch* can realize. She was evidently his favourite model, but even his pictures never did her sufficient justice; and their little children were, I think, the loveliest I ever saw.

Maurice Drummond was a curious, interesting, wild-looking person, very able and very original. Being an official of Scotland Yard, he was *au courant* of all the secrets of the department. At that moment there were many stories going about London relating to one of the most distinguished Englishmen of the day, then in a high political position. His sympathies, mainly through the charitable experiences of his wife, had been deeply moved in the interest of a class of poor and unfortunate people in London, and his personal investigations, carried on at very inconvenient times, caused great anxiety to the authorities. It was generally believed that he was shadowed and guarded by the police during his philanthropic expeditions.

Mr. Drummond was discretion itself, and would not admit anything, and I well remember the fruitless attempts which we all made to worm this secret from him. He was as silent as the grave. In those days it would have been treason to have admitted that such a benevolent enterprise was possible, but I believe in later years it was recognized and admitted by everyone.

In the autumn of the same year we visited Lord and Lady Carlisle, then Mr. and Mrs. George Howard, at Naworth Castle. It was a family party, with the exception of Lord Tennyson, who was spending a few days there. We travelled down from London in the same train and carriage as the poet, whom we had never seen before. It was quite evident that he was in a state of great irritation and discomfort from some cause or other, which at the moment had not transpired. He was very restless, and gave vent to ejaculatory exclamations to the effect that he was not at all comfortable. On our arrival at Naworth we heard that, in taking a hasty breakfast in order to catch the train, he had inadvertently swallowed a large quantity of very hot bread and milk, and so had burnt his mouth badly. Like many great men, he bore small misfortunes with much less heroism than more serious ones. During the whole of his visit he repeatedly explained to us the cures which he was taking, and the processes by which the discomfort from which he was suffering was being overcome.

He was really very delightful in spite of everything, for he talked most agreeably, went out walking and driving with us, and read us some of his poems. I well remember the excitement with which I sat down to listen to him, and the increasing delight with which I heard him pour out the impassioned words of "Maud" in his wonderful sonorous voice, with its deep vibration and all its endless shades of expression. If I remember rightly, he read it straight through, then shut the book without a word. The only evidence of the intensity of feeling which he threw into it was the way in which he seized, twisted, and pulled about a large brocade cushion which lay beside him on the sofa, while we sitting round him hardly dared to give expression to the profound emotions with which we had listened to that wonderful music.

For two years Mr. and Mrs. Tennyson took a small house for the winter months in Upper Wimpole Street. We saw something of them while they were there, and on several occasions he spent the evening with us in order to have Scotch songs and Irish melodies sung to him. He evidently enjoyed them enormously, and I have always considered those moments among the proudest of my life, and have treasured the letters he wrote telling me he was coming. One of these runs:

"DEAR MRS. STANLEY,

"Those were pleasant days at Naworth Castle, and not forgotten; but I cannot dine with you on Saturday. I will, if possible, look in on you in the evening.

"Yours truly,
"A. TENNYSON."

We once went to a concert given by Lord and Lady Tennyson in Eaton Square, and an amusing little incident occurs to me with regard to that evening. Mr. Henschel had gone there to sing the poet some of his songs, which he had set to music. One of the most beautiful was his arrangement of "Break, break, break." Lady Tennyson, who was not at all strong, was lying on a sofa, and Lord Tennyson was sitting close beside her. He looked magnificent, his great head thrown back, his fine eyes fixed on the singer, listening intently to the music, while the whole audience waited in breathless excitement to hear his verdict. When Henschel had finished the song there was a pause, and Lord Tennyson drew his handkerchief out of his pocket and put it up to his face. This was interpreted as an evidence of how much he was touched and moved by what he had just heard, and simultaneously nearly the whole audience got out their pocket-handkerchiefs in affectionate imitation of the verdict of the poet. Lady Tennyson's health prevented their coming to London much afterwards, and I never saw him again.

Looking over some old letters, I came across one given below, written by Sir George Dasent. He was a great friend of my husband's family, and often came and dined with us. He was the life and soul of a party, full of chaff, wit, and repartee. He was a brother-in-law of Mr. Delane, and in that connection exercised a great influence over the *Times:*

"ATHENÆUM CLUB, PALL MALL,
"*Friday.*

"DEAR MRS. JEUNE,

"How you came to pay 2d. I cannot tell, for I stamped my letter and put it into the box with my own hands. Perhaps the microbes, with which the box was full, devoured the moistened stamp, and it disappeared. If your eyes had been as sharp as they are bright you might have seen the line on the cover which marked where the stamp had been, and you would not have condemned the guiltless.

"Lest, however, you should go on complaining, I send you, like the Good Samaritan, two pence. If you put them out at interest, in two hundred years they will be worth a million.

"I beg leave to say that I am never in a nasty temper. It was very pleasant at Combe, and I was very much spoiled by everyone. If you had been there, you would not have spoiled me, and it would have been better for me. The steel, you know, loves the whet-stone. I wonder who it was that wrote those verses on Alethea, and I wonder, too, if he called her *All*ethea; if so, he or she ought to be whipped. The only Alethea I know is my charming friend Mrs. Henry Grenfell, but if anyone has been writing verses on her, I shall think it right to tell her husband. Dear me! I have forgotten the dinner. I have only space to add that I shall be very happy.

"Yours very truly,
"G. W. DASENT."

Another delightful friend of those times was Major Whyte Melville, for many years my constant Sunday visitor. No one was more cheery, witty, bright, full of imagination, always anxious to listen, always willing to advise. He had that indescribable and rare charm of impressing the people to whom he was talking with the conviction that not only were they the most agreeable companions he had ever come across, but that all their aims, hopes, and ambitions were the only subject which deeply interested him.

How well I remember his delightful stories, his fund of anecdotes, and his bright, happy laugh and smile! He had a wonderful memory, and would repeat poetry by the hour. His imagination was most vivid, and his powers of description were so brilliant that it was often an effort to soar to the heights of fancy to which he was always leading one.

He was an unhappy man—disappointed and dissatisfied. He had lost a great many things in life, and, I think, cared for little else but his hunting, but that he loved; and many of his best novels are those in which he describes the excitement and enjoyment of a good run. I remember that he once said to me, when talking about dying, " If I prayed for anything, I should pray that I might die from a fall out hunting"; and his prayer was almost granted.

CHAPTER XII

PROFESSOR HUXLEY AND MR. FORSTER

PERHAPS the most delightful episode at that time was our friendship with Professor and Mrs. Huxley. As friends, and from an intellectual as well as a social point of view, everything connected with them was imbued with mental profit and pleasure. They then occupied a house in Marlborough Road, St. John's Wood, and we used to go there constantly on Sunday evenings for supper. Professor Huxley was a most enchanting person, and his keen sense of humour made him like a great boy in his intense enjoyment of all the lighter side of life. It entirely dispelled any feeling of the awe which so great a personage often inspires. He was kindly, sympathetic, willing to listen to the humblest of his friends; and while throwing himself into all the pursuits and pleasures of his children, who adored him, he was always ready to talk to those with whom he was in sympathy on the more solemn side of life, and the deeper questions which were beginning to influence and affect people so much in those days. All the questions affecting religion and morality, which were then stirring the intellectual and thoughtful members of the community so deeply, found an echo and powerful exponent in Professor Huxley. In his presence one always felt, when such questions as these were under discussion, that he—one of the great leaders in that movement—still preserved a deep feeling of reverence and almost affection for the sublime beliefs which had been one of the strongest influences in the world's civilization. Never, while talking in the most open and intimate way on all these matters, did one hear him approach the subject except in a spirit of tender humility, and a genuine recognition of all that religion had done for the world. I often think of those Sunday evenings, and of that kindly, strong, expressive face, with the beautiful smile which used to light it up, as he ranged from the most indifferent of subjects to those which most stirred the human heart.

No one enjoyed society more than he; he was the life and soul of every party and every place, and no one entered more into the humour of a situation. We lived at that time in a little house in the country near the river. Mr. and Mrs. Huxley were once spending a week-end with us, when a distinguished lady who lived close by drove over to see us, and after luncheon we made an expedition from Twyford to have tea at the White Hart at Sonning. The landlord at once recognized our august companion, but nothing would satisfy him but that Professor Huxley was also an august personage; and no one enjoyed the joke more thoroughly than our two guests, while Professor Huxley at once put on a royal air.

In his moments of intimacy he used to talk of the difficulties he had in his early life, of his long attachment to his wife, and of their ultimate marriage. He adored her, and to the end of his life he thought her the most beautiful and perfect of human beings. To him the most perfect complement of his life was her sweet and gentle nature. I could not help thinking, when I went to see her at Eastbourne some four years ago, with Collier's fine picture of Professor Huxley hanging on the wall, that, though he had passed away, in spirit he was always with her in that little room.

In spite of Colonel Stanley's politics, we had a great many friends among the Liberal party, and our greatest friend among them all was Mr. W. E. Forster. I had known him long before my marriage through my aunt, the Dowager Lady Ely, who had been constantly brought in contact with him while he was on his official visits, and she in attendance on the Queen, at Windsor Castle. The Queen, with her great experience and wonderful insight into character, soon learned to appreciate the sterling honesty and ability of Mr. Forster, and though to the outside world he was sometimes rugged and unsympathetic, his friends knew that there never beat a more kindly and sympathetic heart than his. The Queen gave him her absolute confidence, and in the troublous times in Ireland she depended on him for much of the support that she found so necessary in those difficult days. Mr. Forster, like Lord Tennyson and Carlyle, was devoted to music, and constantly dined with us, either with Mrs. Forster when she was in London, or alone when he was in town by himself on his official business.

He was rather a terrifying personality, and I confess to having been very much afraid of him in the early days of our acquaintance; but when I got to know him well, and to realize how great a man he was, all my misgivings vanished. He was always terribly in earnest, and though he had a fine sense of humour, the more serious and deeper side of life appealed most to him. I have, however, heard him in an extremely amusing vein tell very good stories, and there was always a grim humour in his narration of many of the little incidents which occurred during his tenure of the Irish Office. He once told me of a letter which he received at the time when there were many plots in Ireland to assassinate him, and I can recall the very characteristic manner in which he described it. The writer began his letter by applying all the opprobrious epithets with which the Irish used to speak of Mr. Forster, and then went on to say he had waited in the Phœnix Park for many days to assassinate him, which, however, he had been prevented from doing by the sight of his beautiful niece (now Mrs. O'Brien), who always walked with her uncle from the Chief Secretary's Lodge to the Irish Office, giving as his reason that he had not the heart to disturb the peace of so young and beautiful a creature by this vile crime. He wound up his letter by saying Mr. Forster must not always expect that to act as a deterrent, as, to use his own words, "he had sent all these tender fancies to hell." Mr. Forster read this letter with great delight, and chuckled over it. I remember the curious feeling of fatalism with which he spoke of life and the constant danger he was in, especially with regard to the day (as came out afterwards in evidence) when the conspirators had made up their minds to assassinate him, and were waiting for him to arrive at Westland Row Station. Something prevented him from leaving as he intended by the train, and he drove down and got on board the steamer at Kingstown, thus frustrating their designs.

Another occurrence which gave Mr. Forster much amusement was one occasion, when he had made an appointment, and was coming to pay me a visit, which, when he was in London on Sunday, he very often did.

In those days, through Mr. Justin MacCarthy, one of my oldest friends, I had made acquaintance with some of the members of the Home Rule party, and among others with Mr. Parnell. Mr. Parnell had promised to come and see me one Sunday afternoon, and had appointed a certain hour. Knowing that Mr. Forster might possibly arrive during his visit, and that their relations were rather strained, I told my parlourmaid (a most confidential person) that she was not to admit anyone while Mr. Parnell was upstairs. Unfortunately, Mr. Parnell arrived rather later than I expected, and was admitted, while Mr. Forster, who came almost simultaneously, and saw Mr. Parnell enter my house, was told I was not at home! He drove to his club, where he wrote me a most characteristic and really amusing letter, reproaching me with my want of fidelity to him and his cause, and he never ceased to tease me about it every time I met him.

The deep excitement of the Irish question, and the momentous issues it involved with regard to the safety of the Union and the future welfare of Ireland, made one's friendship with Mr. Forster at that time profoundly impressive, for one realized how entirely he had thrown his whole heart and soul into his supreme purpose, which was to stamp out the rebellion that he believed was sapping the greatness of the Empire to its very foundation.

I think, however, the most interesting period of his life, and perhaps the most important, was that in which the passing of the Education Act of 1870 was accomplished. The long struggle when he faced his Nonconformist friends, feeling satisfied that justice must be done to both sides, and the triumphant manner in which he brought that controversy to a close, showed his indomitable courage and honesty in its best light, and, however opinions may differ as to the ultimate results of that Act, no one can deny that Mr. Forster wrought a greater revolution in England than any other statesman of his time, and one which has exercised incalculable influence upon the life of its people. If we compare his educational work, and the permanent effect it has had on English life and character, we must recognize that his memory will long survive when that of many other distinguished statesmen has entirely vanished.

Nobody enjoyed the social side of life more than Mr. Forster, and he was very cosmopolitan in his choice of acquaintances. His great friend was Lady Waldegrave, but there was no one for whom he had a greater admiration than for Louise, Duchess of Devonshire, who, he said, was one of the most able women he had ever come across. For my aunt, Lady Ely, he had a great affection, and also for Lady Ripon—a feeling shared by nearly everyone who knew her, for a more engaging, sweet and delightful personality than hers surely never existed. Her house was one of the most agreeable among the leaders of the Liberal party, though her health precluded her from taking a very prominent position.

I saw Mr. Forster from time to time until his last illness, and he also wrote to me constantly. Up to the very last he took the keenest interest in politics and everything that affected Ireland, and, though he often said Ireland had killed him, he never ceased to take the most vivid interest in its affairs.

About ten days before he died he was greatly concerned with a question that was to be discussed in the House of Commons regarding some matter in Ireland, and, ill and weak as he was, he took the trouble to find the best exponent of his wishes in the House to represent him. He chose Lord Charles Beresford, then in the House of Commons, who, I think, saw him on the matter, and was put in possession of his views by a most interesting paper which he wrote on the subject.

I went to see him two days before he died, and as one looked on his gaunt, thin, and haggard face, one realized how deeply Ireland had worn into his soul; and when I said good-bye to him, I felt I should probably never see him again. Two days afterwards he died, and the crowd that congregated at Westminster Abbey, when they brought his body there before it was taken down to Burley-in-Wharfedale, his much-loved home, was perhaps the most eloquent testimony to the extent to which his fellow-countrymen realized—alas! too late—the value of the great life which had just ended. The letter which is given here is interesting from the fact that it shows what Mr. Forster's position was at that period, and the undaunted courage with which he faced the powerful combination that ultimately defeated him.

"OSBORNE HOTEL, TORQUAY,
"*January* 20, 1886.

"MY DEAR MRS. JEUNE,

"Thank you so much for your letter. It is a great relief to me to have its distraction. You tell me that the Government propose to renew part of the Crimes Act, and expect to be defeated. They will be defeated if men like —— and —— do not do their duty; but I cannot think that possible. This renewal of the Crimes Act has a curious history: the majority of the late Government thought some provisions were necessary, but the minority, including, I suppose, —— and ——, threatened resignation, and so they managed to resign before the question came up for necessary public decision. So far the Liberals were to blame. Then came in the Tories : I pressed the renewal of some clauses upon most of the minority with obtrusive persistency. Some of them seemed to agree, and others said it was impossible. I said it was not impossible, though it might take time—not a very long time, as the House is very impatient of obstruction at the end of a Session; and as to a majority, their business was to find out what Spencer proposed, and then appeal for support to those of the late Government who were known to agree with him. But it was clear there was something behind, and when we got to —— and ——'s speeches, it was clear enough what that was. No one could have heard the debate about Maamtrasna without seeing that there was something much more powerful than any compact or secret understanding. The Parnellites were publicly allowed to believe—in fact, told—that there would be no attempt to bring in any part of the Crimes Act, and this was contrasted with what the late Government had done. Here, I think, the Tories behaved worse than the Liberals, though I had thought that hardly possible. So much for the past, upon which the less each party or its leader says, the better for them. But now we have the immediate future, and of this I am sure, it will be far better to make Parnell the legal Governor of Ireland, than to leave him as he is, its illegitimate ruler, enforcing by outrages and boycotting, his unwritten law. Many will say, Why not let him be the Governor of Ireland—Irish Secretary, for instance? Here come in fresh considerations. He could not carry his party with him if he gave up a College Green Parliament. If he got it, or even if he got Home Rule, it would be only so many years of agitation in Ireland and obstruction in England before he got National Independence. Remember, the word Nationalist means in Ireland a separate nation, and the national idea in Ireland means a Government hostile to, or independent of, Great Britain. If this is to be the future, by all means let Ireland become a Republic. Why not? say many; we could draw our army out of Ireland. Yes, we might prohibit their exports if they tried to protect their home manufactures. We might, perhaps, have to increase our army and navy, as against a possible enemy close at hand; but, putting aside our obligations and duty to the loyal minority, are we prepared to let part of the present United Kingdom be a lever for foreign intrigue? I need not tell you I believe we are not, and that I believe there is no resting-place between preservation of the Union and vindication of the law, and an acknowledgment that we give up Ireland because we are unable to keep it.

"But I must dictate no more; the doctor would be furious if he knew how much I had written. I mark this letter Private, because I am anxious it should not get into the Press; but if you care to do so, show it to Goschen or any member of the present Government, or any other dependable person you like.

"Yours ever most truly,
"W. E. FORSTER.

"Pray send me a letter after the Queen's Speech and the first debate.

"What is Spencer's position?"

Another letter relates to a small dinner we gave one evening when Lord Goschen (who was then not in office) was staying with us, as he often did when he came up to London to attend his weekly meetings. Mr. Forster, Lord Goschen, Sir James Fitz-James Stephen, Sir Henry Maine and Mr. Froude were our guests. The South African question and some Indian matters were eagerly discussed all through dinner, and for a long time after, but by degrees we drifted into a less heated and more solemn atmosphere. I do not now remember how the conversation changed into an argument as to the motives which governed life and conduct, and the influence that a belief in immortality exercised over people in the materialistic atmosphere, which had so largely developed in the last few years. Mr. Forster vehemently maintained that a belief in a future state was the pivot on which all conduct depended, and that but for that belief life would be a hideous mockery, and there would be no reason for morality or any high standard of life. It was deeply interesting to listen to a discussion carried on by such men, and it lasted till nearly two in the morning. One had not time to feel tired or weary, being conscious only of a deep interest in the question. At the end Mr. Forster rose to say good-bye, saying: "Well, if I thought as you do, I would not care to live another hour, for I can honestly say I have acted all through my life in the firm belief in a future state, and but for that belief, I should not have had the courage to face life, its difficulties and its tribulations."

"WHARFESIDE,
"BURLEY-IN-WHARFEDALE,
"LEEDS.

"MY DEAR MRS. JEUNE,

"I cannot for the life of me remember the name of the hotel at which Lady Ely is staying. Could you kindly put on her address, and let some servant post the enclosed?

"Looking back at our very pleasant dinner last evening, I am horrified at the thought of our Indian discussion. I hope you will forgive us. As I am writing I send you my Mansion House speech.

"This Cape business is, to my mind, a really important one, involving questions, I think, much deeper than the existence of the poor natives—viz., the honour of England and the principles of our Colonial policy, and that, to my mind, is no slight matter.

"I am, dear Mrs. Jeune,
"Yours very truly,
"W. E. Forster.

"P.S.—If Goschen is still with you, will you please tell him I wrote to him on Monday to Seacox."

CHAPTER XIII

SOCIAL LONDON

During the early years of Queen Victoria's reign society was, generally speaking, very exclusive. It was much smaller then than now, for London had not yet become the centre, not of England only, but of the world. The increase of railways and the facilities of communication which they brought about were only just making themselves felt. The plutocratic element, which was beginning to assert itself by marriage and other channels in society, while adding to its wealth, had certainly not made it more agreeable or more entertaining.

The so-called London season began after Easter, lasting to the end of July, at which time there was a general exodus, some people going to Scotland, and others to their various homes in the country; where, except at Christmas-time, when the annual festivities brought country society together, with a certain amount of hospitality in the way of house-parties and balls, most people spent their life quietly until the next April came round. Parliament, which was then more or less composed of the representatives of the upper classes, most of them being sportsmen and hunting-men, met in February, but, except on rare occasions, its deliberations were not sufficiently important to do more than bring the country squires up to attend an occasional division. There was no winter season, and before Easter London was generally empty. From the middle of October and during the winter it was chiefly occupied by lawyers and professional men, who returned when the courts met at the end of the Long Vacation, and, save for a short holiday at Christmas and Easter, remained in town until the next Long Vacation. What social amusement there was in London was confined to dinners and such theatres as were open. The play-time of the year was crammed into the London season, and Parliament always rose religiously for August 12.

The Court, during the married life of Queen Victoria, followed the generally accepted fashion, and came to London with great regularity after Easter, remaining on till after the season was over. The Queen, indeed, usually came to London for the opening of Parliament, and remained for a few days, but then returned to Windsor until Easter, when she removed to Buckingham Palace.

It is very difficult to analyze the causes which led to the new cosmopolitanism in English society, for its growth was very rapid, and with it the whole social conditions of English life have altered.

The democratization of English politics, by the passing of Mr. Disraeli's Reform Bill, the rise and development of the Irish National party, and the more general interest which was then taken in political affairs, in part accounted for the change. Many people even in those early days realized the problems and difficulties of the situation, and were beginning to awake to the importance of the great changes the extension of the franchise must entail. The increased power of the Press and the multiplication of newspapers, as well as the restricted and narrow ideas held by the leaders of society with regard to enlarging its boundaries, caused a reaction which forced them to recognize that the elements introduced into the social structure confirmed the views of those who realized that the old order was passing away.

After the death of Lady Palmerston and the recognition of Lady Waldegrave as her political successor, the change became more apparent, and Lady Waldegrave was the first great leader of society who perceived the change that was at hand, and gladly welcomed it. At her house the representatives of the old order and those who stood for the new conditions of society were brought into contact.

Besides the political barriers, there were still strictly definite social restrictions, the two debarred professions being the drama and medicine. I remember dining one night at the late Lady Fife's, and being taken into dinner by Sir Henry Thompson, the eminent surgeon, when I was afterwards unmercifully chaffed because I described him as one of the most agreeable persons I had ever met. In those days he was almost the only representative of his profession who wandered beyond the social boundaries of his own professional brethren.

Every door was closed against the dramatic profession, though Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan and Miss Helen Faucit (Lady Martin) were exceptions to the universal rule as regards the stage.

Then of a sudden, as it were, the conventional rules were swept away, and those who had the courage and appreciation to open their houses to everyone who was interesting and distinguished found an ideally delightful society waiting for its new entertainers. Some courage was required to embark on this new enterprise, for society (in the old sense) viewed the step with suspicion and caution. Before long, however, the world began to realize the enormous crowd of brilliant men and women who had hitherto lived unrecognized and unappreciated at their very gates; and those into whose houses they were welcomed found their rooms filled with distinguished guests, and the *beau monde* flocking in numbers to make their acquaintance. There was a great deal of *plaisanterie* at first, and many still held themselves aloof, preserving an attitude of observation in regard to the new element in society. The majority, however, followed the fashion, and in their turn became as prodigal of their invitations and welcome as those who had first of all opened their doors, while *Punch* seized the comic aspect of the situation, and Du Maurier, in his delightful pictures of Postlethwaite, immortalized the social evolution.

It was a new sensation to many people to rub shoulders and make acquaintance with men distinguished in every profession of life—with painters, actors, literary and scientific workers—to say nothing of the well-known women who were then beginning to take the place in their country which they have since filled with such ability and brilliance. On the whole, society welcomed its new allies, and welcomed them warmly. Whether it realized the intellectual superiority and the infinite gifts of the new recruits is difficult to say, but it showed no hesitation in acknowledging that it had gained everything by the new movement. The *moment psychologique* had arrived, and the admission to society of these cosmopolitan elements was the distinctive characteristic of the Victorian era.

There was much less ostentation in those early days, much less extravagance in the form of entertainments; and I well remember the quite angry protest which was made about a ball given in Carlton House Terrace, where £1,000 was rumoured to have been spent on the floral decorations for the night, this being considered a terribly reckless and unjustifiable act of extravagance. That sum, and double, is often spent nowadays in a single night on one entertainment; and the luxury of dinners and extravagant menus make the expenditure of those days seem a mere bagatelle. Plovers' eggs at 2s. 6d. apiece, forced strawberries, early asparagus, *petits poussins*, and the various dishes which are now considered almost a necessity by anyone aspiring to give a good dinner, were then unheard of; and though a longer and more varied menu was presented, still the cost was nothing in comparison with what it now is. The largest expense in those days was the variety of wine and its great price, as every course had its particular vintage, and the distinctive quality of a dinner was the variety and excellence of the wine. Now we content ourselves with drinking champagne and little else through an ordinary London dinner, while much less is consumed of that, even when it is the sole beverage, than used to be the case forty years ago; but this, indeed, seems our sole economy.

One other great change in London society since those days is the institution of the "week-end." Formerly Sunday was the only day on which busy men, or those who were employed during the week, were able to pay visits, and from about three o'clock to seven o'clock one had an endless stream of visitors. One heard all the gossip of the week, the stories from the clubs, the prophecies for the future; political questions were eagerly discussed, and political predictions and programmes were evolved with great assurance.

To those belonging to a cosmopolitan set Sunday afternoons were very entertaining. The uncertainty as to who might appear, and whom they might meet at the house at which they were visiting, added great zest to amusement, and Sunday, though in some ways a very interesting and enjoyable day, was in other respects very fatiguing.

As I was one of those fortunate people who had friends in every set, many of my visitors were people who held very strong opposite opinions. Burning questions in those days divided London society, and "Home Rule" was a most disturbing element. I had made many friends in the Home Rule party, while others among my Sunday afternoon friends regarded the Irish leaders as their natural enemies.

For many years Lord Longford was a constant visitor on Sunday. He was an Irishman and a soldier and a man of the world, a good talker, and had a strongly characteristic Irish sense of humour. Mr. Justin McCarthy was also a regular Sunday visitor, he being in Parliament, and member for the constituency in which Lord Longford's property in Ireland was situated. Though they met nearly every Sunday, they always met as absolute strangers; and I went through the same ceremony of introduction every week, Lord Longford returning Mr. McCarthy's salute by saying that the only opportunity he had of meeting his representative in Parliament was at my house.

At one time Lord Justice Mathew was having tea at my house when Sir Edward Carson and Colonel Saunderson both turned up quite unexpectedly, at a moment when Lord Justice Mathew had deeply offended the Ulster party. We talked about the weather and various other innocent subjects, and though at last we branched off into something more personal and interesting, I was greatly relieved, fearing matters might become critical, to see the door open and one or two other visitors arrive.

Lord Randolph Churchill, who had many antipathies, was a frequent Sunday afternoon visitor, and with that curious perversity with which Fate seems to follow those who defy her, his visit was often coincident with that of another friend of mine who had been in the same form with him at Eton, and who had known him all his life. They knew each other perfectly well, but had drifted apart for political reasons, and every time they met I had to go through the same little farce of introducing them to each other, Lord Randolph saying to him in a very innocent, irritating manner: "Ah! Yes, I believe I do recollect you at Eton!"

Sometimes we got perilously near catastrophe, when a very dear High Church friend of mine came in contact with an outspoken Socialist or irreverent agnostic. But it was on these occasions that one realized the truth of the saying *noblesse oblige;* and I often look back with affectionate gratitude and admiration on the self-control he used to show when matters on which he felt most deeply and most keenly were discussed with cruel and remorseless criticism. But these were only superficial consequences of the mixture and blending of the new elements in society, which had not yet recovered its equilibrium. Now, when I see the friendly and tolerant way in which everyone meets those from whom they differ on almost every conceivable subject, I look back on those days, and I remember all the terrible enjoyment of those Sunday afternoons, how exhausted I felt when half-past seven came, and how gladly at eight o'clock

I sat down to a peaceful *tête-à-tête* dinner with my husband!

After my second marriage, circumstances threw me into contact with a large number of interesting and remarkable people, and my husband's profession also afforded me many opportunities for making acquaintance with legal society. I always felt, however, that society might be more agreeable if our *milieu* were larger and more varied in its composition. People maintain that it is impossible to have any society in England unless on a large scale, and that the French custom of being "at home" on a certain night in the week would be quite impossible, owing to our conservative ideas about dress and invitations, and, above all, to the recognized form of English hospitality, which decrees that a large dinner shall always precede an evening party.

About 1881 I had tried the experiment on a small scale, and found it by no means unsuccessful. The number of people who came were few, but that they did come, and came regularly, and that each evening there were a few additions, convinced me that it would not be impossible to have a very agreeable society of a small kind. One or two people whom I knew had done so successfully. Lady William Russell was always at home in the evening. Lady Granville also received in an informal way, while Lady Arthur Russell's weekly *réunions* were exceedingly pleasant. I found, however, that my husband's work generally brought him home very tired in the evening, and that it was more convenient to receive on a larger scale and less often. People were kind in responding to my invitations, and, looking back on them now, I think I may fairly say my parties were popular. They were very mixed, and sometimes very crowded.

Once, indeed, I heard a guest say coming upstairs she felt rather like a herring packed in a barrel, and some of my friends pleasantly described my parties as being like the day of judgment.

When I remember all the kind friends and interesting people I knew, and realize the gaps that remain, and the large number of those I shall never see again, a great cloud of sadness darkens the recollection of these pleasant evenings.

I must confess that my sympathy is entirely in accordance with the English idea that if you invite people to your house, you are bound to "feed" them. Foreigners always laugh at us on that account, but I believe no Englishman ever considers that he has fulfilled the highest duty of hospitality unless he has asked all his friends to come and break bread in his house; and a dinner has one great advantage that it provides a beginning to your evening party, which, without this prelude, is apt to be at first a very dreary function, as for a long time one's rooms remain rather empty.

We used always to have a great gathering of political people, artists, actors, *littérateurs*, and some of those who, I suppose, represented society spelt with a large S, thus bringing people of different opinions and interests together.

I shall never forget my pride the first time Lord Beaconsfield dined with me, when Princess Christian, Lord and Lady Cranbrook, Sir Stafford and Lady Northcote, and the Dean of Westminster were among my guests; nor the delight with which I heard that the House had been counted out earlier, so that many Members of Parliament were able to come to my evening party. Lord Beaconsfield was delightful that evening; he sat next Princess Christian, to whom he was very much attached, and devoted himself to her. She was always a charming element at any gathering, for her keen interest in every subject was enhanced by her kind and gracious manner. I remember being much chaffed next day about my party, as I was told I had persuaded Colonel Taylor to have the House counted out. It was a red-letter day to many of my guests who had never seen Lord Beaconsfield before, as he went out very rarely in the evening.

It seemed somewhat audacious, when society was more or less in the melting-pot, to attempt to get the very different elements simmering in it to meet; the experiment appeared hazardous, but after the first plunge the rest was easily accomplished. In a large London drawing-room there is always room for people of very divergent opinions to foregather without friction, while it is an honour to be in the company of those who are distinguished. I found the most unlikely people generally appreciated and enjoyed meeting such well-known representatives of literature, art, and politics as Sir John Millais, Sir Frederick Leighton, Mrs. Steele, Mr. Thomas Hardy, Lord and Lady Iddesleigh, Sir William and Lady Harcourt, Miss Braddon, and others. Those who came from the outside world, and had hardly yet passed the threshold where the new element was intruding itself, were always convinced that every person they did not know was distinguished, either for some political, intellectual, or literary reason, or even from some less elevated point of view. I think it was curiosity that brought them. And it amused them to see those of whom they had heard, but whom they had never known, and, above all, to feel that every person who trod on their gown or knocked up against them was remarkable in some way or other. I often think my dear friend Mr. Edward Clifford expressed the feelings of a great many of my guests when, at the end of a very hot summer evening, he came to me and said: "Good-bye, dear Lady Jeune; your party has been such a success, nobody thought they could ever get upstairs." No one enjoyed society more than he did, and his great delight was in coming across people whom he hoped to interest in the good works that lay so near his heart.

It seems always to be taken for granted, that in the matter of giving dinners, the hostess's position is one of perfect enjoyment, and there is invariably a tone of envy in one's friends' congratulations on any entertainment which has been successful. But the position of the hostess is not a bed of roses, and besides the initial difficulty in London of first of all finding a suitable day, and then selecting her guests so that they may be both agreeable and sympathetic to each other, she has to reckon with the endless accidents which very often destroy what promised to be the realization of her ideal. Everyone knows the perpetual defeats and disappointments which a hostess encounters in London, where the competition is so keen, and where hospitality takes one particular form—that, namely, of dinner-giving. The difficulty to-day is nothing in one respect to what it used to be when I kept house for my father in Curzon Street, for cookery has become an art, and the bad dinners that one eats now are few compared with what they were in those days. The difficulty of getting a decent cook thirty-five years ago was enormous, and even the highest wages were no guarantee of securing a real artist.

The length and size of the dinners added greatly to the labour, but there was one advantage: as fewer people entertained, therefore one's field of choice was larger, and we were more certain of getting the people who wished to meet each other.

The shortness and simplicity of even the best dinners nowadays has added to their pleasure, and the mere fact of the men coming up to the drawing-room so quickly after dinner is over makes the evening much more agreeable. What anxious looks we used to cast at the clock after exhausting all our feminine subjects of conversation, waiting and longing for the variety which the appearance of the men made! On the whole, dinners are entertaining now, and one's friends appreciate being asked to dinner rather than to hospitalities of a more varied kind.

We used to have some odd adventures when we lived in Wimpole Street, next door to a very hospitable and well-known doctor and his wife, with whom we had many friendships in common. Nothing is so dangerous as giving a dinner-party on the same night as your next-door neighbour, especially if you are friends, for it often happens that your guests mistake their number, and arrive uninvited at the wrong house. I remember on one occasion a dinner being given next door to some distinguished foreigners who had come to London on a short visit to attend an international medical conference, and we happened also to be giving a dinner on the same night. Just before dinner was ready the door opened, and a gentleman was announced. I saw that he had made a mistake, and, holding out my hand, expressed my sorrow, but, to my dismay, he could not speak English. I tried French, but with no better results, and as my knowledge of German was very small, and he seemed equipped with an equally limited amount of that language, it appeared to be almost impossible to explain the situation to him. Someone in the party endeavoured to tell him that he had come to the wrong house, and that he was expected next door, but he expressed himself very well satisfied with the company in which he found himself, and refused to leave. One of our guests had failed us, and my husband suggested that we had better go downstairs. He made himself extremely agreeable at dinner to a lady whose name he never knew, and to whom he talked in pantomime, and after we left the dining-room he continued to address his fellow-guests in the same manner, and when they joined us they were in roars of laughter at the amusing entertainment he had given them. He stayed on through the party which I had after dinner, and at last, about half-past eleven, wished me good-night, and, as far as I could understand, explained that he had had a most agreeable evening. We found out that next door they had waited some time, and when he did not come, his host imagined the invitation had miscarried, and did not trouble any more about it. He came two days after to leave P.P.C. cards on me—I met him in the hall as I was going out. He again expressed in pantomime his gratitude and enjoyment, and walked away bowing profoundly. I afterwards discovered that he was a very learned gentleman from Buda-Pesth, and for many years he sent me a card at Christmas.

I think everyone recognizes, without, perhaps, publicly admitting it, that it is not a bad idea to give a dinner-party two nights in succession. In the event of such an arrangement, it is always desirable to prevent your guests knowing it, as it is apt to create a misgiving in their minds as to whether they have been invited to the feast of honour, or to the one of secondary importance. As a matter of convenience the plan has many advantages, and I should always recommend it, with certain reservations.

My husband often gave men's dinners to members of his profession, and to the officials of his court, as well as to personal friends, and I generally tried to arrange to have a dinner the night after. On one occasion we reversed the procedure, and my husband's dinner was arranged for the second instead of the first night. A great friend of his—now, alas! dead—came by mistake on the first evening. He found a large party assembled, but unluckily our table only seated a certain number, and on that occasion we had already exceeded it. I suggested he had come the wrong night, but he assured me I was mistaken, because we had a dinner! My husband not having come downstairs, my difficulty was great. I then said that he was invited to meet some of his legal friends the next evening, but after trying to explain to him in many ways as politely as I could, I had to give the matter up in despair. My husband appeared and took him in hand, with, however, no more success than I, and as nothing short of telling him to go would have moved him, we had to put an extra seat at the table, and he dined with us. Nothing daunted, he appeared the next night as well for the second dinner, and recounted the events of the previous evening to our friends with great satisfaction.

Such accidents do happen, and one has gone through other terrible experiences of people coming to dinner who have anticipated the date by a week. I had at one time a butler who was proof against all such contingencies. Nothing flurried him, nothing put him out, and I believe he was quite capable of dealing with any number of guests in an emergency.

One night two guests arrived who had been invited for that day week; it was very inconvenient, as the lady was of the highest possible rank, and her arrival upset the whole of my arrangements. But the amusing part of the whole occurrence was that they neither of them ever discovered the mistake they had made; the gentleman, indeed, realized that something had happened, and found out that the lady of highest rank had come on the wrong night, and he went round to most of the guests telling them of the mistake she had made, and talking of her with intense sympathy, never realizing that he himself was in exactly the same position.

Sir William Harcourt once told me that he had dined out every night for a whole week in advance of his invitations. He only discovered his mistake on the last night, when, on going to dine with some people who gave long invitations and large dinners, he found them alone. After a very pleasant evening, he thanked them for asking him in so friendly a manner, whereupon they explained that the invitation had been for a week later, but that they had been only too delighted at his mistake. On hearing this, Sir William looked at his engagement book, and discovered that this was the last of a number of invitations which he had anticipated by a week.

Then there are terrible incidents, which don't often occur, when two guests have been invited to meet each other, who in the interval have met and quarrelled. I remember Sir Henry Drummond Wolff and Mr. Frank O'Donnell coming to dine with me for the purpose of making each other's acquaintance. I had arranged the dinner with great care, and it was a small one. Unluckily, on the night before, an incident occurred in the House of Commons which will be remembered, I should imagine, by anyone who was in the House at that time, and which had provoked a bitter quarrel between these two gentlemen, so that when they arrived, it was impossible to put them anywhere within reach of each other, and the whole point of my dinner was frustrated.

Other *contretemps* may occur in the houses of one's friends, and there are sometimes cases when you are persistently followed by, and sent down to dinner with, the people with whom you are not on speaking terms. We were haunted for many months by a couple who had been friends of ours, but who quarrelled with us because the gentleman had been unseated on petition at the General Election. The constituency he represented had a doubtful reputation, and it was one of those against which a petition had been lodged, my husband being one of the commissioners who found that the member's agents had been guilty of bribery. It was a disagreeable story, and attended with rather painful consequences. His wife, with the natural instinct of a woman who espouses the cause of her husband, at once arrived at the conclusion that my husband was mainly instrumental in bringing about this disaster, and she and her husband forthwith cut us whenever we met. But an evil fate pursued us, and when we encountered them at dinner, as we constantly did, my husband was invariably asked to take the lady, and I was sent down with the husband. The husband was sensible about it, and we discussed the weather and crops till dinner came to an end; but the moment the lady sat down in her chair, she turned her back in an open way on my husband, and refused to have anything to say to him. After this had gone on some six or eight months, and we had met them at several small dinner-parties, we decided that it would be as well to tell our friends not to pair us off, thus ending what was a very disagreeable ordeal for all of us.

We once had an amusing experience some years ago with regard to an invitation to dine with Madame Goldschmidt, *née* Jenny Lind. She was very particular as to the punctuality of her guests, and on one occasion when we were invited to dine with her we were unfortunately rather late. I thought that the butler, on opening the door, looked a little surprised, but we were ushered into the drawing-room where Madame Goldschmidt, Madame Schumann, and Mr. Bernard were sitting. With many apologies for being late, I hurried forward. She replied: "We waited dinner last night for you till nine o'clock, and you did not come. To-night Madame Schumann is dining with me, and has made it a condition that we shall be absolutely alone. Therefore I cannot ask you to stay to our dinner." It was an unexpected rebuff, but under the circumstances there was nothing to do but to accept it. At that moment Mr. Goldschmidt came into the room, and overhearing her words, said: "I am sure we can give Mr. and Mrs. Jeune some dinner." Madame Goldschmidt reiterated: "We waited dinner till nine o'clock last night, and they did not come. Madame Schumann has made it a condition that we dine absolutely alone to-day, and therefore I am sorry that we cannot ask Mr. and Mrs. Jeune to dine with us." There was nothing for us to do but to retire with what dignity we could muster. It was getting late. Our servants had all gone to the play, and in those early days there were no restaurants on every side, as there are now in London. At last we got to the Grosvenor Gallery, the only place where we could get anything to eat, and found the waiters clearing away what little food was left. With great difficulty we succeeded in getting some soup and some cold meat, and had to be thankful for even that fare.

Madame Goldschmidt was a very uncertain woman. She was kind, generous, and charitable, but she was very narrow in many ways, and most particular as to the character and conduct of people with whom she associated. She was a woman who knew no evil herself, and could not tolerate it in anyone else. She had been surrounded all her life by an adulation which was unparalleled. She had a husband who saw everything through her eyes, and considered everything she did and thought infallible.

My husband was one of Sir Henry Thompson's constant guests at his celebrated "octaves." Sir Henry prided himself on his *cuisine* and his wines, and the dinner was chosen with the greatest thought, both as to quality and quantity, and to the position of his guests. He was a great gastronome himself, and had written much on the subject. But I have often heard it said that, like many other things in life, when such a state of absolute perfection is attained, it is deprived of a great deal of the spontaneity and enjoyment of a less perfect feast. Sir Henry, apart from his great professional ability, was a very remarkable man. He was a fine painter, and his knowledge of art was considerable. He threw himself with great zest into any subject that interested him, but soon gave it up, and he relinquished, one after another, many objects in which at one time he had been enormously interested. His ambition was, I believe, to write a good novel, and he made two or three attempts; and though his works were not perhaps to be classed with the classical novels of the day, they had a certain amount of ability, and were another instance of his versatility.

We knew him in the early days when he was one of the first advocates of cremation, and, like many enthusiasts, he was most intolerant of contradiction, and would never admit that there could be any opposition to the subject in which he was interested, treating everybody who differed from him with scant courtesy.

His wife was the most delightful old lady—gentle, tender, and kind, the most sympathetic of women. She had helped him early in his professional career by her devotion, as well as in more material ways, and to the last days of her life she was one of his most faithful admirers. For many years before her death the illness from which she suffered increased with fatal intensity. She found a keen delight in teaching music to young people who intended to take up a professional life, and from want of means were unable to obtain proper training. I often remember the little simple woman, with a bent figure, sitting in her chair teaching her pupils with cheerful interest. She was a wonderful example of Christian resignation and patience under one of the most trying ailments to which anyone of her nature could be subjected. I do not suppose anybody was more deeply mourned than Lady Thompson when she died, for she had been a friend and helper to many, and had given not only money, but her time, her leisure, and her strength, to help others.

It is one of the penalties of age to remember those who, at one time full of life and vigorous enjoyment, have now passed away into the silent land, and whose names to many are only a memory. Some of them, however, stand out in greater pre-eminence than others, and perhaps no one more so than Whistler. He had the readiest wit, his repartee being extraordinary, while his jokes against himself were just as good as those he hurled at others. Well as I knew him, he never impressed me with a feeling of being in earnest, and during his chequered life his sense of humour was so keen that it carried him through misfortunes which would have daunted and crushed a stronger soul. He was the most delightful letter-writer, and however uninteresting the subject of a communication, it would call forth a letter in reply of a quite original character. His letters to me I have not been allowed to publish. His daring recklessness and disregard of the rules which control the actions of ordinary human beings made him unique. He was a genius, and had all the defects and qualities of one. To him everything was a joke, the subject of a *bon mot;* the lightest and daintiest of persiflage was what he excelled in, and one never had a dull moment in his company. He was always late for dinner, arranging the immortal lock of grey hair in its proper place as he came into the room, with apologies and excuses, none of them true—of which he was perfectly conscious, and also of the fact that his host and hostess knew that they were not. Wherever he was, there would be a circle listening to him, and his ringing laugh would be heard all over the room as he sent his shafts right and left into the joints of the armour of those who were attacking him. It was a great surprise, and almost a shock, when he appeared as a Benedict, and yet those few last years of his life were really happy, and Mrs. Whistler suited him in every way, her death being a blow from which he never really recovered.

Sir John and Lady Millais were frequently among our guests, the great link being that he, like Sir Francis, was a Jerseyman ; and he used always to declare, in his breezy, cheery way, that the three most remarkable people in England at that period had come from the Channel Islands—himself, my husband, and Mrs. Langtry. He was the most joyous, happy, delightful creature—apparently the strongest man in the world—full of "go" and fun, and had an endless fund of conversation of which he never tired, with a delightful way of forcing his audience to listen to him by talking very loudly, and striking his hand on the table in order to attract their attention. He and Lady Millais were a splendid couple, and to the very last day of his life he was quite one of the handsomest men of his generation.

Sir Lawrence and Lady Alma-Tadema, in the early days when people migrated across Oxford Street, were friends of whom we saw a good deal, and their intimacy with Sir Henry Thompson, our next-door neighbour, gave us frequent opportunities of meeting. Their parties were some of the first I went to in the artistic world, and I have never forgotten my enjoyment of them. There one met all the painters and all the musicians of the day. Joachim was there constantly, except on those rare occasions when he invited his friends to spend the evening at his brother's house in Airlie Gardens. The great master was never more delightful than when with the Tademas. We used to sit entranced, listening to his playing, and he was most generous in the time he devoted to our enjoyment. Mr. and Mrs. Henschel, Lady Severn, Signor Piatti, Lady Semon, and Lady Hallé, assisted him in making those evenings quite perfect. Sir Lawrence's house, with its architectural and artistic beauties, lent itself to the enhancement of the hour, while nothing was of greater interest than his celebrated piano, with its wonderful collection of autographs of all the great musicians who had played on it.

In analyzing the cosmopolitan character which English society assumed in consequence of the new elements that had penetrated it, nothing is more remarkable than the universal welcome offered to the representatives of the drama. Up to thirty-five years ago, the stage was a part of the community which lived in its own little world, entirely absorbed with its own professional interests, and having no communication with any society outside its own boundaries. Its numbers were limited, for there were many fewer theatres than now, and its leading members were extremely busy and earnest people, who had neither time nor inclination for general society. The extreme dulness and narrowness of English life, no doubt, made people welcome any new-comer who brought a little vivacity into its dreary atmosphere, and this precipitated the change. I remember with what delighted surprise we found ourselves one night entertaining Mr. Montague, then the *jeune premier* at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, at my father's house. He was the first actor we had ever received, and from then until the day of his death he was a constant visitor. Clever, bright, extremely good-looking, and very refined, he was an ideal representative of his special *rôle*, but it was not until ten or twelve years afterwards that actors broke through what seemed to be their unalterable custom, of limiting themselves entirely to their own particular *milieu*.

London was crowding at that time to the Haymarket to see Sothern in "Lord Dundreary," and the delight with which we were able to talk of him as our friend and visitor can easily be imagined. He was a very agreeable, pleasant man in society, and quite unlike his professional prototype.

We made Buckstone's acquaintance through an unfortunate *contretemps* which occurred one night at the Haymarket, when we were occupying the Queen's box. Some of the younger members of our party talked at intervals during one of the acts, and at last Buckstone came to the edge of our box, and publicly rebuked us before the whole house. Seeing our consternation, he sent a message round afterwards, saying that we were forgiven, and asking if he might come and see us. He did come, and was extremely amusing over the incident.

Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft I hardly knew when their little theatre in Tottenham Street was the theatrical centre to which the whole of London flocked, but for many years now they have been very warm and attached friends. We were present on the night of their last performance at the Haymarket Theatre, an occasion of the greatest possible interest. No people ever found their way into the heart of the English public as they did, and the night when they appeared for the last time before the large and brilliant audience that had assembled there to say good-bye was an event never to be forgotten. Everybody was there, and the cheers and plaudits which greeted them at the beginning of the performance and at its close must still ring in their ears.

Not long afterwards a large number of Lady Bancroft's friends joined in giving her a farewell gift. The little jewelled watch was to have been presented by Princess Christian, but in her absence, owing to illness, I was asked to be her deputy, and the most alarming moment in my life was when I tried to say the few words I had learned by heart, attempting to express our feelings towards her That was the first time I had spoken in public, and no one ever more devoutly wished that the earth would open and swallow him up than I. However, I believe I forgot nothing, and, like many other terrible ordeals in life, it passed, and my nervousness and distress were drowned in the chorus of applause which ensued when Mrs. Bancroft rose to thank us, the few words she uttered being broken by the emotion with which she received this farewell memento. Many years have passed, and she has since appeared from time to time on the stage, but I feel sure that was a unique moment of her life.

At a very early age I allowed my children, who had read and devoured Shakespeare, to go and see any Shakespearian plays that were given in London, and that permission, as was inevitable, led to a most devoted attachment on their part to Sir Henry Irving and Miss Terry, who was acting with him. This admiration developed into a very warm friendship, and Sir Henry, who was fond of children, was most kind to them, and constantly invited them to go to the Lyceum Theatre, where they had the great privilege of being allowed two little seats at the side of the stage behind the scenes, whence they could see the whole performance, added to which they were able to watch the working of the stage machinery. Nothing in their childish lives ever gave them greater enjoyment, and Sir Henry used constantly to give them this pleasure.

They sometimes found other visitors much more distinguished than themselves, among them Mr. Gladstone. There was one incident which amused us greatly at the time. One night there was an important debate in House of Commons (though I cannot recollect upon what question), at which Mr. Gladstone, contrary to custom, was not present, and the fact was commented on in the papers next day, there being no obvious reason for his absence. A number of people were lunching with me, and the occurrence was mentioned, all the party wondering where he could have been. My children, who were at luncheon with us, said quite suddenly: "Oh, Mr. Gladstone was with us at the Lyceum, behind the scenes; he was sitting in the big chair, and each of us had a little chair at his side." Mrs. Gladstone was also in attendance, and came in occasionally to see that he was not in a draught, buttoning his coat and bringing him refreshment.

I never heard any official explanation of Mr. Gladstone's absence on that occasion, and this story provided us with a great deal of amusement; but he had an immense admiration for Sir Henry Irving's and Miss Terry's acting, and was a constant visitor to the Lyceum.

Sir Henry was always accompanied by his little white terrier, Fussy, and Fussy used to sit with any of Sir Henry's guests who were behind the scenes, patiently waiting until the performance was over.

Miss Terry was generally attended by one of her many girl admirers, who waited upon her and ministered to her every want. She was a person for whom one could not help having the greatest affection; her buoyancy, her brightness, and her happiness, infected everyone—it was impossible to be morose or sad when under her influence. Her bright and joyous laugh was quite infectious, and with its sound all disappointments and difficulties disappeared like the clouds before the sun. She was constantly at our house, and no one could ever resist the fascination of her extraordinarily bright, joyous nature. Everyone, in fact, came under her charm; she was pleasant to talk to, and original in her way of thinking, and seemed to understand the tastes and idiosyncrasies of those she came across.

She had a great love for animals, which they reciprocated, and she was especially fond of cats. I had two or three fine Persians, and it was extraordinary to see the way in which they would sit on her shoulder, wind themselves round her neck, and lie there purring the whole evening, in undisguised satisfaction at being near her. Animals and children are, after all, the best judges of human nature, and the love of children and animals for Ellen Terry is, I think, one of the greatest tributes to the varied qualities of her bright, affectionate, and sunny nature.

A great friend of mine passed away not long ago in Madame Modjeska. She had letters of introduction to me when she first came to England, and while here we saw her frequently. She was a very remarkable woman, and in her way a great actress. She was exceedingly good-looking, with a most artistic personality, a beautiful voice, and great sensibility and power. She was very popular in England, but she cared little for general society, and seldom went out. I heard of her from time to time after she went away, both from Russia and America, where she achieved a very great success. It is now many years since she left England, but in some respects I think she was one of the most delightful actresses of her day.

Everyone who has known Sir Charles Wyndham must admit that he is among the most versatile and remarkable of men. The English stage would have suffered an irreparable loss if Sir Charles had remained faithful to the first profession he adopted, for he was intended to be a doctor, and served as such with the Federal Army during the war in America. I have had some practical experience of his medical capacity, for one night when he was dining with us a nephew of ours had a fainting-fit. Knowing that he had a weak heart, I was very anxious. Living in Harley Street as I then was, one would imagine there could be no difficulty in getting advice at once. But it was Sunday night, and all the doctors had apparently gone into the country for the week-end, so we had to trust to the treatment which Sir Charles Wyndham prescribed, and which proved to be entirely successful, for in the course of a short time the invalid recovered, and, acting on Sir Charles's advice, was able to return home. We all agreed that our friend had mistaken his vocation, successful as his career had been; and if he had only stuck to it, he might probably now be inhabiting a large house in Harley Street at the head of his profession. However, there are many doctors, but only one Sir Charles Wyndham, and we should have lost a great deal in our lives if we had never seen "David Garrick."

Time has dealt lightly with Wyndham's lifelong coadjutor, Miss Mary Moore. Would that we all had the secret of perpetual youth, which she has solved! How many of her professional and unprofessional sisters are there who would not give a great deal, after so many long years of theatrical life, to be able to play her youthful parts? And, more than that, how many women are there who would not give a great deal of what they prize most in the world to look as perennially young a grandmother as she does to-day?

Those who remember Ada Rehan when she first came to London and took it by storm, can never forget her peculiar charm, not only on the stage, but off it. Past her first youth, with none of the adventitious accessories of dress which are now so much the fashion, and which add undoubtedly to the attraction of a theatrical performance, she carried everything before her by her extraordinary originality, and the exuberant vivacity with which she endowed all her parts. In the "Taming of the Shrew," her Katherine, with its storm of passion and rage and impatience of control, side by side with the pathos and womanliness of her surrender, was surely one of the most perfect impersonations ever seen in dramatic art. In losing her the stage has lost one of its most brilliant representatives; but she still keeps her affection for the country which appreciated her and gave her so warm a welcome, and in her little home in Cumberland she finds the rest and quiet which she worked so hard to attain.

Looking back on one's theatrical recollections, it is impossible to forget Sarah Bernhardt. Though I never knew her in the days of her early visits to England, when all the charm of her youth and beauty and extreme vitality was still in the ascendant, yet even now, when those supreme qualities are somewhat diminished, she still possesses a unique gift, which she has never lost, in her wonderful voice, with all its resonance of expression and beauty.

While one writes, the flowers are hardly faded on the grave of Coquelin, perhaps one of the greatest actors in his own way that the world has ever seen. How could those who knew him ever forget his indescribable charm, his vitality, his strong, irresistible fund of humour, and the ever-varying expressions on that face, which in other respects was not remarkable. Coquelin was an ugly man, and yet when one was in his company, or saw him acting, all one remembered was the extraordinary genius and remarkable power which made him triumph over defects that must have swamped anyone of lesser ability. There is nothing I treasure more among the souvenirs I have of my many dramatic friends than the copy of "Cyrano de Bergerac," which he gave me the last time he was in England, with a most charming dedication.

Any recollection of my theatrical friends would be quite imperfect without some mention of Mr. Toole, who, with his wife and daughter, were intimate friends for many years. I should think that no one ever gave greater enjoyment of a perfectly delightful character than he did to thousands of people. Up to the very end of his professional career he was the idol of the public, and those who remember him in his earlier days, when he was playing with Charles Mathews in "The Area Belle," and with the brilliant company at the Gaiety in "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," will never forget him. He was very delightful in his family, devotedly fond of children, and he used to shower innumerable boxes of chocolate on any little friends whom he saw in his theatre. I have many memories of the disastrous effects those boxes of chocolate had on my children!

The dark shadow which fell on his life in the death of his son and daughter completely broke his heart, and his last few years were enveloped in a terrible sadness. But on no one's grave were more genuine tears of sorrow shed than on his.

By Mr. Toole's private friends he was immensely beloved, and the whole aim of his dramatic life was to raise and purify the stage of which he was so devoted a member. He was, perhaps, most delightful in his own house at one of the little dinners he sometimes gave, and I remember with very mixed feelings the last time we were invited, when, after dinner, he made us draw our chairs up round the fire, and told us stories of his own and his wife's early life, and endless recollections of his career, brimming over with memories that made one laugh and cry alternately.

I think the greatest event in our household life during the childhood of my children was a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Grossmith. I had known Mr. Grossmith well from the beginning of the time when he was the leading actor in the Gilbert-Sullivan Operas at the Savoy. I remember him in "Pinafore," and can never forget the enormous amusement and delight that anything he acted in gave one. I never saw him in "The Sorcerer," but I cannot imagine anything more perfectly excellent or that hit the fancy of the moment more than his personification of Bunthorne in "Patience." Nothing of the kind had ever been seen on the London stage before, and his artistic representation of the æsthetic influences which were then just beginning to interest Society was really delightful, so that, though the succeeding plays by Gilbert and Sullivan were great successes, I do not think any of them ever appealed quite as strongly to one's sense of humour as "Patience." Perhaps the romance which surrounded one of the leading ladies added a little to its interest; but even after the lapse of so many years, when I saw "Patience" on its revival, I felt that it had escaped the weakness of most plays which deal exclusively with a particular period and situation, and had not become *démodé*, while the beauty of its music and extreme wittiness appealed to every age and period.

George Grossmith was full of anecdote and fun, and as mischievous as a child, throwing himself into all the pranks and tricks of young people. He often stayed with us in the country, and we had endless expeditions and picnics, on which occasions he always kept us in a continual state of laughter. His love of mischief was unbounded, and he was constantly playing practical jokes, especially on an unhappy governess I had, over whose bed and pillow he used to shower pictures of large spiders which he had drawn, and which caused her to rush with shrieks from the room—a trick she never forgave him. He was a very brilliant example of the generosity always shown by the stage to the cause of charity. There was no scheme which he could assist, or charitable purpose which he could further, that he was not delighted to be associated with. He and his brother together were indescribably amusing, and perhaps the funniest performance off the stage I ever saw was a visit to a dentist and the extraction of two large teeth, performed by himself, his brother, and Arthur Roberts, one day in our drawing-room.

Theatres and music-halls in later years have entered keenly into the political and public questions of the day. The controversies which accompany political life have generally supplied themes on which the leading artists, certainly of the music-hall stage, have quickly seized; although, except on celebrated occasions, the effect produced has been ephemeral. Formerly topical songs and political allusions were little heard, but during the period of Mr. Gladstone's Government (1868-1873), when Lord Sherbrooke (Mr. Lowe) was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Mr. Ayrton the First Commissioner of Works, the power of the stage made itself felt. Mr. Lowe had incurred great unpopularity by reason of his match-tax. Mr. Ayrton, who had a singularly unattractive appearance and a rough manner, had contrived to irritate a very large section of the community, especially the middle classes of London; and the Court Theatre, at which a piece called "The Happy Land" was then being performed, seized the occasion to make a great demonstration against the Government. All sorts of jokes and caricatures were made, encouraged by the evident approval of the large audiences which came nightly to see this performance. A dance was introduced into the last act of the play, in which Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Lowe, and Mr. Ayrton performed in character a *pas de trois* to the words of a song which dealt with the faults and peculiarities of the three Ministers, Mr. Lowe being particularly blamed for the match-tax, and Mr. Ayrton for his rudeness and incivility. The refrain of Mr. Ayrton's song, which consisted of a repetition of all the insolence of which he was thought guilty, generally brought the house down. The play lasted for two or three months, but the caricatures of the three Ministers were withdrawn, by order of the Lord Chamberlain. The theatre was crowded, the songs were repeated in the streets, and the feeling of anger against the Government grew daily instead of diminishing. Lady Waldegrave, who was no bad judge of the power of public opinion, always declared that Mr. Gladstone's downfall was due to the burlesque of "The Happy Land."

CHAPTER XIV

PEOPLE OF INTEREST

There is no doubt that society in London in the eighties was very agreeable, mainly, I think, because it had become more cosmopolitan, and people generally took a greater interest in political questions, while there was a sharp division between political parties. Nothing divided society like the Home Rule question, so that if one's acquaintances comprised people on both sides, it gained much in interest and amusement. Besides Lady Waldegrave, a few other ladies in society from the beginning accepted the new order of things, and opened their doors to its representatives. Lady Dorothy Nevill was one. The luncheons which she gave every Sunday were most agreeable. They were small, but her guests were well chosen, and no one was invited without having some claim to distinction. Lady Dorothy's house was a sort of whispering gallery; all her friends were *dans le mouvement*, and she knew everything that was going on. Cabinet Ministers in moments of *épanchement* confided their secrets to Lady Dorothy. She knew the latest scandal, the last story, and her information on every subject was most comprehensive and accurate. She was withal the kindest and best of friends. With her large circle of acquaintances and intimates, extending over many years of a long life, she has never made an enemy, and during the years of our affectionate friendship I have never heard her repeat an ill-natured story or say an unkind word of anyone. Added to this, her recollections and friendships with all the remarkable people of her day gave great point to a conversational gift at once witty, clever, and original. She was a friend of Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Gladstone, and Lord Randolph Churchill; she knew Cobden, Dickens, Mr. Bright, Sir Henry Irving; and, as she received all the best representatives of every kind of society, her house was one of the most agreeable in London. Added to all this, her personal appearance and the arrangements of her home were piquant and original, and few women seemed to have had a wider and happier experience of life and people.

Lady Dorothy was cosmopolitan to her finger-tips, in curious contrast to her daughter, who was nothing if not an uncompromising Tory. She did not follow her mother in her social wanderings, but steadily adhered to her own opinions, and drew a relentless line at many of the new acquaintances whom Lady Dorothy delighted to make, but whom Miss Nevill never recognized.

There are not many people to-day who remember Laurence Oliphant, whom I have before mentioned. He was a friend of ours during my childhood, and until he finally left England that friendship was always continued. Nobody ever led a more varied life. He had been in Japan, was nearly murdered in China, had visited almost every part of the world, had passed many years in the East; and, while his experiences were singularly remarkable and amusing, his quiet, gentle appearance belied his life of stirring adventure.

The religious mystery that enveloped part of his life will never be solved, and when he disappeared from England, taking his wife (who was an equally keen and devoted follower of the leader under whose banner Oliphant had enrolled himself) with him, it seemed as if one had said good-bye to him for ever. Yet from time to time he made short and unexpected visits to this country, and was always the same charming, delightful, kindly person, who never seemed to have grown older or to lose his attractive personality. He was very silent on the subject of his American life, his mission, and on everything connected with it, and the stories told about him from time to time were mere gossip. He had great personal influence over those who belonged to him, and they loved him deeply. His mother, though quite an old woman, followed him to America, and his wife, a young and beautiful creature, gave up her family and accompanied her husband. Oliphant had all the fire and faith of an apostle, and had he lived in earlier days he would have been a Crusader, throwing his heart and soul into whatever cause he espoused. He left one legacy behind him in the shape of M. de Blowitz, for many years Paris correspondent of the *Times*, who was originally Oliphant's secretary, but afterwards occupied that most responsible position on the staff of the paper.

M. de Blowitz used to come over sometimes to England, and we knew him. He was a most extraordinary looking man—short, fat, of a distinct racial type. I believe, however, that his descent was cosmopolitan, and that he resented it being supposed that he was of Jewish extraction. He was exceedingly agreeable, unlike anyone else, and I think was more at home in Paris than in London, although he made many friends in England.

One of my oldest friends was Mrs. Walter, the wife of the late Mr. John Walter, of the *Times.* Her father, Mr. Macnab, occupied an important official position in Colombo when my grandfather, Mr. Stewart Mackenzie, was Governor of Ceylon, and my grandmother and he formed a strong friendship with the Macnab family. There were several very handsome daughters, of whom Mrs. Walter was one. During a visit to my grandmother in Scotland when quite a girl, she had a bad accident and broke her leg. The fracture was a severe one, and she was laid up there for many months, unable to move, and I was allowed to read to her, and amuse her as best I could. Some years afterwards she married Mr. John Walter, and consequently we made his acquaintance. He was a difficult person to know well—very shy, very proud, very independent—but he was a most interesting man from sheer force of character, incorruptible honesty, and the simple and high-minded view with which he regarded life. He was very proud of his position as the proprietor of the greatest English paper; and, though in politics a moderate Liberal, I always thought him one of the most uncompromising Tories I had ever come across. All modern changes and innovations were abhorrent to him, and I believe he never made any variation from the lines on which he considered his paper should be carried on without the most sincere regret. His thorough independence made him absolutely indifferent to the attractions and temptations that would have appealed to many people in his position. He wanted nothing, and would accept nothing. A little incident, known perhaps only to myself, was, I think, very characteristic of him. I was travelling from Paddington one day, and got into the same carriage with him, and during the course of a long conversation he told me there was one thing in his life he would like to have done, but that he had never achieved it. I was rather curious, and he went on to say that he would have liked, had it been possible, to have had an audience with the Queen—for no especial reason except that he had been a near neighbour of hers for many years; that he had in every way, in that capacity, endeavoured to help in any scheme in which she was interested; and that what he should appreciate more than anything would be the honour of a short audience with her at Windsor. It seemed so impossible that he had long since ceased to think of it, and only cited it as an instance of some of the things people wish for in life and never attain. I mentioned the matter a few days afterwards to someone whom I thought would be interested to hear it, and was assured later that on the Queen's return to Windsor the object Mr. Walter desired might be accomplished. Before the Queen returned from Scotland, however, Mr. Walter had died. Knowing what pleasure it would have given him, I have always regretted that his wish had never before been communicated to the Queen, who always on such occasions showed a kindly compliance with any request that was made to her.

Among the friends of my early life, and one whom I knew in the several capacities of politician and Irish member, journalist and writer, was Mr. Justin McCarthy. Many of the criticisms that from time to time have been applied to him were undoubtedly true. He was much more the man of letters than the politician. His heart was in his books and in his literary work, and he was entirely unfitted to be a member of the Home Rule party. Cultivated, accomplished, gentle by nature, full of imagination, he was much happier when absorbed in his books and writings. He had not even the appearance of a patriot, and in all the stormy time which he passed through in the House of Commons, with its victories and its defeats, his heart was always in his little study. He exercised, however, a greater influence in the councils of the Home Rule party than is perhaps generally known, and his efforts were always used in the interests of peace; but he was no match for the turbulent spirits to whom he was allied. He had a great affection and admiration for Mr. Parnell, who, in spite of his cynical description of him, really appreciated and deferred to Mr. McCarthy's opinion. Those who knew him were sincerely attached to him; and though his health has prevented him for many years from living in London, one realizes how much happier he is in his little home with the daughter who has been devoted to him all her life. He was one of the people of whom we saw a great deal at one time, and there never was any objection on the part of his political opponents to meeting him, so that among such different people as Lord and Lady Iddesleigh, Lord Rowton, Lady Dorothy Nevill, and others belonging to even more exclusive circles, he was always welcome.

Among those who thoroughly appreciated the novelty of a cosmopolitan society was Lord Rowton. He was a clever, capable man, and the most discreet person I ever knew. No one had his finger more on the pulse of everything that was going on than he, and he enjoyed the confidence of everyone, from the Queen to the youngest girl who had just made her *début.* His sympathy, his sense of fun, and his intensely sweet nature, made everybody love him. He had all the humour and wit of his countrymen, with the real good common sense that made him a wise counsellor and a kind friend. He had a great responsibility laid on him, and one which he never would take up—of becoming the biographer of Lord Beaconsfield. He always declared that he had neither the health nor the ability for that task. The material left at his disposal was so enormous that he shrank from undertaking it. Any memoir of Lord Beaconsfield must always lack the interest which would have attached to it if it had been written by someone who knew him as intimately as Lord Rowton.

Sir Edward Watkin had been a client of my husband's, and was one of the principal promoters of the scheme for making a tunnel under the Channel. He asked us on one occasion to go down with an expedition to see the progress of the works, the great point being that the then President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Chamberlain, had agreed to go down on a visit of inspection. Sir Edward, being very anxious to impress Mr. Chamberlain favourably, had made every endeavour to arrange a successful expedition, and invited a large number of Mr. Chamberlain's friends. The weather was propitious, and a very representative gathering started from Charing Cross. There were a number of bankers, city people, financiers, chairmen of steamship companies, leading lawyers, the Speaker, and a number of important Members of the House of Commons. The special train stopped at a little siding by Shakespeare's Cliff, near Dover, where the borings had been first begun, and we descended in detachments to see what was going on below. It was very interesting to watch the great revolving drill piercing through the chalk, which was carried away in small trucks, and after seeing the wonderful mechanical contrivances by which this work was done, and inspecting the passage already made, we were drawn up again, to be entertained at a substantial luncheon. After wandering about for a short time, we returned to London. I do not think the President of the Board of Trade was sympathetic, and Sir Edward's hospitality was thrown away; but, at any rate, he gave a great many people pleasure who would not otherwise have had the chance of seeing the work and realizing how rapidly the borings were being carried out.

The idea of a tunnel between France and England created a great scare, and Sir James Knowles considered that the *Nineteenth Century* saved the country, by its active protest, from the possibilities of a foreign invasion. In that year General Boulanger made his appearance in London, and his arrival produced a great sensation. Society was much *intriguée* in its desire to see and know the man whose somewhat meteoric career had created such an impression on the French, and whose sudden rise to popularity had affected the relations of France with all the other countries in Europe. When he came to London, there was great curiosity as to whether he would be received officially, and whether, if he were received in London society, this would not offend the susceptibilities of our neighbours across the Channel.

He was acquainted with a friend of ours, who sent us letters of introduction, and we saw a certain amount of him while he was here. He was a good-looking, agreeable man, who talked well, and thoroughly enjoyed the notoriety he had excited, and he was determined to make the most of the amusing experiences which he was undergoing in his visit to London. A few people were bold enough at once to take him by the hand and ask him to dinner, but the majority held back and were a little shy and timorous. I cannot remember seeing him at any official receptions, but by the time he had been here two or three days he had made a host of friends, and everybody was eager to show him hospitality. He was quite willing to talk on French politics and his own prospects, without committing himself in any kind of way to any definite idea. He certainly never gave one the impression that he believed much in the cause which he had espoused, or that he had much respect or admiration for the men who represented it.

He dined with us once or twice, and made a great profession of his admiration and delight in everything English. English women, English dress, English cooking, English country-life — in fact, everything except English politics—seemed to be for the moment his idea of comfort and amusement. About English politics he was always silent. He did not seem to understand them, and certainly cared very little for the subject.

On one or two occasions he sat next to me at dinner, and I always found him very pleasant. He had a charming voice and agreeable manners, and none of the habit—so peculiarly French—of saying civil things and flattering his listeners. He did not give one, however, the impression of being a remarkable man, or one who could command the confidence or support of a party by reason of any great ability, but he was a good talker and had a great deal to say.

When he left he gave me a little memoir of himself, written by one of his principal admirers, which, he carefully explained, was not so highly coloured as to be inaccurate. He added that he left his character in the hands of his English friends, having seen enough of their kindness and generosity to feel sure that they would be charitable in their estimate and conception of his work and ambitions.

During these years, when the Irish Question was in its most acute stage, nearly every member of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet was under police surveillance, and none of them were allowed to go about without being shadowed. Mr. Gladstone himself gave great trouble and anxiety to Scotland Yard by the reckless way in which he disregarded all necessary precautions, and, if possible, he always endeavoured to evade his protectors. Precautions were carried to such an extent, that detectives were even introduced as waiters into houses where he dined, and I remember a friend of mine telling me that Mr. Gladstone had been dining with her one night, and had confided to her how delighted he was at having for once frustrated all the schemes for his safety, and how he had come to her house that evening without being watched or followed. She was immensely amused, as two of the principal waiters standing behind his chair at that moment were detectives from Scotland Yard.

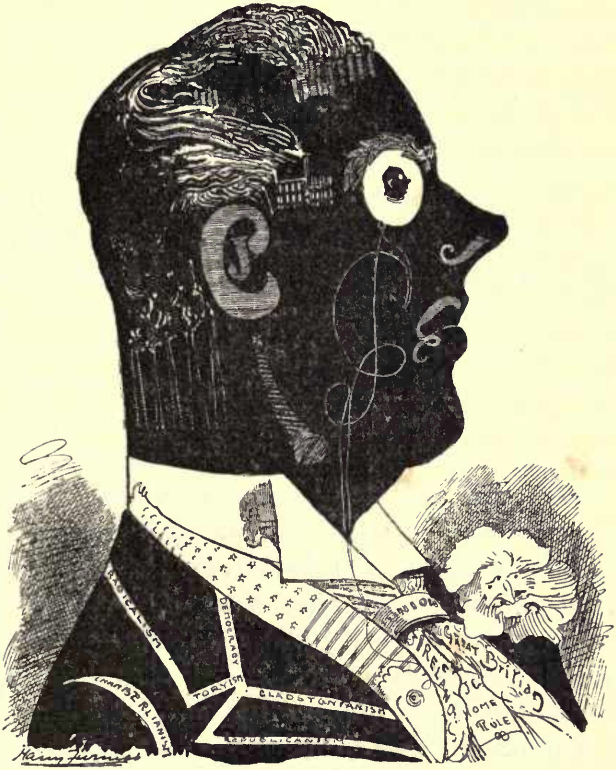
Sir George Trevelyan, Sir William Harcourt, and, in fact, all the leading members of the Government, were in the same position; it was the practice of the police to close both ends of the block of buildings where the house at which they were dining was situated, and no one was allowed to pass unless he could prove that he had been invited.

In these days many agreeable men were connected with the Press in London. Sir John Robinson, who was long associated with the *Daily News*, was a charming person, and no one was more pleasant to sit next to at dinner. Mr. Frank Hill and his wife, also connected with the Liberal side of politics, were among my friends. She was a kindly, clever, shrewd woman, with a great knowledge of the world, very popular among a host of friends. Mr. Hill, with his quiet, slow, deliberate way of talking, gave the impression of a conscientious, able, clear-headed man, and his weekly political articles in the *World* were exceedingly able.

The late Lord Glenesk was a great figure in the journalistic world, and made the *Morning Post* the leading paper that it now is. When I first knew him, the *Owl*, a journal of a very different character, was being brought out under his auspices. It had a short career, and not a very large circulation, but it was one of the most brilliant and witty newspapers ever published.

We also knew very well Mr. Chinnery, who succeeded Mr. Delane as editor of the *Times*. He was a curiously shy man, who lived in a delightful old house in Serjeants' Inn. He gave small dinners and was very hospitable, and, as one of the most earnest admirers of Lord Randolph Churchill from his earliest days in Parliament, always foretold a brilliant future for him. The *Standard*, then the recognized organ of the Conservative party, was under the management of Mr. Mudford, in his day the *deus ex machina* of that journal. He never went into society, and could not be persuaded to mix with the world ; but he had complete control of the *Standard* during his life, and conducted it in a most independent and effective manner. I think very few people knew him, and, though he was a correspondent of mine for some years, and one with whom on paper I was on the most friendly terms, I never saw him.

Yet another of my old journalistic friends, whom I see from time to time, is Sir Francis Burnand. He and Lady Burnand were among the people whom



everybody delighted to meet. His extreme cheeriness and *joie de vivre* gave him the greatest charm that anyone can possess—of impressing everybody who came in contact with him by his great vitality.

I have the most delightful mementoes of the kindness of Mr. Sambourne and Mr. Harry Furniss in sketches which they made and sent me at the time that my husband was appointed Judge of the Probate, Admiralty, and Divorce Court, and in particular there is a pen-and-ink sketch of Mr. Chamberlain by Mr. Harry Furniss (reproduced on the preceding page), which has always been considered as one of his cleverest drawings by those who have seen it.

There were one or two women then in London who exercised a wider influence than was perhaps realized, and who in their way were quite remarkable. The Duchess of Marlborough, mother of Lord Randolph Churchill, was one. I knew her well from the time when Lord Randolph was beginning his political career, and the affection and admiration that my husband and I had for him was a link which brought us together. Nothing was more beautiful, more touching, than her devotion to her son. She lived for nobody else, and when, after the death of her husband, she came and settled in London, the whole of her life was devoted to helping his political career, as far as she could, with all the might of her deep, passionate admiration, great ability, and social influence. Lord Randolph's affection for his mother was very deep and sincere, and he attached much importance to her opinion. She was very judicious, very tactful, never obtruding herself in any way, but watching all the developments of his life, quietly and silently helping when she felt she could, or, what is perhaps a greater trial to a woman, standing by patiently and doing nothing. In all the eventful moments of his life she extended to him the same watchful and devoted affection. I shall never forget the bright ecstasy and joy with which she welcomed his being made Leader of the House of Commons. I went to say good-bye to her before leaving for Scotland, and shall always remember the passionate delight with which she spoke of it. To her it was, as it were, a political *Nunc Dimittis*. He had reached the height of his ambition, and she was content. One hardly likes to remember the poignant grief and disappointment that his resignation was to her, and yet she never blamed him, and always thought that whatever he did was right; and through the remaining years of his life she followed the terrible tragedy in silence, eating her heart out, and yet trying to keep a brave face before him and the world. And when the end came, and all that she had loved was laid to rest at Woodstock, the pathos of that moment was indescribable—that she had lived to see him die! The last few years of her life were spent in unassuaged and undying sorrow. She was a brave, courageous old lady, and to my mind one of the most pathetic and touching people I have ever known. She had a family of devoted daughters, and the whole-hearted way in which they espoused each other's cause and threw themselves into their mutual interests was a great example of the old saying, "*L'union fait la force.*"

The Duchess was spared one other crushing blow in the death of her daughter, Lady Tweedmouth, who in her way was also a remarkable woman. There was more of the man in her than the woman: she was courageous and fearless, with the judgment and decision of a man, yet with a tenderness and deep affection that are not vouchsafed to everyone. No story is more heroic than the way in which she met her death. Stricken, as she knew, by a fatal malady, she concealed it from everyone belonging to her until at last concealment became impossible, and then, laying her injunctions on those around her that nothing was to be said or done to cause a cloud to fall on the young people to whom she was a loving and devoted aunt, she went away to die at her home in the Highlands, which she loved so dearly. I think no tribute to anyone's memory could be more touching, more genuine, than the funeral service in St. Mark's, North Audley Street, on the day of her burial. In the church, which was crowded with her friends, there was not a dry eye, and this was not the mere semblance of regard, but the expression of most genuine sorrow for the loss of one whose death had made the world much poorer.

The late Lady Cadogan will always be remembered for the work she did in Ireland, and the affection and respect with which she was regarded there by all classes. When staying with her at the Castle or the Viceregal Lodge, one realized the beneficial activity and the untiring energy she threw into every scheme that was brought to her notice for helping and improving the condition of the country. She had great social gifts, and her house in London was most agreeable, while at the Viceregal Lodge she not only made the Irish Court a stately ceremonial, but helped to restore in a great measure the sympathy of all classes with the *régime* which she represented; moreover, a great deal that had been lost of the humour and fun of the old Irish society came to life again while Lord Cadogan was Viceroy. She was a most capable woman of business, and her work and interest in Lord Cadogan's vast property in Chelsea appeared always of a more personal nature than was exercised by the wives of the other great landords in London.

I hope some day a memoir will be written of Lady Burdett-Coutts. Although she was in opposition to all the later developments of the woman's question, no one has helped it more by her life and example in many ways, for she showed how a capable woman could transact all the different affairs of life with as great ability as a man. In these days of American heiresses her wealth would have seemed but moderate, but at that time she was the first woman who was possessed of so large a fortune that she was practically able to gratify all her desires and ambitions. She was endowed with great common sense, and perceived clearly from the beginning what was possible of achievement, while she realized to the full the responsibilities which were laid upon her, and the ideals she set before herself were very lofty. Naturally shy and retiring, she disliked publicity, and tried to carry on the work in which she was interested quietly and unostentatiously. She was a strong Churchwoman, and, realizing the power and influence of a National Church, she not only gave largely towards funds for building purposes, but founded schools and maintained them at a time when education was beginning to be the most powerful evangelizing agency among the poor and the working classes. She endowed the Colonial bishoprics which had become necessary from the growing work of the Church of England in the Colonies. Her life was a very busy one, and probably no woman has accomplished more, or left greater evidences of her work behind her. London is full of monuments of her benevolence, and she was in very truth, as the late Duke of Cambridge told her, "an English institution." It was fitting that she should be buried in Westminster Abbey, and the funeral was a striking and pathetic spectacle. While her friends and relatives filled the choir, the other parts of the Abbey were crowded by people into whose lives she had striven to put some brightness, and who considered they had lost their best friend. Over her grave at the west door of the Abbey those coming in and out will pass as long as it exists, and she is one of the people not likely to be forgotten.

She dispensed a generous hospitality all her life at the old family house in Stratton Street, and it was an agreeable society, on account of the diversity of her acquaintance. The last years of her life were happy ones, and only those who knew her intimately perhaps realized how much her husband helped her. She had a most interesting luncheon-party on her ninetieth birthday, when the few intimate friends she cared for were invited. Her room was a mass of the most beautiful flowers, which had been sent to her from all parts of the world.

I think No. 1, Stratton Street, was the only house at which one met a large number of clergy and Church workers, except at Lambeth. It was there that I saw General Gordon for the only time. He was a curiously listless-looking, nervous little man, with a sort of furtive look and expression as if he always anticipated something unpleasant. He was not agreeable or encouraging, and he gave very little outward evidence of the power and influence he possessed. He spoke little, and seemed bored when he was addressed or asked any question. Archbishop Benson was there, and when the two men were conversing together no greater contrast could be imagined than the rough, uncouth soldier listening to and answering, in his nervous, jerky way, the questions put to him by that most saintly and holy-looking Archbishop—for surely no man ever impersonated his office better than Dr. Benson.

Lord Shaftesbury had completed the most important part of his life's work when I first remember him, but though no longer a young man, he still laboured incessantly in the successful development of the many schemes he had initiated to help religious and social work, and his name was a guarantee of the excellence and value of anything in which he was interested. He had begun to look very old and worn, though, when interested, he retained all his vigour and enthusiasm. At that time there were a certain number of people, forming a small but powerful set, who mainly occupied themselves with religious and evangelizing work. Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Harrowby, Lord Kinnaird, Mr. Samuel Morley, Lord and Lady Mount-Temple, and the Buxton family were the leaders, their lives being largely devoted to helping the innumerable works of charity which were then increasing with an extraordinary rapidity. It seemed as if the conscience of the country had suddenly awakened to the knowledge of not only the poverty, but the moral condition and degradation of large classes in the great towns; and the people I have mentioned, by their money, their position, and influence, were able to give a new impetus to the work of social amelioration, which had hitherto been carried on exclusively by devoted workers, whose small means and humble position prevented them from giving more than their personal aid towards improving the condition of those who needed it so sorely.

It may seem, to those who did not know him, that to mention Colonel Saunderson in connection with the social movements of that day may be somewhat incongruous, but he is so much associated, in my mind, with Lady Burdett-Coutts and her house that I cannot regard him as the strong, ardent politician only, the deeply religious side of his character being the feature that struck one most vividly. Nothing was more serious or earnest than the point of view from which he regarded the deeper religious side of life, and when he spoke, as he often did, to those who sympathized with him, one could not fail to understand how entirely the fabric of his political faith was based on a religious foundation. His sympathies were with all the work that was going on around him, and his vehement defence of the Irish Church, his stanch adherence to the principles of the Ulster people, proved how firm was his conviction that in their maintenance lay the best means of resisting the advance of the revolution which, he believed, a severance of the union between England and Ireland must precipitate.

Dining at Lady Burdett-Coutts' one night, I was sent down to dinner with Mr. Cecil Rhodes. I cannot say that my first acquaintance with him was altogether encouraging, for, after addressing a few words to me, he devoted nearly the whole of the rest of the evening to his hostess, who sat on his other side. I forgave him however, because at the end of the dinner he made me a most delightful apology, and promised it should never happen again—to which promise he was faithful, for whenever I met him afterwards he was more than kindly. From time to time we saw something of him, but the first night he dined with us I was very indignant, for after the ladies left the dining-room his conversation became so engrossing that I had to send down several times to remonstrate, and it was between eleven and twelve before the men made their appearance in the drawing-room.

Mr. Rhodes was then living at the Bristol Hotel. He used to give small dinners, sometimes going to the theatre afterwards, and one night I took him and a girl of my acquaintance to see "The Gay Lord Quex." He was in his best form, and talked all through dinner, and was most entertaining. After the play was over, he attacked me as to the propriety of taking a young girl to see the play. I defended myself as best I could, but he got extremely argumentative—so much so that, after leaving our box, he sat down on a sofa in the corridor, and continued the conversation, in spite of several warnings from the attendants that time was up, to which he paid no attention. I do not know how long it would have lasted had not the manager of the theatre at last appeared and asked us to leave, and even then I had great difficulty in escaping an adjournment to the Bristol Hotel, where he promised he would finish the discussion. He was an omnivorous reader: there was hardly a book of interest published that he did not read carefully, and was prepared to discuss. He was also a great gardener, and liked to talk about his garden in South Africa, and he never tired of describing the flora of that country and dilating on its beauties. He told me he had been able to make all English flowers grow in South Africa, but somehow, up till then, had never succeeded with the carnation, though it was a flower of which he was especially fond. I ordered him a large variety of carnations—Malmaison and other kinds—and sent them out to his gardener. He told me afterwards that they had arrived, and he hoped they would do well.

Mr. Rhodes did not care for general society; he disliked a crowd and noise, and the fatigue thus caused him. What he really liked was a small number of people with whom he was on perfectly easy and friendly terms. He always impressed one as a man to whom the small things of life were of but trifling interest; he had one great aim and one great ambition in his life, and in the pursuit of that he forgot everything else.

One Sunday when we were in Oxford he was also there, and he and I and my husband and a friend walked up and down for over two hours in Christ Church Meadows, he talking with his accustomed vehemence on all the questions of the day that interested him—colonial, social, and political. It was impossible, looking at the great strong man, with his powerful figure, broad shoulders, and virile face, to divine how short a span of life his was to be; and yet no one, in the brief time that was given to him for life and work, ever achieved and realized the whole ambition of his existence so completely as did Cecil Rhodes.

Sir Francis Jeune was an Oxford man, and he always enjoyed, as he used to say, the distinction of being one of the few Conservatives at Balliol at a time when it was the fashion for all the undergraduates to be Radical, and when it was considered a sign of intellectual incapacity to belong to the Tory party. Nevertheless, the Master was extremely fond and proud of him, and from the beginning of his undergraduate days foretold that he would do something in the world. I had made Mr. Jowett's acquaintance many years before through the Stanleys, who were friends of his, my brother-in-law, Lord Sheffield, having been one of his many brilliant pupils. Saturday to Monday at Balliol was a great enjoyment and a delightful experience, as the Master chose his visitors with much discretion, and was as friendly and kind to his youngest and most unimportant guest as he was to the many distinguished people who stayed with him. We spent many happy week-ends at Balliol, but the last occasion on which he invited us was in some ways different to the others. It was on the Saturday at the end of Commemoration Week in the year 1883, during which period, as the Master dryly said, there had been "a small domestic disturbance" in the College, which meant that some of the undergraduates had been involved in more rowdy amusements than he considered compatible with the dignity of his college, and they had been sent down. Three of them were relations and friends of ours.

We were a small party, which included Lord and Lady Dufferin and their daughter, Sir Francis, myself, and my daughter, and on the Saturday night we dined in Hall with the Master. After dinner was over, we went down to the Common-Room, and had our coffee, and the Master, to our surprise and delight, quite unexpectedly delivered an impromptu address. It partook somewhat of the nature of a panegyric on my husband's father, the Bishop of Peterborough, who for many years was Master of Pembroke College, and with whom, during his time at Oxford, the Master had not been always perhaps on the best of terms. He, however, took this occasion to say how much, in his opinion, the cause of University reform owed to the energy, ability, and broad-mindedness of Bishop Jeune; and, after touching on a great many other topics, some quite irrelevant, he asked us to drink to the health of his guests. It was a curious revelation of a side of his character which we all—well as we knew him—had never seen before, and his expression softened and his face lit up that evening as he spoke of the old times, and of those with whom he had worked at Oxford. He expressed great regret to the two young ladies that some of their partners had been unable to attend the Commemoration Ball, and wound up with many amusing allusions to the College, which were greatly appreciated by the other Balliol men who sat round the table.

Until one got to know him well he was rather an alarming person. He did not talk much himself or encourage conversation, while his absent manner and his curious little ways rather deterred than invited young or shy people to embark on any discussion; but if they were courageous enough to make the plunge, he had a fund of kindness and sympathy which was never exhausted. At any time, if needed, he was ready to help those who asked his advice. Though professedly a Liberal, no one realized more strongly than he that an aristocracy in England must always be the governing class, and that it still retained great political influence. He was reproached by his Radical friends for that conviction, but he felt that the responsibility of educating and training young men of that class was laid on him; and when one remembers that, during his time at Balliol, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Curzon, Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, and Lord Milner were among his pupils, one realizes to how great an extent he has through their work influenced the political life of England, not to mention the many other distinguished men in every branch of English public life whom he trained.

Once at Balliol, when I was the only woman staying there, and there was a party of six or seven men, Matthew Arnold was more delightful and brilliant than anyone, but he was critical and impatient with people who did not come up to his standard. He was little known in general society in London, but he had many warm and intimate friends, who all loved him, and probably he had the society he cared for most—a cultivated and intellectual one. He always seemed to be the happiest and strongest of people, and to have most of the things which make life comfortable and easy to men of his kind. He was not rich, but neither was he poor, and when he retired from his active work in the Education Office, he had a sufficient income and a Civil List pension in addition. He once missed the opportunity of obtaining an important post under Government, having actually the promise of it from Mr. Gladstone. In one of his occasional articles, in an unlucky moment before the appointment was announced, he attacked the Nonconformists with his gentle though terrible sarcasm, and incurred the enmity of their prominent leaders. It never was known to whose influence Mr. Gladstone succumbed, but the commissionership was not given to Mr. Arnold. His death came as a great shock, for, though it was known that he suffered from an affection of his heart, one had never realized the likelihood of a fatal termination, and it was only a slight inattention to the doctor's orders that brought about the end. His house at Cobham was a very happy home, and his devotion to his wife and children and his admiration of them were in curious contrast to the criticism which he applied to most things and people. To him they represented the embodiment of all that made life and home beautiful.

It was about the beginning of the year 1885 that I was asked by a mutual friend to go and see "Ouida," who was passing the winter at the Langham Hotel. I was unacquainted with her until I received a letter in that wonderful handwriting, which must have been a joy to her publishers, as it was to her friends. Being one of her most ardent admirers, I was enormously flattered and interested at the idea of making acquaintance with one whose books were an unceasing source of pleasure and delight, and I made an appointment to pay my respects to her. It is always unwise to have preconceived ideas as to the character and appearance of any distinguished person, and I found that what I had imagined Ouida to be was entirely wrong. It seemed that anyone whose writing was so vigorous and romantic must be a most attractive and fascinating person, and I pictured to myself a graceful woman of middle age, with traces of great beauty, and brilliant conversation — in fact, an ideal Egeria. Surprise and disappointment can hardly convey my feelings when I was announced, and she came forward to meet me. Small, insignificant-looking, with no pretension to beauty, her harsh voice, and manner almost grotesque in its affectation, completed the destruction of my ideal. We sat together for some time, and though she could not fail to impress one with a sense of her great power, there were so many petty weaknesses that it was at times difficult to keep one's gravity. She was very vain, and inordinately proud of her remarkably small hands and beautiful feet, which she displayed with great prodigality. Many people were shy of seeing her and of making her acquaintance, because in those days Ouida's works were just beyond the high-water mark of books which could be safely admitted to the family library.

She was exceedingly extravagant, not so much from the gratification of her own personal wishes, as from carelessness and want of method in her pecuniary arrangements; also she was extremely generous. She had made large sums of money by her writings, and yet was supposed to be always in debt. So many unkind accounts of her were given on this particular point that I think there is no indiscretion in my mentioning an incident which came to my own personal knowledge. On the occasion when I first met her she also made the acquaintance of a well-known man, not a *littérateur*, but one who was interested in literature.

Next day he received a letter from her saying that she had to meet a bill of £1,500, and had no means of doing so until a certain sum of money was sent her, which was not to be paid until ten days later. He came to see me, to consult me as to what he had better do. I felt incompetent to give him any advice, and left him to judge for himself. He decided to send her the money, and on the afternoon of the day on which she said she would be in a position to pay him he received a cheque from her. This, and one or two other incidents of a similar nature which came under my own personal knowledge, should be known, I think, in justice to her, because she was always being accused of appealing to her friends in her difficulties. Ouida had an insatiable love of notoriety, and a desire to know everyone who had any claim to fame, and at times it was very difficult to bring about the acquaintance she was so anxious to make. There were one or two people for whom she had an overwhelming affection and an almost passionate admiration, and I fancy they sometimes found her friendship rather trying. The late Lord Lytton was one of those whom she admired most, and Lord Salisbury was one of her idols. But Lord Salisbury always eluded the fatal moment at which her acquaintance was to be made, and so escaped the attentions which he otherwise might have found very embarrassing.

She came to London regularly for many years, and when not in London we corresponded on the many subjects in which we were both interested. Her letters were always short, but to the point; though, when referring to matters about which she felt strongly, they were so dangerously amusing that their only possible fate was to be consigned to the flames.

"*February* 20.

"Dear Lady Jeune,

"Your letter gave me the greatest pleasure, and I thank you from my heart. The loss of my mother can never, I think, become less to me; and I am so sorry for *her*, for before the fatal accident that led to her death she said one day, 'It seems absurd to say so, at my age, but I really feel young still.' And her eyes which were beautiful, were like those of a quite young woman to the last, greatly though she suffered.

"If you will tell Lord Lothian to come to me, I should be charmed to see him. I shall not see him otherwise, as I go nowhere at all as yet. It is pleasant to think the giddy society of London remembers me so amiably. I shall come every year for the sake of seeing many whom one can only see there; but it costs so much money, and the climate does not suit me. I was delighted to do anything to serve any child of yours. Please thank your daughter, and tell her I will send her the photos in a day or two.

"Once more accept my warmest gratitude for your kind memory of me. I hope we may meet ere long.

"Ever yours sincerely,
"Ouida."

To the end of her life she retained her intense love for animals, especially dogs and horses. There seemed to be something in common between them, and I have seen dogs that were otherwise savage and unapproachable show affection for her, follow her about, and let her caress and stroke them, when no one else would have dared to go near them.

The letters of her later days are very sad. She was an unhappy, old, forsaken woman; her health was broken; she had lost the key which unlocked that wonderful storehouse of imagination; many friends were gone; she was living in a strange country, though Italy was to her a home that she loved; and, though she was too proud to acknowledge it, she was undoubtedly often in pecuniary difficulties.

There was a deep pathos about her proud contradiction of her rumoured poverty, which, though true in fact, was only relative as concerned her own personal wants; for these were of the simplest, and she was in no sense of the word a luxurious or self-indulgent woman, though generous to a fault to the many who appealed to her in their distress. She was a most faithful, affectionate friend to those for whom she cared and who had been kind to her, and in any moment of sorrow or joy in their lives Ouida poured out her sympathy or congratulation with all the wealth of expression at her command.

She was not charitable to her own sex, and was very intolerant of women who had made shipwreck of their lives. She swept them all aside with great disdain, not pitying their mistakes, but angry because they had been guilty of weaknesses for which she had no sympathy or forbearance.

Of the women whom I have been privileged to class among my friends (and very different in every sense of the word from Ouida), Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes) is perhaps the one for whom I have the deepest regard and most affectionate memory. Our friendship was based on a foundation of deep sympathy for her in a very trying period, when she was subjected to the greatest trial a woman can perhaps undergo, and that affection and friendship ended only with her life. My children and I look back with the deepest delight on the visits which she often paid us in the country, where she threw herself into all the minor interests of our lives, loving to discuss their deeper and more serious aspects with my husband, who always maintained that her intellect was one of the strongest and clearest he had ever come across.

No one who knew her could help loving Kate Greenaway, for she was one of the brightest and gentlest of people, and her artistic gifts were only a small part of a charming personality. She was in many ways like the children she loved. She made their lives beautiful, and could never do enough for them. They loved her, for she possessed the power of getting into their little hearts and minds in a magical way. She had the most delicate spiritual nature, and everything she cared for seemed idealized by her touch. She spent many happy days and hours with us both in London and elsewhere, and her great enjoyment when in the country was to wander about the woods and gardens, making plans and sketches of alterations and improvements in them, and transforming what she saw into a fairy garden of her own. Her health was never very good, and I often thought how tired she used to look when one paid her a visit at the enchanting little house at Frognal, where, in her large studio, attended always by her beloved dog "Rover," she spent so many long hours at work. Nothing more delicate, dainty, or full of beautiful suggestions than her work has ever been done, and it was the fruit of the purest and sweetest mind I ever knew. She was a very reserved, shy woman, and cared for few people; but to those she loved, her death left a gap that never could be filled, and her work has more than a fleeting value. Here is one of her letters:

"39, FROGNAL,
"HAMPSTEAD, N.W.,
"*February* 9, 1897.

"MY DEAR LADY JEUNE,

"You will think I have forgotten the little drawings. But I thought I would wait till you were back in town, then I could leave them one day; but there seems something to have happened every day to prevent me—but at last here they are.

"Of course, I want to see you so much, if I may come one afternoon at five o'clock, or later, if that is better for you. You said I might ask, and you know I won't be a nuisance. So *do* let me come one day when you can. You can't imagine what a benefactor you have been to me in giving me that happy little Newbury visit at Christmas. I've been so much better ever since; it seems quite wonderful to think that a few days' change of air, in the winter too, could do so much. It quite took all the remains of my colds away, and I feel so well again.

"I believe it was a great deal owing to your being so kind to me—you were heavenly kind.

"Wasn't it delightful, Dorothy carrying all before her in that way at Salisbury. I am so glad Mr. Allhusen got in. I heard from Dorothy last week; she told me she was coming to town, so I hope to see her; but naturally she is much absorbed, and very busy. I hope she won't do too much.

"But *do*, *do* spare me a moment or two soon. I know you will, if you can. If you can't just yet—well, I will be patient till you can; but I long to see you and Madeleine (that very dear girl!). Please give my love to her, and with so much love to you,

"Your affectionate,
"KATE GREENAWAY."

One of the most attractive souls in those days, and the leader of the brilliant coterie who guided the fortunes of the *National Observer*, was W. E. Henley, known personally, however, to a very favoured few. His health and physical weakness prevented his going out except among those he knew well, but he was a giant in every sense of the word. The spirit and genius that burned in his soul, and made him in many ways like an inspired creature, enabled him to soar above bodily pain and suffering, and his marvellous courage and endurance were as great as those of any hero. It was a rare treat to sit and listen to him, and to watch the flight of his wonderful imagination above all the physical bonds that, heavy as they were, could never imprison his spirit.

The tragedy of his life neither dimmed the brightness of his intellect nor destroyed his strong vitality, and he always made me feel after being with him that even a life narrowed and crippled as his, was still a glorious birthright, and one he would never willingly have renounced.

For many years of his literary career Mr. Hardy was very little in London, and society had no attractions for him. He was shy and retiring, and the adulation and interest which he awakened was a cause of annoyance instead of being any pleasure to him. He was a delightful companion, always glad to talk about his books, and the reasons and events which had influenced him in his different novels. "Far from the Madding Crowd," "Under the Greenwood Tree," and "A Pair of Blue Eyes," were those which first of all brought him into prominence. His love of the country, and his knowledge of every part of Dorsetshire, his native county, have given his Wessex novels their great charm; and those who appreciated, as he did, the beauty of that part of England could quite understand the potent influence it exercised over him. His delightful little house near Dorchester, of which he himself was the architect, seemed in its simplicity a fitting home for so great a genius.

During his flying visits to London he used to stay at our house, and I look back now on those delightful evenings when he and my husband and I sat around the fire listening to the stories, theories, and ideals out of which all his novels had developed. I think he is the most modest person I ever came across, and he hated the publicity which necessarily surrounded him, and shrank from it as much as the most timid woman.

On our return from the last visit we paid him in Dorsetshire, we made a pilgrimage to the old church at Beer Regis, where the D'Urbervilles are buried, a great part of the scene in which Tess passed her youth, and the end of her life, being laid in the picturesque valley where the little church is situated.

His visits to me become few and far between, for he loves the world less than ever he did, and remains in the country, in his own home.

CHAPTER XV

POLITICAL FRIENDS

In England, unlike foreign countries, politicians belonging to opposite parties have always maintained an absolute independence of conduct with regard to social intercourse, and though the traditional animosity of Whigs and Tories remained, to a certain extent, after the passing of the Reform Bill, it never interfered with private friendships, or in any way disturbed the ordinary relations of the people in society.

My grandmother would often tell of the bitter party feeling at the time of the Reform Bill, and how it divided families when the various members espoused different sides. There was an absolute cessation of friendly intercourse for the time. Both my grandfathers, who sat in the Whig interest in different counties in Scotland, were cut by their Tory relations. But time mellowed those acerbities, and for a long while politics became less bitter, and party feeling upon burning questions of the day was not so acute as to prevent the possibility of finding a common meeting-ground.

There was much less excitement and much less general interest in politics fifty years ago than now, and only on great occasions of full-dress debates was there anything approaching a sensation. The great questions of Ireland and the Union, and the social developments of to-day had not begun to agitate the mind of Parliament. It was almost a matter of course that the House met on a certain date and rose religiously in time to allow its members to get away by August 12. The House of Commons was an almost entirely aristocratic assembly, with the exception of a certain number of rich men who had made their fortunes in business. The extreme wing of either political party were the mildest of politicians in comparison with the ordinary M.P.'s of to-day. Only those, perhaps, who remember the House of Commons and the atmosphere which surrounded it nearly half a century ago can realize the enormous change that has come over it in the last fifty years. The whole tone has been lowered; the strong party feeling which now animates its debates did not then exist, and the scenes of disorder and disobedience which the Mother of Parliaments has failed to overcome were unknown.

The years between 1880 and 1890 represented one of the most stirring and deeply interesting epochs of English political life. The Home Rule question absolutely divided London society into two factions, and the cleavage was distinct. The Home Rule party were virtually ostracised by their own friends and relations, and long before the great split took place in the Liberal party the signs of its approaching dissolution were discernible. The eloquence and power of Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons prevented outsiders from realizing the catastrophe which was impending, but there were tokens on every side, unmistakable even to his devoted followers, that the days of his supremacy were numbered.

The question of Home Rule went much deeper than even we at that time perhaps realized. The country had been carried away by the glamour of Mr. Gladstone's commanding eloquence, and the echoes of the Midlothian campaign and the vast majority by which he had been returned made it appear as if he was omnipotent and invincible. But the question of Home Rule seemed to touch a different chord. The integrity and greatness of the Empire was bound up in the Union, and the unanimous feeling of the country was that a separate Government for Ireland meant a position which, however fettered it might be by legislation, must, in the long run, lead to independence. An unfriendly Ireland, bitterly opposed to British policy, hating the Mother Country, and, as experience indicated, ready at any moment to side with a foreign enemy, made the idea of Home Rule inconceivable to the British people, and when Gladstone brought forward his proposals, and the country realized what the effect of those proposals would be, the storm, which had been silently brewing, suddenly declared itself. From end to end of the country there was the unquestionable decision that Ireland should always remain an integral part of the British Islands. How strongly Gladstone's party opposed this is a matter of history. The dissension which tore it asunder, and which ended in the secession of some of its leading members, found an echo in the hearts of everyone, and the cleavage between the two parties and the intensity of feeling surpassed anything in the memory even of those people who remembered the bitterness which existed at the time of the Reform Bill. The secession of Mr. Bright, Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Hartington, Sir Henry James, and Mr. Goschen, was the death-knell to the Bill, and in reading the speeches of Gladstone's former followers on the question, one felt how keenly they realized the disaster which the passing of Mr. Gladstone's Bill would bring on the country. It is impossible, however, to describe the wild enthusiasm which Mr. Gladstone roused among his own particular followers, or the excitement with which the whole country followed the fate of the Bill, and its passage through the House of Commons. The Bill was introduced on April 8, 1886, and one realizes, in reading the account of it in his "Life," how entirely he had been misled by the conviction that to render justice to Ireland was at last within his reach, while the impassioned peroration of his speech on the last night of the debate showed how deeply the conviction had possessed him.

In June the Government was defeated by a majority of thirty, and ninety-three of Mr. Gladstone's followers went into the lobby against him.

The election which followed brought home to him the fact that he was beaten, and in his defeat had lost the support of his oldest and strongest adherents, including those whose opinion and friendship he valued most deeply. It was with feelings of intense grief and reluctance that those who deserted him were compelled to take that step. To each of them it was a great personal sorrow, and to no one more so than to Mr. Bright, who, after his lifelong friendship and affection for Mr. Gladstone, received a shock from which he never recovered. During that long spring, while the debate was following its impassioned course in the House of Commons, we saw a great deal of Mr. Bright. He frequently dined with us, coming up from the House of Commons, and going back directly after dinner. It was a bitter thing for him to have to vote against his party, and, above all, against the leader whom he had so long followed to victory, and who shared all his sentiments and sympathies; and, as he said himself, he hated to be cheered by the Tories. He told us that when he went down to the House of

Commons he sat in the library, and waited until the division bell rang, as he could not bear going into the House to be cheered by a party who were antipathetic to him in every sense of the word. He was an old man, but though he was failing in those days he still had all the vigour of his earlier youth, and he unburdened his soul in the attacks which he made on his former chief.

He represented the highest embodiment of the old-fashioned Radical of the Manchester school. His unbending belief in the principles of Free Trade, his stern, independent conviction that every act of the Tory party was always retrograde, and that their animating feeling was that of class hostility, never seemed to forsake him. He had mellowed somewhat in his latter days, and one could but admire his deep convictions and indomitable belief in the righteousness of his own opinions; and when he spoke, as he frequently did, on important matters, he was most impressive. Nothing could have been more picturesque than that fine face, with its clear-cut features and deep-set eyes, surrounded by the masses of grey hair which covered his head. He was always like an old fighting lion, and yet there were softer moments when his love of poetry and music showed a great deal of the tender side of his nature. His memory was wonderful.

I always made a point of asking those who were congenial spirits to come and meet him, and he once wrote to me that he enjoyed our dinners more than any others, because they were small, and he knew that no one there would ever rouse the evil passions which had taken possession of him. He was very fond of my aunt, Lady Ely, with whom he made friends when he first went to Windsor. After he became President of the Board of Trade, and had paid his first visit to

Windsor, he was captivated by the Queen's kindly, friendly manner towards him, and it was a great relief, he once said, to find how freely and openly he could speak to her, and how thoroughly she understood his feelings on the things in which they were both interested.

Mr. F. Leveson-Gower, at whose house we first met him, used constantly to come and dine with us to talk to Mr. Bright, and I think had a greater affection for him than for almost anyone else. It would have made one smile, had it not been so sad, to see the two old Radicals, who had grown old in the service of their country, sitting together, and lamenting the terrible crisis which had arisen, and which had obliged Mr. Bright to desert the ranks of his leader.

Mr. (afterwards Lord) Goschen, who had also forsaken the banner of his former chief, was one of our great friends, and though in earlier life he had joined the Liberal party, I think his sympathies were always on the other side. His great caution and his analytical mind put him in the dangerous position of being able to see two sides to every question, and consequently he was in no sense of the word a partisan. He always professed distrust of the Tory party, and yet, on the other hand, no one was ever a more open critic than he of his own allies, and to those who knew him the possibility of his crossing the floor of the House was merely a matter of time. His wife, who was a very sensible woman, had great influence over him. She was a Whig with strong opinions, and but for her I think he would have left his party sooner than he did. Year by year it became more intolerable to him, and though he never would admit the good-humoured assurances of his friends that he would some day find salvation within the Tory fold, I think he realized the inevitability of this consummation. He was extremely agreeable, very quick, very accurate, and one had to be armed at all points to discuss any question, whether serious or trivial, with Lord Goschen.

He was staying with us on one occasion, when, under great pressure from Mr. Gladstone, he consulted Bowman, the oculist, as to whether he should accept the Speakership or not, and though Mrs. Goschen would have liked him to do so, I think the opinion which Bowman gave him coincided with his own inclination.

He repeated to me a witty saying of Lady Wolseley, who, when he told her that Bowman said his sight was not strong enough for him to see everything that went on in the House of Commons, replied: "Oh no, Mr. Goschen; what he meant was that you would see far too much!"

He had a greater sense of humour than almost anyone of his time, and a deep insight into character; while, in spite of his apparent bad sight he did, as Lady Wolseley said, see better and analyze things more quickly than most people. His sudden retirement rather surprised the country, but he told me at the time that he thought it wiser, more dignified, and certainly more agreeable, to leave when he was in full possession of his faculties, and quite able to enjoy his remaining span of life, than to defer it to a moment when he would be less capable of doing so. He said he had worked so hard all his life that the time had come to take a holiday and enjoy himself.

I do not think he ever recovered from the death of his wife, to whom he was deeply attached; her loss was a great shock, and left a void in his life which nothing else ever filled for him.

It was only towards the end of his life that we saw much of Mr. Gladstone; but after the dissolution of

1886 we used to meet him constantly at dinner at the house of common friends, particularly at Lord and Lady Tweedmouth's. He had a great affection for Lady Tweedmouth, and Lord Tweedmouth had been one of his stanchest henchmen.

Lady Tweedmouth's dinners were generally small, consisting of ten people, or even less, and they were of the kind Mr. Gladstone appreciated, for he was able to hold forth from the beginning to the end, listened to by everyone with the greatest attention, and without interruption. He was not very well in those days, and had been enjoined by his doctor to be careful as to his diet, with regard to which injunction he was thoroughly disobedient. With a devotion quite indescribable, Mrs. Gladstone used to watch him and make plaintive appeals, telling him that he must not eat this or that which had been forbidden, but he waved her advice aside with a lofty scorn, regardless of the plain puddings Lady Tweedmouth had so carefully prepared for him. His memory was perfectly marvellous, and the scope of his subjects immense; there was nothing upon which he did not speak with the greatest authority, and no one contradicted him.

That summer Lord and Lady Tweedmouth were living in Piccadilly, and during the warm nights in early spring, in spite of the uncertainty of the weather, Mr. Gladstone would insist on walking back to Lady Frederick Cavendish's house, where he was then staying. No appeals from Mrs. Gladstone or Lady Tweedmouth would induce him to take any of those precautions which even an ordinary person would think necessary at that early time of the year. He would sally forth with the vigorous, springy step of a young man. He never seemed to lose that attribute of youthfulness, and to the last he walked and held himself as erect as if he were half his age.

When in office he wrote a very kind letter to Sir Francis Jeune, offering him the position of Judge Advocate-General, pointing out that it had been held by one of his predecessors in the Admiralty Court, Lord Stowell, and that it was a non-political post.

We used also to dine with him at the house of another friend, where his attendant satellites, Canon Maccoll and Mr. Stead, were generally invited to meet him; but the old fighting instinct was as strong as ever, and it was quite obvious that what he really enjoyed was a discussion with a worthy opponent, and not the too obvious acquiescence of his admirers.

Sir Howard Vincent once described to me his meeting with Mr. Gladstone the night the news came of the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish in Ireland. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone had been dining with the Austrian Ambassador, and they had left before the news arrived. Mr. Gladstone had gone to a party at the Admiralty, and Sir Howard Vincent found him at Lady Frederick Cavendish's in Carlton House Terrace. Sir Howard said he should never forget the sight of the stricken old man after the news of that appalling catastrophe reached him, or the pathos of the whole of the dreadful evening when the news had to be broken to the anguish-stricken widow. No one who heard the speech with which Gladstone moved the adjournment of the House, on the Monday after the murder of Lord Frederick, can ever forget the broken tones and the ghastly pallor of the sorrowing statesman, who could not help realizing that the conviction of the House of Commons was that this terrible tragedy had been brought about by the mistaken leniency of his own legislation.

Two characteristics of Mr. Gladstone always amused and surprised foreigners. One was his favourite occupation, when at Hawarden, of cutting timber; the other the great preference he showed for using postcards in writing to unimportant people. He was a most punctual correspondent, and answered many letters with his own hand, but postcards afforded him an easy way of doing what he considered to be a sign of good breeding, and personally replying to his correspondents. I suppose the autograph-books of thousands of people contain postcards from Mr. Gladstone, and there is one album in existence with a postcard written by him under rather amusing circumstances. A young lady who was a keen collector of autographs was not lucky enough to have one of his, and she continually wrote to him asking questions; but the oracle was silent, and she had almost given up the hope of attaining her object when she read once that Mr. Gladstone had been plucked in Responsions at Oxford. She thought this a good opportunity, and wrote, saying that she was a great admirer of his, and had addressed him many times without any result; but as on this occasion she was the sole representative of his opinions in a strongly Tory family, and as this statement was being repeated and largely believed, she begged of him to send her an answer. She got a most indignant postcard, assuring her that it was a fabrication from beginning to end, and it seemed to have annoyed him excessively.

Some years ago an amusing incident occurred connected with the publication of an anonymous book, entitled "An Author's Love." The letters were addressed to an *inconnue*, and were exceedingly interesting. Mr. Gladstone wrote a most effusive critique on them to the publisher, expressing his delight at having read them, and his conviction that he had solved the origin of their authorship, and that they were some of the unpublished works of Prosper Mérimée. His letter was largely discussed, and shown to people who were interested in such matters. Shortly afterwards, to Mr. Gladstone's great disgust and annoyance, it transpired that the book was written by an American lady of great literary ability, then well known in English society, who had a lively sense of the joke she was playing on the reading public. Mr. Gladstone was exceedingly annoyed—in fact, very angry—and his outspoken indignation caused great amusement to those who happened to know of the way in which he had been misled.

One of the most striking incidents on record of the fickleness of public favour was surely when during Mr. Gladstone's meteoric career an enraged London populace, broke the windows of his house in Harley Street. I was at home one Sunday afternoon when Lord Stanhope came in and told us that he had met an angry mob coming up Oxford Street, and surging through Cavendish Square on their way to Harley Street. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone left the house and took refuge with their friend, Sir Andrew Clark, in Cavendish Square, which spared them the mortification of seeing the idolatrous democracy of a few years before wreak their vengeance on the man against whom the whole country was now incensed, in consequence of his Russo-Turkish policy.

Mr. Gladstone had very little knowledge of public feeling, because, in order to save him as much as possible from any extra fatigue or strain, such news and opinions as the papers contained were communicated to him in an epitomized form by his secretaries, much that was likely to irritate or annoy the Premier being either softened or omitted. There seems to be little doubt, indeed, that he never was kept in touch with public opinion, and that the gradual defalcation of his followers and his loss of popularity came upon him somewhat unexpectedly. The two events which perhaps created the greatest excitement in social circles in England in their time were, first, the sale by the Duke of Westminster of Mr. Gladstone's picture (which Millais had painted for him) to Sir Charles Tennant. The Duke of Westminster, true to the traditions of his family, had always been a Liberal, and that bond was strengthened by the fact of their being country neighbours; but the Duke's patience had become exhausted. There were signs that his allegiance was wavering, and that he was not disposed to enter the Home Rule fold, but no one was prepared for that *coup*, which marked the destruction of a lifelong friendship.

The second event was the so-called "Home Rule party" which Lady Spencer gave at Spencer House, she having hitherto been always considered the most exclusive hostess in London, and having really merited that designation. As a political centre Spencer House had for some years contributed little towards the social attractions of the Liberal party, and when, therefore, in June, 1888, Lady Spencer gave a reception to which the leaders of the Home Rule movement were invited, the excitement baffled description. The invitations were almost all limited to the Liberal party, her guests being mostly of the same shade of opinion. A few curious independent friends, however, attended it, and came away somewhat disappointed at the tameness of the entertainment; but it marked a distinct epoch in the position of the party to which Mr. Gladstone belonged, many of his former devoted adherents, while still remaining loyal in their allegiance to him, refusing sternly to receive his new supporters. It is very difficult to realize the bitterness that was infused into all social matters, and during that time it would have been quite impossible to have asked any leading man of the Liberal party to meet anyone except his own political friends.

The Liberal party lost a great deal more than political support by the rupture, for the Duke of Westminster's defection was followed by many other rich and important people who hitherto had not had his courage.

While Mr. Gladstone was singularly indifferent to social criticism, there was something rather pathetic in the efforts made by his family and by Mrs. Gladstone to hide the disaffection among his followers, only his strongest supporters being invited to her small parties and dinners. It was for this reason that the isolation apparent to other people was not realized by Mr. Gladstone, as under ordinary circumstances, he cared little for, and knew less of, the opinion of society, and was always surrounded by those who were in agreement with his political opinions.

In looking back on contemporary events, especially in politics, one sees how rapidly the impression made by particular people, and the magnitude of the work they have done, fades from the recollection of those of the same generation.

No one, surely, would contend that Mr. Gladstone's influence and policy is remembered in any proportion to the sway he exercised during the zenith of his power in England. At one moment it appeared as though he were invulnerable, and as if nothing could destroy his complete predominance over the entire country, and had his policy been constructive instead of destructive, he might have been the greatest of Englishmen. One can otherwise hardly account for the oblivion that has obscured his name, in comparison with the imperishable interest still felt by all classes for his great political rival.

There was something superhuman in Mr. Gladstone's power and ruthlessness, and in the way in which he attempted to carry out his great schemes. To compare him with Lord Beaconsfield is impossible, and yet Lord Beaconsfield is much more than a memory —he is a religion to the party which he led—and this, one cannot but feel, is because he realized on what the foundations of the British Empire rested, and felt that the greatness of England depended on their being preserved. Political memories are very short, and political gratitude is fleeting—a criticism that is less true with regard to the Conservative than the Liberal party. Gratitude, it is said, is always for favours to come, and not for favours that are past, and a party that lives on anticipation has not time to pay even a passing tribute of recognition to those who have worked on in its days of defeat as well as in its hours of victory.

The emotional side of Mr. Gladstone's nature was very fully developed, and his deeply religious feelings influenced him all through his life. His nature responded to many chords, and that quality brought him into communication with very many curious combinations, social, literary, and political. The majority of those he lived with had the profoundest admiration for him, and with the natural weakness common to even the greatest natures, he was enormously influenced by and attracted to those whose opinions coincided with his. This led him to attach greater importance than was always desirable to the friendship of people whose sympathies were attuned to his own.

Mr. Gladstone's sympathetic nature was awakened and aroused by anything or any person that appealed to his pity or his admiration, and the ardour with which he espoused the cause of those whom he judged to be politically oppressed was one of his most striking characteristics. The sufferings of the Italians before the days of their independence, the Bulgarian atrocities, the wrongs of Ireland, and the sufferings of the Armenians, were causes into which he threw himself with all the ardour of his nature ; and, though the representatives and agents of these oppressed and down-trodden people were often less to be depended upon than their more accredited representatives, they found a ready listener in Mr. Gladstone.

His friendship and admiration for Madame Novikoff was augmented and increased by his sympathy with the oppressed people whose cause she advocated, and his interest in Mr. and Mrs. Parnell was the result of his intense belief in the wrongs of Ireland and her people ; while no warnings, no doubts, no suspicions, ever seemed to enter into his mind with regard to the very many inexplicable positions in which they were placed, and which he extenuated by his countenance.

For many years he was a frequent guest at the house of Mrs. Thistlethwaite, who in her later life became an evangelist of the most developed type. In that respect he was not singular, because her society was much frequented by other men who also occupied prominent social positions. Her great beauty, her plausibility, and—to Mr. Gladstone—her apparently intense sincerity in the religious beliefs which she held, appealed most strongly to him. With all his sympathy and enthusiasm for those who belonged to his party, and who sat at his feet and worshipped him, there was, I believe, always a strain of anger and impatience against those who were his political opponents. His dislike of Lord Beaconsfield became more accentuated in later life, and I remember, one night at dinner at Lord Tweedmouth's, a very animated discussion about Lord Beaconsfield, when Gladstone spoke with great vehemence and bitterness. Someone who was there told a story connected with some political controversy in which Mr. Gladstone's sympathy was enlisted on one side, and at the same time repeated a rather cynical opinion of Lord Beaconsfield on the same matter.

Mr. Gladstone listened patiently until the end of the story, and then, with flashing eye, striking the table with his clenched fist, exclaimed, "I call that hellish!" and forthwith proceeded in vehement terms to denounce his great political opponent.

CHAPTER XVI

MORE POLITICAL FRIENDS

THROUGHOUT his life the late Lord Iddesleigh (Sir Stafford Northcote) was one of our kindest and dearest friends, and he and Lady Iddesleigh in many ways treated us quite as if we were their children. I suppose no one ever had a warmer or more numerous circle of friends than Lord Iddesleigh, nor was there any public man who gave his services more devotedly to his country. His long experience of political life and his calm and judicial mind inspired those who came into contact with him with great confidence in his judgment and sagacity. I do not think he ever quite emancipated himself (like many others who knew him in his early days) from the charm and glamour that Mr. Gladstone cast round everyone, for his great intellectual gifts and enormous personal charm gave him an influence over his contemporaries which was unbounded.

At the parting of the ways, however, when Gladstone left the Conservative party, Sir Stafford Northcote remained true to his political opinions, though even that separation never entirely destroyed the charm and fascination which Mr. Gladstone exercised over so many who differed from him on every conceivable question. And, in later days, though their intercourse had been interrupted, and strong political opinions divided them, they never lost their regard for each other.

Lord Iddesleigh was a delightful companion, full of fun, with an enormous appreciation of the brighter and lighter side of life, which the strenuousness of his political career did not give him many opportunities of enjoying. He was really happier, I think, in Devonshire than anywhere else, for he loved his country home and all the interests associated with it, whilst his endless stories of Devonshire people and his appreciation of the Devonshire characteristics, with his wonderful power of mimicry, were very entertaining.

Lady Iddesleigh was an ideal wife. Her admiration and love for him were unbounded, while her courage and devotion were among the most touching things I have ever seen. Her stories about their early life, and of the time when they first married and started housekeeping, left a very interesting impression of the simplicity and earnestness with which the young generation of that day approached every matter in which they were interested. Lord and Lady Iddesleigh lived in a small house in London, and among their most intimate friends were Lord and Lady Selborne, Lord and Lady Robert Cecil (afterwards Lord and Lady Salisbury), and Lady Iddesleigh's own brother, Mr. Farrer (afterwards Lord Farrer).

Before Lord and Lady Iddesleigh moved into Downing Street they lived in a delightful old house in Harley Street, and while he was Secretary of State for India and Chancellor of the Exchequer we had many pleasant dinners, and spent many happy evenings there. Lord Beaconsfield was much attached to Lord Iddesleigh, and had great confidence in his sagacity, and all his colleagues had the utmost affection and regard for him. During those stormy political times, as leader in the House of Commons, he fought against great difficulties, but he never lost heart. He was patient and courageous, even under the great provocation of the attacks made on him by some of his own party. He was far too tolerant for the turbulent spirits of those days, and yet, in the face of all the strain and worry that he underwent, he never lost the patience and dignity that were his strongest characteristics. I think I may say we knew him as well as most people, and I always felt a great admiration for the calm endurance with which he bore those trying days.

He was a very good correspondent, and wrote capital letters. His powers of description were graphic, and his short verses on every conceivable subject were very apt and witty. The following were written on the occasion of a political demonstration at Hawarden:

"Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
Where did the sycamore grow,
Which your friend cut down,
And you didn't frown
As he struck the fatal blow?

"He aimed a stroke at the British oak,
But the axe turned round in his hand;
And, despite his quarrels
With our heroes' laurels,
Still greener and greener they stand.

"A branch or two he contrived to hew
From a plant on the Irish shore;
But the upas-tree, too plainly we see,
Stands deadlier than before.

"He managed to reach the 'Warlike Beech,'
Which grows in Hughenden wood;
But you'll see anon,
As the spring comes on,
The old tree is hearty and good.

"When the Redcross Knight
From the storm took flight
In the Wandering Wood, he found
That the sycamore-tree,
Though fair it be,
Is 'seldom inward sound.'

"Was that the wood
Where this sycamore stood
Hard by vile Error's cave?
Is he lingering there?
Ah! lady fair,
Give the counsel that Una gave."

Christmas, 1880.

The pathetic end of his career and his sudden death appealed deeply to his countrymen, for his high character, his devotion to duty, and the long and useful life he had spent in the service of his country roused a universal feeling of sincere regret, not unmixed with resentment against those who had attacked him so unwarrantably during the last months of his life as leader of the Conservative party.

He had apparently been in perfect health during the few last days of his life, and Lady Iddesleigh had returned to Devonshire, leaving him in London. He was to have dined with us that night, and it was only when driving home late in the afternoon that I read, at the corner of St. James's Street, that he had died under such pathetic and tragic circumstances at the Foreign Office an hour before.

Our friendship with Carlyle was the beginning of another the memory of which has been the most valued of my life. Sir James Fitzjames Stephen had just returned from India, where he had been Legal Member of the Council, and had settled in London at a house in De Vere Gardens. He made one of the small circle who considered it a part of their duty to watch over the intellectual as well as the material wants of Mr. Carlyle, and it was there that we first of all met him.

In those days he was a Liberal, and shortly after his return from India he stood in the Liberal interest for Dundee, being opposed by Mr. Jenkins, the author of a book which created some interest at the time, called "Jinks's Baby," being the life of a pauper child from its cradle to the grave.

Sir James was a man of very strong opinions, and most uncompromising in his honesty. A little story he told me is a very good illustration of the attitude he maintained on matters to which he attached importance. At the time of his election at Dundee, among the questions asked by his future constituents at one of their meetings was what their position would be when coming up to London to see him on business connected with the borough? Would he receive them at his house and dispense hospitality to them, and treat them as friends and equals, or would he merely consider their visit as one of pure business? Sir James, as gently as possible, so as not to jeopardize his position, or hurt their feelings, and yet seeing the necessity of being perfectly honest with them, informed them that while he would, of course, consider it his duty to endeavour in every way to assist them and carry out their wishes, he was not prepared to receive them at his house, or show them the hospitality they expected, upon which the spokesman of the meeting said, "We dinna then think, Mr. Stephen, we can take you to our boosoms like Jenkins." Sir James was beaten, and Mr. Jenkins was returned.

It was generally understood that if he had won the seat, he would have become Solicitor-General. But the Fates decreed it otherwise, and, Sir James having failed to get a seat in Parliament, Sir William Harcourt was appointed.

The same honesty, and a certain stern simplicity of character, made him at first a somewhat alarming person, but under that uncompromising exterior there lay as warm and true a heart and as kindly and gentle a nature as I ever knew. I always felt that his tall figure, his massive head, and the keen eyes, set in his strong though somewhat heavy face, made him a very striking-looking man. He was a man of few real friends, but to those he cared for he opened his whole heart, and bestowed affection and friendship on those who came within that small circle. He was a voluminous letter-writer, and poured out all his thoughts and opinions with a lavishness which only those who were his correspondents can realize.

I owe much of the intellectual interest of my life to his teaching and companionship; while his constant and faithful friendship and affection, up to the last day of his life, was something I can never be sufficiently grateful for. The friendship and sympathy of a man like Sir James Stephen—especially when it entered into the greater as well as the smaller things of life—was a privilege which can never be too highly appreciated, and I am convinced that there are others, like myself, who would unhesitatingly say that some of the most delightful memories and most pleasant hours of their lives were owing to Sir James Stephen.

It was very touching to see him and Mr. Carlyle together on their afternoon walks. The shrunken, attenuated figure of the philosopher walking under the shadow of the big Englishman in the full vigour of life and health was a great contrast, and, whilst realizing all Mr. Carlyle's foibles and shortcomings, Sir James was really devoted to him.

Sir James was the most sincere friend and admirer of the late Lord Lytton, who, through the whole of his Viceroyalty, corresponded regularly with him ; and the long letters from India, written in Lord Lytton's clear handwriting—never corrected, or a word forgotten or obliterated—which dealt with the endlessly engrossing questions of his great work, and were full of keen inexhaustible interest in all that was passing elsewhere, were a wonderful evidence of his vast intellectual ability and activity. Sir James had a real affection for him, and, indeed, no one who ever came across Lord Lytton could fail to succumb to his wonderful charm. I did not know him very well, but used often to meet him, and once incurred a severe rebuke on asking if I might present to him a certain well-known Liberal agitator who, on his side, had an unbounded admiration for Lord Lytton. This he most emphatically refused, for he consistently denounced the advanced Liberal and Socialistic opinions of the opposite party. My Socialist friend was standing by when my request was refused, and I think the effect was beneficial rather than otherwise.

At the time when Lord Carnarvon was Secretary of State for the Colonies we used constantly to meet Sir Theophilus Shepstone and other colonial statesmen at Highclere, and at Lord Carnarvon's house in Portman Square. All colonial matters were an interest to Lord Carnarvon, but none more than the South African question, which was then just beginning to arouse the interest of the British Government ; Mr. Froude was one of Lord Carnarvon's great friends and chief advisers, and had a great regard for, and high opinion of, his statesmanlike qualities.

Lord Carnarvon was not a man well known to the outside world, for he was shy, and, in spite of his ability, most modest; and though open-minded and willing to discuss every question, and meet those who were opposed to him politically as well as intellectually, he was much happier and more in his element among those with whom he was in sympathy and whom he knew well. We spent many delightful Saturday to Mondays at Highclere, both before and after his second marriage, and his guests were always people of interest and distinction. Sir Julian Pauncefote, then at the Colonial Office, a most agreeable man and a delightful companion, was constantly there; also Mr. John Murray, Mr. Froude, Dr. William Smith, and many others.

Lord Carnarvon's literary ability was of a remarkable order. He was a fine scholar, and possessed a really astonishing fund of information on every subject. Quite apart from the intellectual pleasure of a visit to Highclere, one could not help having the deepest affection for him, and enjoying the happy family atmosphere which pervaded everything, for it was in some ways the most ideally happy home I have ever known. His deep affection for his wife and her devotion to him, combined with the complete sympathy of their tastes and occupations, made them, I used always to feel, an ideal couple, and in his own house and among his own people no one was ever more beloved. He was too chivalrous a man for the hurly-burly of public life, but with a certain gentleness of character combined great firmness and absolute adherence to his own opinion; and nothing but the strongest sense that he was acting according to the dictates of his conscience would have made him leave his party at the particular juncture at which he resigned. In all his time in Ireland and his dealings with the Irish party his one aim was the pacification of Ireland; and if he erred in the policy which he pursued, he did so with the firm conviction that he was doing what was not only right, but in the highest interest of the country.

He was not a particularly strong man, and the strain and anxiety of his work injured his health, and, I believe, laid the seeds of the illness from which he ultimately died. No one ever left more friends to mourn him, for he was the best type of a high-minded, honourable English gentleman, a man who felt the responsibility of his great position, and who feared neither criticism nor disaster in adopting the policy which he thought right.

One of Lord Carnarvon's greatest friends was his cousin, Sir Redvers Buller, and that strong and vigorous soldier was a curious contrast in every way to his highly-strung, sensitive nature. But I doubt whether the heart of the one man was a bit less tender or a bit less gentle than the other because it beat under that bluff, uncompromising exterior. Rough and often brutal as Sir Redvers was, there was something about him which appealed deeply to those who knew him well; and his unselfishness, his care for others, and his self-abnegation in private life, was only equalled by the care, the anxiety, and the goodness which he showed to his soldiers, and which they appreciated, and for which they deeply loved him.

At one period we had the great pleasure of sometimes meeting Lord and Lady Salisbury, and though our opportunities of intercourse were not very frequent, we often met him at dinner, and on some of these occasions it was my happy fate to sit next to him. Apart from the great admiration one felt for him as the greatest Englishman of his day, he was extremely kind and agreeable; and when, on one occasion in my life, I appealed to him on a personal matter about which I felt very deeply, his sympathy was such as I can never forget. He was a most delightful person to talk to. He listened a great deal, and spoke very little; but what he did say was always to be remembered, and he had that rare gift of expressing in a few pointed words either the admiration or the sarcasm he wished to convey. He did not much enjoy general society. Without looking bored, he never seemed really happy, and one could not help the conviction that he would infinitely have preferred to spend his evening in one of the many scientific pursuits that were more to his mind than an ordinary dinner or evening party.

He had strong likes and dislikes, and I do not imagine that he ever made acquaintance with anyone who was not sympathetic to him when he could possibly avoid it; but I once saw an amusing incident, when an enterprising lady, the wife of a leading statesman, who did not know him, and who was anxious to do so, accomplished her desire in a masterly manner. We were dining with a large party of over forty people, and during dinner she told my husband she had never made Lord Salisbury's acquaintance, and was most anxious to do so, and suggested that he should introduce her. Sir Francis, who had grave doubts on the subject, said he thought that the proper person to introduce her to the Prime Minister, as he was then, was her host or hostess. When the ladies went upstairs, she took up a position close to the door by which everybody came in, with an empty chair beside her. As Lord Salisbury came into the room with his host she rose and went towards them, and expressed her desire to be presented to him. She then, with great ingenuity, sat down, motioning to Lord Salisbury to seat himself in the vacant chair beside her, and for an hour she and he were engaged apparently in a most interesting conversation. We all noticed that Lord Salisbury listened and acquiesced, but the greater volume of talk came from the lady. As we were passing through the hall on going away, Lord and Lady Salisbury came downstairs, and I said to the former, "I hope you have had an agreeable evening," to which he replied, "I have had a highly educational one."

I was for some years on a committee of a large college for girls, of which Lady Salisbury was also a member, and she impressed us all by her remarkable common sense, and the clearness of her judgment on every subject. She was outspoken and uncompromising, but her conclusions were generally correct. She was kindly in her criticisms, but her standard was high, and her judgments keen and always to the point. In this age of publicity, when everything is known, and there is no silence and no reserve, even in the most intimate incidents in the life of public men, one quality was distinctive of the Cecil family—namely, the inviolable silence which was preserved about their life and everything that concerned them. Nothing they did was heralded by announcements, or criticized or described by long newspaper articles; and in all the joys and sorrows of their lives the greatest tribute was paid to their wishes by an absolute obedience to their desire that no hand should lift the curtain which hid what they considered most sacred from the public gaze.

From a very early period of my life I can remember the late Lord Dufferin. As quite a girl I remember seeing him at my grandmother's house, her nephew, Lord Gifford, having married Lady Dufferin, Lord Dufferin's mother. As a young man he was very good-looking and most attractive. He had a delightful voice in speaking, soft and expressive, with charming, courtly manners, always showing the greatest deference to people older than himself.

Lord Dufferin filled more public offices in his lifetime than almost any politician of the Victorian era, and though he was not then considered a brilliantly able man, succeeded in everything that was entrusted to him. I remember a very clever and sarcastic contemporary of his saying he was one of the many examples of small men with big heads who had turned out well. He had a great many friends, and to women he was exceedingly attractive. He did not marry early, and I remember the excitement and interest caused by his marriage to Miss Hamilton, who was his cousin, and had known him all her life. She was much younger than he, and exceedingly pretty. During the time of his Viceroyalty in Canada we spent some time with him, and nothing could exceed his hospitality and the way in which he was beloved and appreciated by the Canadians. His mother, Lady Dufferin (afterwards Lady Gifford), was perhaps the most brilliant of the three beautiful Sheridan sisters, and Lord Dufferin's affection for her was tender and beautiful. He was one of the few people who never forgot his old friends, and however long they might have been absent, he was always the first to welcome their return in his affectionate and impulsive way. He had all the best qualities of an Irishman, and as a companion there was no one like him. He had read enormously, and his knowledge of books, pictures, and music was unbounded, while no one was too insignificant or too humble for him to be kind to. In spite of all the great positions he had filled, he was never so happy as at Clandeboye, which he had made and beautified, and it was also full of memories of the mother he loved so well.

His mother, when I knew her, was quite an old woman. I do not think she was as good-looking as either of her sisters, but she had a greater charm. She was not unlike Mrs. Norton, and was brighter and wittier than the Duchess of Somerset, though not her equal in beauty.

In all the sorrows at the end of his life, Lord Dufferin showed that rare courage which is so admirable, and the last day I saw him he came to luncheon with me on his way to Euston. Bowed down as he was with the great weight of care that had come to him, and looking very frail and ill, there was a freshness and keenness about him which gave no indication that the end was so near, and yet that was a very short time before he died. I shall never forget his saying "Good-bye," and his parting words, though sorrowful, conveyed no impression that it was the last time I should see him.

CHAPTER XVII

THE FOURTH PARTY, AND OTHERS

Opinions will always be divided as to Lord Randolph Churchill's personal qualities, but never as to his undoubted ability and genius; and but for the cruel fate that destroyed a life of so much promise, he would have lived to be one of the most distinguished of England's public men. His political career is the heritage he left his country, but his private life and character were best known only to his friends. He had some obvious faults, most of which, I think, were due to the insidious malady from which he suffered for so many years. His great attractive qualities no one could deny. He was uncertain, volatile, and capricious; but to those who lived outside the political arena, and with whom his interests and ambitions did not clash, he was an affectionate friend and a delightful companion, and, though at times irritable and uncertain, he was always generous in his expressions of regret and sorrow. He was fond of my husband, to whom he spoke very openly, but without following his advice, and to him was always a charming and devoted friend. I was greatly attached to him. It was a most bewildering enterprise to follow the course of his friendships. Sometimes he was inseparable from his friends; at other times he would hardly speak to them, and, though this added greatly to the excitement of a visit he might happen to pay, it had its drawbacks in the fact that you were never certain for twenty-four hours when the change from one extreme to the other might take place.

I knew him first of all at the beginning of his career as leader of the Fourth Party. I was living in a small house in Putney for the summer in the year 1880. He and Sir Henry Drummond Wolff and Sir John Gorst constantly came from town about four o'clock on Sunday and stayed for tea, on their way to the house which Sir John Gorst then inhabited on Wandsworth Common, where they usually dined. In his best days Lord Randolph looked like a great schoolboy, full of fun and mischief, his busy brain always devising means by which he could upset his political opponents, and then bubbling over with fiendish glee at the traps he was setting for the unwary politicians of his own side. His nicknames, his persecutions, and the delight with which he used to recount interviews he had had, incidents in the House of Commons, and various other anecdotes, all relating to his own particular *milieu*, were irresistible, and I have seen him lie back in his chair and roar with laughter at things he had done and said. Still, he had no rancour or bitterness towards anyone. Politics to him were only a game, though later on, as the responsibilities of his position grew, he realized the deeper and more serious side of the career on which he had embarked.

I well remember the great excitement the Bradlaugh episode roused in him, and how thoroughly he enjoyed attacking Mr. Gladstone, and how proud he was of the moment when Mr. Gladstone began to treat him as a foeman worthy of his steel. I see him now lying back in his chair under a large copper beech which stood on the lawn at Putney, shaking with laughter at some mad prank he had played on someone, and concocting his endless schemes and plots, while Sir Henry Drummond Wolff and Sir John Gorst looked on with cynical approval. They were a most remarkable trio, but Lord Randolph was the ringleader; and it was wonderful to listen to the extraordinary devices and deep-laid schemes which his busy brain was always evolving to make his Fourth Party the power which it ultimately became.

Mr. Balfour only came on one or two occasions, and it was quite evident he did not treat the Fourth Party very seriously. One Sunday night is for ever fixed in my memory, when the whole of the Fourth Party and two or three of the leaders of the Conservative party were my guests. Lord Randolph was in tearing spirits. Earlier, at dinner, some German glasses, decorated with the figure of a large goat, which were put on the table, recalled a political nickname to his memory, and during the whole of dinner those sitting at his end of the table were trying to restrain him, and to prevent his chaff from reaching the ears of two or three members of the Government who were present. Then came the inevitable reaction. There was always a moment when the gravity of the situation and the great issues involved appealed to him, and affected him; and as the evening passed on one wondered where the irresponsible boy had gone while we listened to the statesmanlike views of Randolph Churchill.

Through all the days of his early triumphs, from the time of his attacks on Mr. Gladstone and of his ultimate victory over him, to the moment when he became leader of the Conservative party, through those brilliant months when he led his party with such success in the House of Commons, his future seemed to be unfolding itself on wider and greater lines than even his most devoted admirers and friends had ever dreamed of. We saw him constantly, and little scraps of letters and notes show how deeply he appreciated the interest my husband took in all that was happening to him. Then came the unexpected downfall of the hopes of all his friends, and his resignation seemed the death-knell of one whose career—so unique, so meteoric in brilliancy—was about to be extinguished in darkness and failure.

I shall never forget the sensation which the reading of the fatal letter from Windsor caused us. We were in the country, but on our return to London a few hours afterwards my husband wrote to Lord Randolph and asked him to come and lunch with us on the next day, which was Sunday, to meet Sir Henry Drummond Wolff and one or two political friends, urging him to reconsider the step he had taken, which everyone felt would be a great political calamity. Lord Randolph came, and he talked the whole situation over quietly and dispassionately, expressing the opinion that Lord Salisbury was quite glad to get rid of him, and would do nothing to enable him to return to his place in the Cabinet. He pointed out that Lord Salisbury's position, however, was a difficult one, from the impossibility of finding a successor in his Office. It seemed to me that was not insuperable, and I suggested that possibly Lord Hartington might be induced to come over—an idea which Lord Randolph at once scouted. But the name of another and more serious competitor had long before risen to my mind, although after this rebuff I had some hesitation in saying, "There is Mr. Goschen." That suggestion Lord Randolph treated with even greater scorn, but to me that was a very decided danger, for, knowing Mr. Goschen as well as we did, I felt that any overtures on the part of Lord Salisbury with regard to the Conservative party would be welcomed. He was a great friend of ours, and during the winter, when he was not in office, and when he came up to London, as he was very often obliged to do, he always stayed at our house, and he had left only two days before Lord Randolph's resignation had been announced.

The evening before he left us we three had stayed up very late discussing all sorts of political questions. Among others, he had spoken to us of his own political position, and later on I remarked to my husband, "Whenever there is a vacancy, Mr. Goschen will be in the Cabinet." How little I thought my prophecy was so soon to be fulfilled! However, Lord Randolph would have none of it, and when I mentioned the possibility he would not even consider it, and so our luncheon ended fruitlessly.

The effect of his resignation was not long in doubt. Mr. Goschen accepted office, and the door was closed to Lord Randolph as long as Mr. Goschen lived. He went abroad, and for some time I saw nothing of him. About six weeks later I was driving up Brook Street when I saw him coming towards me. He stopped the carriage and shook hands, and he talked a little about various things, and then said, "You were quite right; I forgot Goschen." And yet in that admission, which recognized the irretrievable step he had taken, there was not a word of bitterness or of disappointment, only the laugh and the buoyant voice which spoke of nothing but courage and hope. That he felt bitterly aggrieved at the position his party took with regard to him was quite obvious, and he gave little signs from time to time of how their opposition hurt him. The brief letter below, which he wrote to me, I think fully justified me in believing that to have been the attitude he adopted, and it is only one of many written in the same spirit.

"Carlton Club,
"*January* 2, 1887.

"Dear Mrs. Jeune,

"I am off to-morrow morning. Don't be angry with me. I can do no good here. The Tories cannot say worse about me than they say now. I feel rather sick with them and their leaders. I made my explanation and other speech as mild as possible, but possibly I would have done better to have tried to upset them. It would not have been so very difficult, but scrupulousness and generosity are the sign of a political fool.

"Please ask Mr. Jeune to ask me to dinner later in the year after I have got back.

"What with one thing and another, I feel very tired of work, and if I do not take a rest now shall get knocked up. I hope to be back about Easter-time.

"Yours very truly,
"Randolph S. Churchill."

His gradual realization that, for the time being, he was quite outside the political arena as regards the Conservative party was a disappointment to him. I never thought he was much affected by the criticisms of the press and the outspoken opinions of his former friends. It was only when his health began to break, and the cloud was gathering which ultimately overwhelmed him, that he resented their criticisms, feeling them to be ungenerous and uncalled for. But nothing more marvellous than his pluck was ever seen, and with increasing weakness his nerve never failed him. His courage was dauntless to the very end, and he fought on till his tired body could no longer answer to the spur ; even when he left England for the last time, and we said our final good-bye to him at

Euston Station, ill and worn out as he was, it seemed impossible to realize that that brilliant career was so soon to be over. In the group of friends who gathered round him that morning I do not think there was one who was not indescribably touched and moved when saying that last farewell. At the final dinner which he gave to his friends two nights before he sailed, making a supreme effort, he seemed to have regained somewhat of his usual vigour and power.

He had spent the Whit-Sunday of that year with us at Arlington, and in spite of increasing weakness, he took a long walk with me in the afternoon, and talked of nothing but the journey on which he was starting, and what he intended to do on his return. If he realized the future, he never gave the slightest indication of it, and he talked mainly as though it were a long expedition which was to restore him to his wonted vigour, when he would be able again to take up the entangled skein of his life. One or two things he told me about himself showed how slender were the links that bound him to life, and yet how fiercely he clung to them. No soldier on the field of battle in a moment of forlorn hope ever showed the courage that Lord Randolph Churchill did on the last Sunday afternoon I spent with him.

He was very fond of asking advice of those he liked, which he never followed. He was constantly in the habit of discussing situations in which he had shown a great want of self-control, having lost his temper, and been generally very disagreeable. But he would frankly admit it, and then go off into roars of laughter over the whole incident and the part that he had taken in it. I remember on one occasion when M. Vambéry came over to England he expressed the desire to meet him, and I accordingly asked M. Vambéry to come to lunch. Among others were Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, the Duchess of St. Albans, and Mr. Chamberlain. The situation was somewhat strained in consequence of the Birmingham Elections, and though Mr. Chamberlain was perfectly ready to be friendly, Lord Randolph was very much on the defence. At the beginning of luncheon things went fairly well, but as time went on they became difficult, and for a moment it seemed as if a rupture was inevitable. However, luncheon ended, and the Duchess of St. Albans and I went upstairs, deeply thankful that it had passed off without any breach of the peace. When the men had finished their cigarettes, they also appeared, by which time matters had improved, and there was not so much electricity in the air, and my guests went away. Evidently the condition of things had been entirely thrown away on M. Vambéry, who sat between Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Randolph, for in an article which he published shortly afterwards, he mentioned my luncheon as one of the most agreeable incidents in his visit, and instanced the cordial relations which existed between Lord Randolph and Mr. Chamberlain as an example to be followed by all foreign countries, as showing the perfect friendliness and kindness which existed between men on different sides of politics. I read his account with great astonishment, for I think during that luncheon I passed through the worst *quart d'heure* I had ever experienced in my life, and Lord Randolph's friends knew many such moments of uncertainty and difficulty.

His earliest political friend and follower, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, was a man of the world, with a large and varied experience of life; but fond as Lord Randolph was of him, and much as he valued his opinion, the independent line of action he always took shows how little influence anyone really had, either in deterring him from, or encouraging him to follow, the policy which he intended to pursue. He was more swayed, I believe, by his physical condition than by any other considerations. He was at times an unhappy man, and yet no one got more pleasure out of life and its opportunities than he did. Be the consequences what they were, he followed his particular inclination, even at the most important moments of his life, without any reference to what the effects might be on his career. But for the fact that Mr. Goschen was then ready to take advantage of the unexpected opportunity that Lord Randolph's resignation brought about, I believe a reconciliation must have taken place between him and the leaders of the Conservative party, for at that moment the defection of Lord Randolph had left them in a very serious predicament. If his luck had not deserted him, or his guardian angel, or whatever the presiding influence in life may be, had not been absent, how different might have been his future and its influence on the fortunes of his party!

Whatever feelings of indignation and anger were roused against him by his sudden resignation, and however unforgivable his conduct may have been considered, the pathetic and sudden termination of his life roused nothing but feelings of deep sorrow and regret that one so gifted, so brilliant, and so lovable, should thus early have been cut off from the great future which was awaiting him. In many respects he was an ideal leader of the House of Commons, and his party paid a universal tribute to the brilliancy of his leadership and his great ability, their loyalty and devotion to him being indescribable. He had a great charm of manner, but the devotion and admiration he aroused among his followers was largely due to the fact that as a young man—comparatively a boy—he had led a victorious onslaught on the greatest leader of modern times. It was, indeed, to Lord Randolph's untiring attack on Mr. Gladstone in Parliament that the Conservative party owed the victory which had overthrown and destroyed him.

The following letter shows how to the end of his political career he was animated by the same motive :

"50, GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.,
"*April* 14, 1893.

"DEAR LADY JEUNE,

"It is a very great disappointment to me to find I am compelled to give up going down to you to-morrow for the Sunday. But I must remain in London, as I shall have to speak in the Home Rule debate on Tuesday afternoon, and it is a considerable work getting together a speech after so many have been made. Please forgive me for the sake of the great cause of doing injury to the G.O.M.

"I really think Sir Francis must be taken by Mrs. ——. She certainly is attached to the Divorce Court.

"Yours most sincerely,
"RANDOLPH S. CHURCHILL."

"HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY,
"*May* 11, 1894.

"DEAR LADY JEUNE,

"Our party is not very grateful to the *Times* for its indiscretion yesterday. Read the last six lines of the first paragraph of yesterday's leading article. You may imagine the effect of those lines in putting the enemy on the alert. Our Whips are in despair. The Government have made unheard-of efforts to get up all their men—cripples, sick, and every one who was unpaired whom they could get hold of. I am told that we have no chance of a majority of 10 or 12, which would have been fatal; but rather the majority may rise to 20 or more. I wish the *Times* had a little more discretion. It is always lecturing other people, but it never looks at home. If the division is not a satisfactory one for us to-night, let the *Times* know what is written in this letter, but don't let them know who wrote it.

"Yours most sincerely,
"RANDOLPH S. C."

In that curious alliance at the beginning of Lord Randolph's life, out of which grew the Fourth Party, and which owed its development to his strong personality, Sir Henry Wolff occupied the unique position of being counsellor, confidant, and negotiator. He was the very antithesis to Lord Randolph Churchill, and perhaps his great power lay in organizing and initiating in his quiet, unobtrusive manner a policy which he left to his more daring colleagues to carry out. Whether without so audacious a leader as Lord Randolph, the Fourth Party would have achieved their powerful position is uncertain, but there is no doubt that Sir Henry Wolff's large and varied fund of experience, his shrewd and plausible reasoning (added to a genius for managing people), and his love of intrigue and mischief, gave him the opportunity of making even a Government very uncomfortable. It has always been said that from the beginning no question of principle animated the aims of the Fourth Party. Sir Henry Wolff added to its brightness and fun, and his capacity for turning the smallest incident into a joke at the expense of his opponents added greatly to its gaiety, but I always believe Lord Randolph took politics seriously. He was fully conscious of his own capacity and powers, and in Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, as also in Sir John Gorst, he found two confederates who admirably filled the positions to which he appointed them.

Sir John Gorst was serious and industrious, and he had had a large experience of party organization and of Parliamentary work. These, added to Lord Randolph's audacity and ambition, made a powerful combination.

Mr. Arthur Balfour, who completed the quartette, evidently played delicately with it at first, but in those days he was hardly considered a serious politician. His affectionate admiration of Lord Randolph was the motive which attached him, for the time being, to the Fourth Party.

In the annals of his party the name of one man stands out pre-eminently as an example of what real patriotism and the sacrifice of all personal considerations involve. Mr. W. H. Smith came to the rescue of the Conservative party at a time when no one else could have filled the place he was called upon to occupy, and no man ever more truly renounced all his personal ease and comfort, and practically laid down his life for the cause to which he felt he owed any sacrifice demanded of him. By those who knew him he was always considered a man of great ability, business capacity, and shrewdness; but his modesty and diffidence made him little known to the public. In the early days of Tory revolt against the leaders of the Conservative party, led by Lord Randolph Churchill, he and many of his colleagues were made the butt of their jokes and attacks, but nothing ever seriously assailed or imperilled the position that Mr. Smith held among the rank and file of his party. When he was made leader of the House of Commons, it was entirely uncertain whether for reasons of health and from diffidence as to his own capacity he would be able to continue; but it soon became evident that not only was he qualified in every sense of the word to fill the post, but that no better man could have been selected. He had the absolute confidence of the House of Commons. He was generous, kindly, and hospitable. It is said that during the term of his office he invited every member of the party to dinner, and those who were the recipients of his hospitality felt that in his capacity as host he welcomed them as friends and not as members of the party of which he was leader. His work was heavy and onerous, full of responsibility, and he had to guide a party not altogether loyal, nor wholly recovered from the shock of Lord Randolph's resignation. Difficult, however, as the task must have been, in his honest, straightforward, capable way he managed the House of Commons admirably, and won the complete confidence of every member of his party.

How long it seems since I used to go and sit by the bedside of a dear, thin, pale-faced, delicate little boy, to whom, as a great treat, I brought early strawberries! Sir William Harcourt was then living in an old-fashioned house in Stratford Place, and what time he could spare from his political and legal work was devoted to his son. No more tender or devoted nurse ever watched over her charge, and though his methods of treatment were not, perhaps, in accord with the first principles of health, one cannot scrutinize too severely the régime which nurtured and brought up Mr. Lewis Harcourt. Deep down in the heart of every child there is, I believe, an instinctive revolt against the system of spoiling which too indulgent parents are wont to carry out, and I am quite sure that that instinct was profoundly developed in him, for, in his quiet way, he recognized that his father was wrong in acceding to his ill-regulated appetite for unwholesome luxuries. Sir William was rough, often impatient, but no one could see, as I used, the father and child together without realizing how tender and affectionate he was. Perhaps it was the memory of my affection and friendship for the little boy that spared me the treatment he used sometimes to mete out to other people, but through the many years I knew him, in all the stress, turmoil, and conflict of his political life, in all his bursts of deep indignation, his bitter attacks on his opponents, and his natural pugnacity, I never could forget the peep I had had into the heart of the other Sir William, who used to sit by the little sick boy's bedside.

If Sir William had many critics, he had many warm friends, and he possessed the quality which endears itself to Englishmen in public life, of hitting straight from the shoulder. His sense of humour was, I think, the keenest I have ever come across, and his criticism of both friend and foe was apt and acute. He had many friends among his political opponents. Lord Beaconsfield liked him, and I think he found more pleasure in the society of his Conservative friends and relations than in the party to which he belonged. Sir William was an aristocrat by conviction, and, as many of his critics often cynically said, the fact that he was in the Liberal camp was owing to the accident of his not being an elder son. When in the evening of his life Sir William succeeded to Nuneham there was a universal chorus of congratulation and genuine pleasure that he should at the end of a long and busy career spend its evening in the home he loved so dearly and of which he was so proud. Perhaps it would have been more than human not to rejoice at the dramatic justice which condemned him to bear his share of the heavy burden which, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, he had laid on the shoulders of a large class of his countrymen.

It is just thirty years since my mother-in-law, Lady Stanley of Alderley, asked me to dine with her, at the same time asking who I would most like to meet, and I had no hesitation in saying at once Mr. Chamberlain. My wish was gratified, and my pleasure was enhanced by the fact that he took me down to dinner. That was the beginning of a friendship which has lasted till now. In appearance Mr. Chamberlain was very much the same in those days as he is now. It was about four years after he had entered Parliament for the first time. He was a strong, sturdy Radical, very outspoken, very decisive, and those who saw him realized that here was a man who was to play no unimportant part in the fortunes of his country. It is almost impossible, and would be presumptuous, to say all that rises to one's mind, since admiration for his public career is exceeded only by a deep feeling of affectionate personal friendship for him. All that he has done for England in fostering and developing the Imperial sympathy between her and her Colonies, and the still greater issues which have grown out of a policy fraught with such momentous possibilities, is now history. Apart from the Imperial sentiment which has struck such deep roots into the hearts and minds of the English people, he has given to his countrymen an example of high courage and fearless determination in every action of his public life.

During all his over-busy life he was a most punctual correspondent, and from time to time, whenever I wrote to him, he would always give me an indication, and something more, of what he was doing and what he thought of political events. The letter which follows here was written just after a speech he made in

London before the General Election which took place in November, 1885, and the next after Mr. Gladstone brought in his Home Rule Bill :

"HIGHBURY,
"MOOR GREEN,
"BIRMINGHAM,
"*September* 26, 1885.

"DEAR MRS. JEUNE,

"Very many thanks for your kind note. Alas! there is no hope that I shall be in London to stay till after the election, and my engagements leave me no time for anything but the work of the campaign. It is very hard, but the results exceed my expectation. I believe the conscience of the nation is touched at the state of things which has been allowed to exist so long without any attempt to find either the cause or the remedy.

"I suppose the moderate Liberals are beginning to find out what you have known for a long time—that we are in earnest, and are not to be put off with the old shibboleths, or willing to accept a silent partnership with the old firm of party politicians.

"They little knew what they were doing when they accepted the Reform Bill, but their time is over.

"With many thanks for all your kindness,
"Believe me,
"Yours very truly,
"J. CHAMBERLAIN."

"HIGHBURY,
"MOOR GREEN,
"BIRMINGHAM,
"*April* 27, 1886.

"DEAR MRS. JEUNE,

"Many thanks for your kind letter. The position is, as you have rightly judged, a painful one for me; but I am sure I am right, and I will have no part or responsibility in what I believe will prove the dishonour, and perhaps the ruin, of my country.

"For a time, I suppose, I shall have to occupy an isolated position, but if the worst comes to the worst, I can always go back to my private life.

"I believe, however, that in the long-run I shall be justified, and even approved, by those who now condemn me.

"Our patient is all right again, and is going into the country to get strength to-morrow. The weather is lovely, and the holiday folk have a fair chance of enjoying themselves for once.

"With kind regards to Mr. Jeune,

"I am,

"Yours sincerely,

"J. CHAMBERLAIN."

"I had a great triumph here last Wednesday, considering the underground influences at work against me. But the 2,000 answered beautifully to the spur, and the traitors are much disheartened."

The two others were written after Mr. Chamberlain had unfolded his scheme of Fiscal Reform, when I wrote to him urging that something should be done to educate the agricultural voters, who in our part of the country were very much interested in the question, but could get no instruction or enlightenment, and were much confused by the statements of the Free Trade party :

"HIGHBURY,
"MOOR GREEN,
"BIRMINGHAM,
"*October* 11, 1903.

"DEAR LADY JEUNE,

"Many thanks for your kind letter, which I greatly appreciate.

"If I live, I am going to win on the issue I have raised, and probably earlier than I had ventured to anticipate.

"Scotland was very kind to me, and evidently does not believe that I am going to condemn it to misery and starvation (see my opponents, *passim*).

"I agree as to the agricultural labourer, and as soon as I can find time I will see if we cannot make matters clear to him in the language that he understands. I suppose that the majority are, as they have always been, Radicals, but we must try and keep our own friends, and make converts among the others.

"When I can get some leaflets which will be helpful, I will venture to send you some, and ask you to test their effect.

"At present my work is in the towns—as Cobden's was in the first instance—but the agriculturists of all classes must have their turn.

"Believe me,
"Yours very truly,
"J. CHAMBERLAIN."

"HIGHBURY,
"MOOR GREEN,
"BIRMINGHAM,
"*December* 30, 1903.

"DEAR LADY JEUNE,

"Many thanks for your letter, which is very interesting. It agrees with information from other quarters, and confirms my intuition that the movement would spread from the towns to the country, which is in much closer communication with the urban population than formerly.

"No doubt there is very much yet to be done, and I hope to take my share next year. But I was right to go to the towns first.

"London accounts are most satisfactory, and the two by-elections exceeded my most sanguine expectations. What do you think of my Commission? It is the most wonderful representation of British industry that has ever been brought together.

"I am very glad to hear of Sir Francis' recovery. I am afraid he has had a bad time of it.

"With thanks for all your kind wishes, which my wife and I most heartily reciprocate,

"Believe me,
"Yours very truly,
"J. CHAMBERLAIN."

My husband's connection with Oxford in his early life had brought him into contact with Mr. Goldwin Smith, who was Professor of History there. I imagine the Mr. Goldwin Smith of to-day is not very unlike Mr. Goldwin Smith of those long years ago, although his opinion may, perhaps, be somewhat modified; the old fire, the old rebellious discontent against abuses and privileges, still remain. Quite apart from his great ability and intellectual pre-eminence, he was a remarkable man in many ways, though stern, hard, and uncompromising on almost every subject in which he was interested. His tall, commanding figure, his fine face, dark hair and complexion, and piercing black eyes, impressed one intensely. His conversation was keen, vivid, and controversial to the last degree. It was very difficult to say there was a soft side to his nature, and yet there was, for it all centred in his devotion to his wife. He was only known to a small circle of people in London, and his early political opinions were not such as induced those who did know him to embark on such a hazardous enterprise. No one who has read his works can forget the pleasure of his pure style and beautiful diction, and the simplicity of language which characterizes his writings places him among some of the greatest masters of English prose. After he left Oxford and had settled in Canada, he came over to England from time to time to pay visits to his friends, also passing some time at Oxford, and on several occasions he and Mrs. Goldwin Smith stayed with us. Although he left England because he found it unsympathetic, and it did not meet his particular views of life, it was easy to see when he returned to his old associations and his former friends how much more his heart was in this country, and how the political interest of England appealed to him. It is some years now since he has been in this country, but he still retains his stern Republicanism and his objection to monarchical and hereditary institutions, although he invariably spoke with the greatest reverence of the late Queen, who he considered filled one of the highest positions in the world with dignity and ability. His old allegiance and affection for Mr. Gladstone was destroyed some time before the Home Rule movement, and the letter dated June 20, 1887, shows how even in those early days Mr. Goldwin Smith foresaw what was in Gladstone's mind, and dreaded the results of his Irish policy.

"OXFORD,
"*June* 20, 1887.

"DEAR MRS. JEUNE,

"I cannot help thinking that it would be a very good thing if we could have two or three days more before the Dissolution, to allow the effect of the Edinburgh demonstration and speeches to subside, and to give a little more time for the eradication of the fallacies which the unscrupulous sophistry of the G.O.M. has, I fear, implanted in the minds of the masses. It would also, I am sure, be a great thing if Royalty could appear upon the scene again, and draw the eyes of the people to it and away from its rival before the elections.

"The peril is extreme. It has just been increased by the conduct of Mr. Herbert Morrell, who has come forward to attack the seat of the Unionist sitting for Oxfordshire. If the patriotic understanding between

Conservatives and Liberal Unionists breaks up, we are done for.

"It is strange that any Conservative should fail to see that, if his party is only self-denying and true to the tacit compact with patriotic and moderate Liberals on this occasion it will receive an immense accession of strength hereafter.

"It is rather a sad 'Jubilee' for the Queen, who is merely discrowned by an arch-demagogue, while her dominions are threatened with dismemberment to feed his insatiable passion for popularity.

"Yours most truly,
"GOLDWIN SMITH."

And in an extract from a letter written later on he says:

"'Very bright,' indeed, things in England are not. The darkest part of the picture is not the passage of the Home Rule Bill or the Gladstonian majority, though those are dark enough, but the self-abasement of scores of Members of Parliament who have voted for a Bill which in their hearts they disapprove, and which in private they do not scruple to condemn. All other calamities you may survive: the collapse of national character is political death."

The feelings he expresses in regard to Home Rule for Ireland were not, however, applied to other countries, as appears from a letter written at the time of the Boer War.

"*October* 7, 1899.—Before this reaches you, I suppose, the first gun will have been fired in the war with the Transvaal. It would be easier to kill Republics than to lay their ghosts. Probably the Canadian Government would send a contingent if it were not warned, as I suspect it is, that not only the French would hold back, but there is, among our farmers especially, a strong undercurrent of feeling in favour of the Boers."

He is still a faithful correspondent, and I hear of him from time to time in his Canadian home, complaining of the changes and the infirmities of age, yet writing with all the fire and passion of a youth which one cannot believe, in spite of his letters, has been extinguished.

January 15, 1907, he writes as follows:

"MY DEAR LADY ST. HELIER,

"It was a real pleasure to us to get your New Year greeting, and to know that you remembered us.

"We wish there were a chance of seeing you here. One of us at all events will never cross the waters again. I am very dilapidated, and going pretty fast down the last hill. I have outlived four of my successors in the Oxford Chair of History.

"The worst part of it is the loss of old friends. My old friends at Oxford the other day sent me a joint letter on my birthday. Two of them were dead, dying on the same day, before the letter reached me.

"I read the death of an old friend, and was thinking that I was about the last left on the tree, when I received an engraving of the portrait of another of the circle. I wrote to thank him, and to say how pleased I was to find that there were two of us still alive. I received an answer from *his son*, saying that he it was who had sent the portrait, and that he himself was seventy, and that his father, my friend, if he were alive, would be a hundred and two!

"Perhaps you interest yourself in emigration, as in other works of benevolence. If you do, be cautious in choosing your emigrants for Canada. They are having a dreadful winter in the North-West. It is forty-one below zero, with a very heavy fall of snow. New-comers must be terrible sufferers. There will always be a struggle in those regions between the fertility of the soil and the severity of the climate. I wonder the British emigrant does not prefer New Zealand, where the climate is temperate and the population almost entirely English. I suppose it is the length and the expense of the passage that he fears. But he must soon have to expend in our North-West a sum in providing against the long and severe winter fully as large as would be the difference in the passage-money. The Americans are the right colonists for our North-West.

"My wife sends her kindest regards, and unites with me in best wishes for the New Year,

"Ever yours most truly,
"GOLDWIN SMITH."

CHAPTER XVIII

ENGLISH LAWYERS OF DISTINCTION

My husband, Sir Francis Jeune, owed a great deal at the commencement of his career to the kindness and appreciation of Sir Philip Rose, then Mr. Rose, the head of the well-known firm of solicitors, Baxter, Rose and Norton. After being called to the Bar, he went for some months into their office to acquire a knowledge of the other branch of the profession ; and while there he came, owing to a lucky coincidence, under the personal notice of Mr. Rose, who, recognizing his ability, at once took him by the hand, and put all the work that he possibly could in his way. Mr. Rose was one of the oldest and most intimate friends of Lord Beaconsfield, and in his early years, when much harassed by pecuniary difficulties, had been of great assistance to him. One of Lord Beaconsfield's finest characteristics was his great sense of gratitude to those who had befriended him in his early life, and he never forgot Mr. Rose's kindness, and to the end of his life regarded him as amongst his stanchest friends, and one of those to whom he was most attached. Sir Philip was a man of the world, with a keen perception of character and of great common sense. After giving up his active participation in the work of his firm, which, owing to circumstances, had been dissolved and reconstituted, Sir Philip devoted his energy during the later years of his life to political work, and for some time acted as agent to the Conservative party. He never entered Parliament, as he preferred the rôle of a wire-puller to that of an active politician, but his wise counsels and devotion to his party gave him a position among its leaders which he thoroughly deserved and was justly proud of.

One of the earliest recollections my husband had of Lord Beaconsfield was being directed by him to prepare that part of his will which related to his literary disposition, which he desired to be the same as that of Mr. Pitt; and in consultation with him and Sir Philip Rose my husband assisted at the drawing up of a portion of what he considered one of the most interesting documents with which he was ever connected in the whole course of his legal career.

He began early to be successful at the Bar—perhaps in a greater measure than most young men—for he had ability, perseverance, and great industry. He often also said he never refused any work that came to him, and to that last fact he attributed in great measure the business he got soon after he was called, which made the early years less wearisome than they often are to a young barrister.

He was sent out to Australia to collect information with regard to the movements of the so-called Sir Roger Tichborne, and on that journey was one of the few people who visited Wagga-Wagga, where Sir Roger Tichborne was supposed to have spent so many years of his life. It was a wild, inaccessible part of the country, and the journey there occupied many long, weary days. The information he received there convinced him that "Sir Roger Tichborne" was no other than Arthur Orton. The old saying of how small the world is was curiously exemplified some years afterwards, when he and I were spending a

Sunday with some friends in the country. One night the conversation turned on the remote possibilities of any two people ever meeting who had both been in inaccessible parts of the world, and several instances were given by some of those present as to places they had visited, the names of many of which were even unknown to the other guests. A neighbour who was dining there incidentally remarked that he had been, among other places, to Wagga-Wagga, and that he was certain no one else at dinner had ever heard of the place or knew where it was, or, at any rate, had been there. His surprise was very amusing when my husband began to talk to him about it, and describe it and the district, as well as a great many things connected with the locality; and they found on comparing notes that they had actually been at Wagga-Wagga within six weeks of each other, neither, however, having heard that any other Englishman had visited it.

No question has one heard more constantly discussed than that of whether the amount of work done at the Bar to-day is heavier and more continuous than formerly. It seems difficult to imagine anything more arduous than the life of a very busy lawyer to-day, where competition is so keen, and where the work is distributed among so very many fewer people, as clients naturally only employ those who have earned a great reputation at the Bar. The work of a lawyer who specializes is constant and always arduous; but it has sometimes appeared to me as if the work of a barrister who, without being a specialist, has attained a certain position and reputation in various branches of the profession is in many ways a harder one. Perhaps the variety of work is less fatiguing, but the constant change and the obligation of getting up so many different subjects entails a greater strain on the physical and mental endurance of those whose career has worked out in that direction.

My husband had attained a certain position in the Ecclesiastical Courts, and was much engaged in the great ecclesiastical disputes of the early sixties, when the Church of England was strongly divided over questions of ritual. A great deal of his time was occupied in those cases, but he also practised in the Court of Appeal and Privy Council, and at the Parliamentary Bar, so that his work was very varied, and he was also Chancellor of seven Dioceses in England. I can never remember a day when he was not at chambers early in the morning, not returning until late, and during the Parliamentary Session he hardly ever had an idle moment.

There is always a division of opinion as to whether a very busy man is not overtaxed by the claims of social life superadded to his work, but I have always found that the relaxation which society affords to those undergoing a severe course of mental work has a beneficial, and not an injurious, effect. There is little mental strain in society, and the variety of people, conversation, interests, and objects which it presents is a rest after the pressure of continuous hard work.

For many years my husband most thoroughly enjoyed the social side of his life, and his great popularity added enormously to the pleasure which he derived from all the various interests which grew up around us. Society in London in those days was in a state of transition, and was altering rapidly from the conditions of the preceding generation.

From the fact of my husband being a lawyer, those connected with the legal profession were obviously the men in whose public careers I felt the most interest.

I had the great advantage of knowing many of the great lawyers of the last forty years, though, curiously enough, Lord Westbury, whom I knew at one time very well, was a friend of mine before I ever thought I should be interested in the legal profession. Lord Westbury was, among his many matrimonial projects, at one time very much attached to a near relation of mine, of whom I saw a great deal in my early days in London. For many years he tried to persuade the lady to marry him, without success. I used to stay with her in London, where Lord Westbury was a constant visitor, and though not the rose, I benefited by being allied to it, as he was exceedingly kind to me. We used to dine at his house in Lancaster Gate, and he took us to the opera, and was always planning some scheme for our amusement. I used to watch him with the greatest interest, and listen to the endless stories and amusing things he said in that soft, melodious voice of which one got so tired, and during my relation's absence he used to entertain me with stories of all sorts of wonderful things, all of which, however, led up to the charms and virtues of the hard-hearted object of his temporary affections. I was sorry when the final decision was arrived at, and he received his *congé*, and I confess I missed him.

Lord Selborne was another of the great lawyers whom we knew well. He was a very reserved, stern man, and one felt shy with him till one knew him in that happy family circle, where he was the gentlest of men. His great intellectual capacity and his wonderful physical strength impressed everyone who knew him. It was always said he worked harder and accomplished more than any other man of his time, and he never seemed to be tired. He once told me that there were weeks during the term, while he was in the House of

LORD ST. HELIER.

Commons, when he was working at such high pressure that he hardly slept at all, and yet he never seemed fagged or tired, and his mind was as keen and fresh at the end of the week as it was at the beginning.

Sir George Jessel was a man of a very different type, with all the rough, stern mental and physical strength of his race. He raised himself by sheer intellectual ability to one of the highest positions in his profession, and, but for his sudden death, no doubt would have obtained its highest prizes. He always expressed himself in a brusque, incisive way ; but he had a keen sense of humour, and his descriptions of people and his stories were exceedingly funny. We used to dine a great deal at his house. He was very kind to me, and I generally sat beside him at dinner. Nobody could be more amusing than he when he unbent and expounded his opinion, to anyone who was sympathetic, about the public men of the day, and especially his own legal brethren.

Lord Coleridge, who was Lord Chief Justice when I first knew him, was a great friend of ours. He had just married, for the second time, a pretty, graceful woman, who was an affectionate and devoted wife, and who made the last years of his life extraordinarily happy. He was a most agreeable companion. His long life and his knowledge of the world made him acquainted with many people, and he was singularly outspoken in his opinion of his acquaintances. He seldom spoke bitterly, unkindly, or harshly of anyone ; but there were times when you felt the claws through the velvet glove, and detected the sharp inflexion in a voice which was generally soft and gentle. How often one sat and listened to Lord Coleridge, and heard his endless répertoire of stories, none of which lost in the telling, for, notwithstanding that one may have heard them repeated more than once, they were intensely amusing and interesting. I do not think he liked a rival *raconteur*, but he was very patient and amiable to those who tried to emulate his unequalled gift and extraordinarily retentive memory.

In 1891 Sir Francis was made a Judge of the Probate, Admiralty, and Divorce Court, Sir Charles Butt at that time being President. I think it was a popular appointment, for he received many kind congratulations, and was at that time the youngest Judge on the Bench. He enjoyed the distinction of being then the only Judge with a beard, which he always wore. I went down to see him take his seat for the first time—one of the few visits I paid to his court, as he had a strong dislike to women who were not actually required as witnesses being present in his division.

The only other two occasions on which I went were, as far as I remember, to hear what promised to be *causes célèbres.* One was the Probate case in which Mrs. Parnell was defendant, she having inherited the entire fortune of her aunt, under a will which all her family disputed. The court was very crowded, and I had a seat on the Bench. All her relations, including Sir Evelyn Wood, her brother, were in the court, and it was a disappointment to those who had looked forward to a long and interesting controversy when Sir Henry James rose and announced that the matter had been settled out of court.

The other time was when Mary, Duchess of Sutherland, was brought up before my husband for contempt of court, and was sentenced to a term of imprisonment in Holloway Gaol.

Sir Charles Butt only lived a year after my husband's appointment, and during that time, owing to ill-health, he was absent the greater part of the year from his work. On his death, in 1892, my husband was promoted to be President, which office he held until January, 1905.

A great friendship subsisted between my husband and Mr. Benjamin, one of the most brilliant lawyers of his day, who, having attained to the highest legal position in his own country—that, namely, of Attorney-General to the Southern Confederacy—was, after the war, compelled to leave America. He settled in Paris, then came over to England, and was admitted to the English Bar. It was one of the greatest compliments ever paid to a foreigner, for he was called to the Bar and took silk within the shortest period ever known. But he justified it by his wonderful ability, and the fact that at the time of his death he had one of the largest practices ever made in so short a time. I imagine he was a Jew by descent, though he had few of their characteristics, except his unbounded ability. During the American War he was the head, heart, and soul of the Southern Confederacy, besides being the chief counsellor in all the deliberations of their leaders, and with Jefferson Davis, the President, he guided the destinies of the States during that unhappy conflict.

At the termination of the war the Federal Government was afraid that he would escape out of the country, and a reward was offered for his capture. He used to tell an amusing story of how he got away from America. After the surrender of the Southern Army at Richmond he went southwards, and wandered for some days through the large forests in that part of the country, resting during the day, and making his way, so far as possible, by night towards the sea, to avoid being arrested. After some days' wandering, worn out by fatigue and want of food, he had almost given up the hope of either being able to find his way to a friendly hut or house, or of discovering a seaport from which he could make his escape from the country. The day was wending to its close, and, weary and exhausted, he sat down under a tree to rest for a short time. All of a sudden he was startled by hearing a voice saying, "Three cheers for Jeff Davis!" He looked round, but saw no one, and could hear nothing but the wind in the trees. He walked on slowly, and, to his surprise, again heard the same voice say, "Three cheers for Jeff Davis!" He then began to fear that, weakened as he was, his strength was giving way, and that it was a delusion; and, sitting down, he waited to see what would happen. The voice again repeated the same words, and then a large white parrot came out of the tree above him, slowly flapping its wings. At once he perceived that he must be near a friendly refuge, and followed the bird, which continued to fly on ahead from tree to tree. Just as the night was falling he saw a light in front, which led him to a small hut close by. He knocked at the door. It was slowly opened, and, realizing that he was among friends, he told them who he was. They at once received him with the greatest kindness and hospitality, gave him a night's rest, and took him to a small town, not far distant, by the sea, whence, after some days, he managed to get on board a little coasting vessel, which transferred him to a steamer going to France, and thus he ultimately made his escape.

He lived mostly in Paris, but came over to England for the law terms. He used to come to us often when we were alone, and when he died we lost a very dear friend.

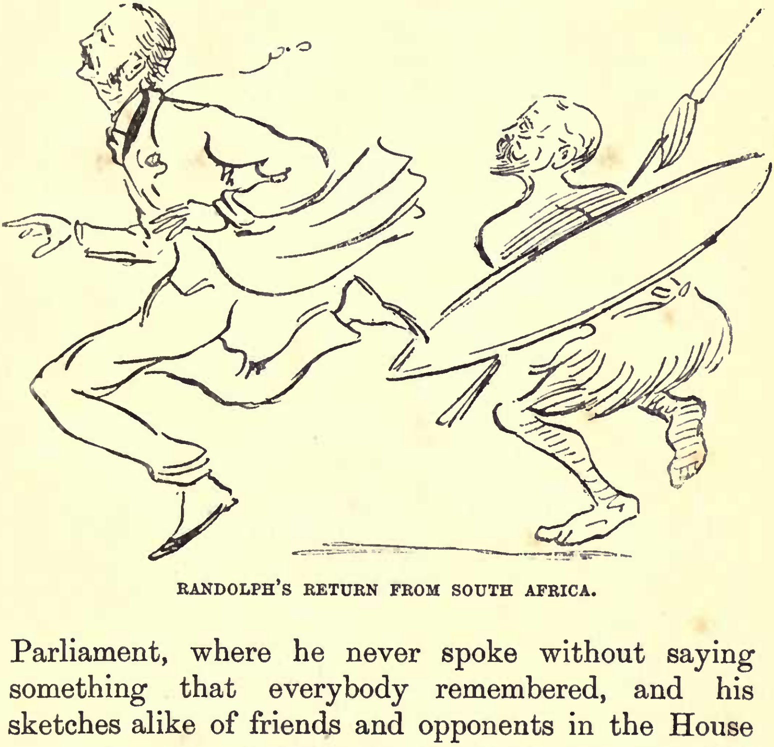
Shortly after the Dreyfus trial in Paris, Maître Labori paid a visit to England, and among the introductions he brought was one to my husband. The first time I made his acquaintance I sat beside him at the annual dinner which was given by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House to the Queen's Judges. He was the most delightful, joyous person one could imagine—young, vigorous, and full of life, and immensely gratified by the admiration that his conduct of the Dreyfus case had inspired in England. His speech on that occasion was amusing as well as pathetic. He spoke in English, and his genuine gratitude and delight at the appreciation and sympathy shown him here was so enthusiastic that nothing he could say seemed too cordial to express his feelings of affection towards the country which he was visiting for the first time.

Madame Labori, who was a charming and very pretty woman, was with him. We saw a good deal of them, and they were really a charming couple. He was perfectly inexhaustible in his desire to know and see everybody, and to become acquainted with representatives of every class in society. His conduct of the case and the gallant efforts he made, as well as the marked ability he showed in defending his client, won for him the universal admiration and approbation of every member of his great profession—a sentiment shared enthusiastically by the whole of the English nation. I do not think any Frenchman ever enjoyed his visit to England more than M. Labori, and his letters were always full of expressions of deep gratitude for the pleasant time he had passed in England.

Any mention of our legal friends would be very imperfect without some notice of Sir Frank Lockwood. No man was probably ever more popular in his profession or more beloved among a host of private friends. His kindliness, his immense sense of humour, and the intellectual gifts which gave him the position he held at the Bar, made him in many ways unlike

SCHOMBERG MACDONELL ASKING FOR THE KEYS.

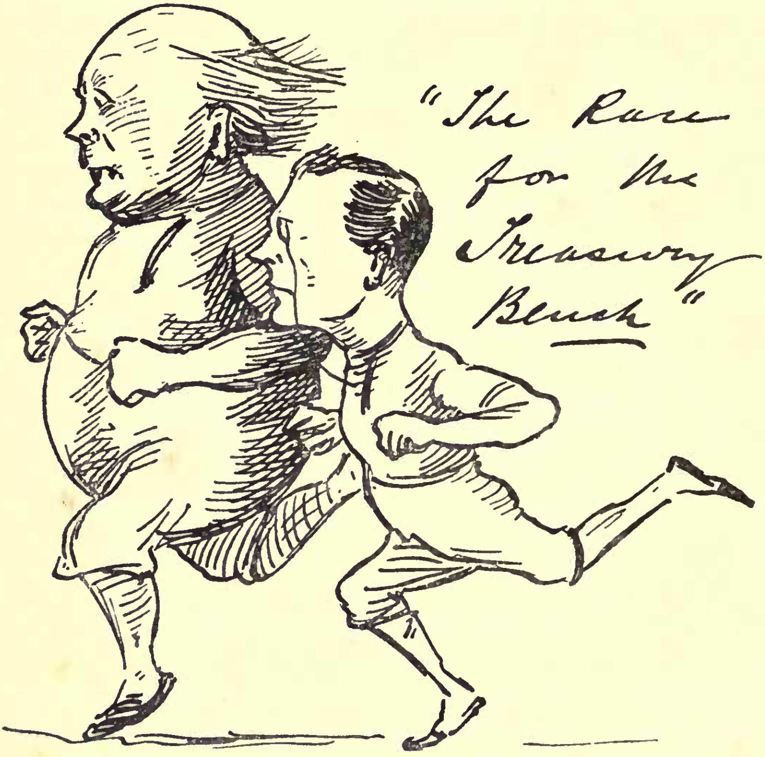
other people. In looking at him one realized what he was, for his cheery, bright, open face, his eyes twinkling with mirth, his keen sense of fun, and his wonderful artistic gifts, which made him one of the best caricaturists of the day (a gift he never used unkindly), combined in making him a most delightful companion. He looked the embodiment of physical strength and vigour; his great, strong figure and his fine head and face singled him out as distinctly different to ordinary people. He was popular in Parliament, where he never spoke without saying something that everybody remembered, and his sketches alike of friends and opponents in the House were always remarkable for the great power he had of catching their individual peculiarity without making it grotesque or unkind. He was a charming companion, either at a dinner-party or in a country-house, and no one was ever more popular than he. He was never a keen partisan, and it was an open secret that, had he lived, he would have been offered a seat on



RANDOLPH'S RETURN FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

the Bench. The inevitable breakdown from overwork and overstrain came very suddenly, and one day his friends awoke to find the world much poorer because Frank Lockwood had left it.

The sketch which he sent me after Lord Randolph Churchill's return from South Africa is, I think,



unique, and the "Race for the Treasury Bench" must surely be reckoned one of his cleverest. The sketch of the Lord Chief Justice also was done in court, and handed across to me one day when I was there. He used to tell a very amusing story against himself, which happened just before he went to America, on the occasion of the visit of Lord Coleridge, whom he accompanied.

He was one of a number of M.P.'s dining one night at a house where a gramophone, then a novelty, was being exhibited, and all the guests were asked one after another to speak into the instrument. Sir Frank, with an irresistible impulse to say something amusing, made an imaginary summing-up of a case he was

The really interesting part of the XX.n is coming
It will begin thus
Do you know Jack the Ripper

CROSS-EXAMINATION OF MR. PARNELL.

supposed to be conducting, wherein the defendant, who was present among the guests, and a most distinguished person, was accused of very grave offences, on which Sir Frank dwelt with profound insistence in his address to the jury. After his speech was finished other people also spoke into the gramophone, and the whole party vied with each other in saying something amusing. Towards the end of the evening Sir Frank began to have some misgiving that his attack on his friend was unduly severe, and he asked the proprietor of the gramophone if he could withdraw his record or modify it. The man looked at him with extreme surprise, and with a strongly American accent said: "Sir, I would not part with that record for millions of dollars. It will be repeated in every side-show in the Chicago and other exhibitions in America for many years to come."

Sir Frank used to relate with great humour how, in his younger days, he had had leanings towards the drama, and had gone on tour with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, who, however, were reluctantly obliged to terminate his engagement, as they found him too big for any stage. He was the life and soul of every party, and the many Sundays on which he used to come to luncheon were always red-letter days.

It would be presumptuous on my part to say anything of those whose names still remain on the roll that has made the English Bar famous all the world over, but I may be forgiven for just mentioning some with whom I have been specially been on terms of intimacy and friendship.

It would be impossible for me to forget Lord Halsbury among those of my husband's profession. To speak of him except with the greatest affection and regard would be presumptuous, but I can never forget the debt of gratitude which I owe him for the many happy years of my husband's life, during which the highest ambitions of a life-time were realized. Lord Halsbury has held the unique position of Lord Chancellor three times, and has appointed nearly every occupant of the Judicial Bench once, and some twice, during his tenure of office. In addition to all his great distinctions, he has been the stanchest and most trusted defender of his party throughout his life, and is one of the few leading men in his position who still retains his belief in, and fidelity to, many of the opinions which others have forsworn.

Any reference to distinguished members of the legal profession would be imperfect without the name of Lord James of Hereford, a very old friend, who made, to his lasting renown, the greatest sacrifice that could be demanded of an eminent lawyer at the head of his profession when he refused the chancellorship offered him by Mr. Gladstone. He renounced it, and left his leader at the time of the great secession from the Liberal party when Mr. Gladstone brought in his Home Rule Bill.

CHAPTER XIX

AMERICAN FRIENDS

THOUGH the pressure of professional work must always, to a great extent, debar a lawyer from travelling much except during the Long Vacation—and we seldom went abroad save for an occasional visit to Carlsbad—we did from time to time, make the acquaintance of many interesting people belonging to other countries.

Most of the American and colonial lawyers who came to this country were acquaintances of my husband, and among the Canadian Bar we had many friends, as for some years he held the retainer of the Canadian Government. One of the last cases on which he was engaged related to the capture, imprisonment, and death of the Canadian rebel Riel, and what promised to be a long and interesting controversy, in which he appeared as counsel for Riel, was brought to an abrupt end as the case opened by his informing the Judges who were assembled to try it that their presence and his pleading were unnecessary, his client having been shot that morning.

We had many friends also among the American lawyers, and one of the oldest and most delightful was Chief Justice Daly, who for many years after he left the Bench was a constant visitor to England. He was a very imposing old gentleman, with a fine head of grey hair and a long white beard. He and his wife were refreshingly simple folk, and their house in America was, I should imagine, typical of the quiet, unostentatious, intellectual homes of which so many existed in the great Republic. He was an Irishman by descent, and for many years had been Chief Justice of his court.

Many of the distinguished American lawyers who from time to time visited England brought us letters of introduction from mutual friends. Two of my oldest friends came to us through letters of introduction from Sir Cecil Spring Rice, who was then attaché at Washington — Colonel John Hay and President Roosevelt. Of Mr. Hay it is difficult to speak too affectionately. As to the feelings with which we regarded him, they are best expressed by saying that we could never look upon him in any other light than as someone belonging to ourselves.

As he paid many visits to England before he came here as Ambassador, we often saw him. His kindliness and charm of manner, his great sense of humour, and his delightful conversation, made him one of the most agreeable companions in the world. He appreciated to the utmost the affection and deep regard which all his English friends entertained for him, and he used to write us most charming letters, giving news of our American friends, and receiving from us in return what information we could send him of his many acquaintances on this side of the Atlantic. No one's appointment to the Embassy was ever more welcome than his, and though his official duties and the heavy work they entailed prevented his seeing as much as he used to of his old friends and of the society he most enjoyed, I think he realized how much he was appreciated and liked by the crowds of his new acquaintances.

"800, SIXTEENTH STREET,
"LAFAYETTE SQUARE,
"*November* 30, 1891.

"MY DEAR LADY JEUNE,

"Arriving here, unusually late, only the day before yesterday, I found two letters from you awaiting me—one for Mr. Justice Way and one for Mgr. Stanley. I started out at once in search of them, but was sorry to find Mr. Way had gone. I was just in time to catch the Monsignor, who was about leaving Washington. He kindly came to dine with me last night, and the Blaines and Mrs. Cameron came in to join us. Mrs. Hay, I am sorry to say, still lingers in the North, but will be here next week. Everybody about the table were devoted friends of yours, and we drank your health with much grateful devotion.

"Mgr. Stanley went away this morning. I have put him up at one of the pleasantest New York clubs. He made many friends in Washington, and we were only sorry his stay was so short.

"And are we never to see you on this side again? I fancy it becomes increasingly difficult every year for Sir Francis to leave the scene of his official labours, and I cannot imagine London without you.

"We are anticipating a dull winter here socially, and a tumultuous one politically. We Republicans have the Executive Departments still, but the Democrats come into Congress 'blown with insolence and a two-thirds majority,' and we shall have what the late Senator Conkling called 'halcyon and vociferous proceedings.' Mr. Blaine's health, though not so bad as his enemies would like, is still far from satisfactory to his friends, and I fear we must give up our long-cherished hope of seeing him President.

"I asked Spring Rice to dine with us last night, but he was unable to come, and scrawled from his sick-bed these touching lines:

'Was ever such a story?
With rage I bite my lip.
You have the Monsignore,
You have the luck, the glory.
You have the Monsignore,
And I have got the Grippe.

'Oh! Providence, Thy ends are
No other than a bore—
Who deals a pair of friends, ah!
To one the Influenza,
To one the Influenza,
To one the Monsignor."

"We lose this genial bard before long, and the gaiety of our continent will be eclipsed. He is going to Japan. Mungo Herbert is sadly out of sorts, and is casting about to know if he shall go to California, or Colorado, or Carolina. There is such a variety of climate between our seas. I hope he will find health in one of them.

"I have a letter from my wife while I write, in which she bids me send you her cordial regards. I wish I could hope we might see you in London next year, but our time seems mortgaged for a twelvemonth to come.

"With best messages to Sir Francis,

"I am,
"Faithfully yours,
"John Hay."

There was no event in our lives for many long years before he died which did not seem to be of as great interest to him as to ourselves, and in sunshine and in shadow his intensely warm sympathy and his affectionate appreciation of our friendship gave it the greatest possible charm. No one believed more strongly than he—and he devoted his whole life to his ideal—that England and America were one in race, in thoughts, and in ideas. What was good for America he believed was good for England, and his entire strength, when he was in a position to influence the greatest minds of both countries, was devoted to reconciling their interests. All the strain and difficulties which from time to time arose in the relations of the two countries at one particular moment fell upon him, and yet he never wavered from his conviction, and the letter which I give here shows how entirely that desire dominated the whole of his life.

"DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
"WASHINGTON,
"*December* 31, 1900.

"DEAR LADY JEUNE,

"I received to-day a Christmas greeting from you and Sir Francis, for which my wife and I are most grateful. I cannot let the century end without sending you my most cordial good wishes.

"I have arrived at the stage of my journey when holidays find me low in my mind and leave me more so. It is dismal to think I may never again see England and those dear friends whose kindness has been so much to me. I have tried to break loose from my present thraldom, but the President says, 'Why should you go? We can't all resign.' And so I take up my burden again.

"I have had two hideous years of work and anxiety, but have been providentially saved from many croppers. Just now luck is running against me—but we cannot expect all the year to be May. Whatever you may see in the newspapers—even though . . . should imagine a vain thing—you must not think me either insane or ingrate. I do the best I can—in an environment not always ideal.

"My wife and daughters join me in best wishes for the years to come, and I am always,

"Faithfully yours,
"JOHN HAY."

It was a great achievement for any man at the time when Mr. Hay was here to gain, as he did, the confidence and affection of those in England. No American Ambassador was ever more popular than he, and when he left this country—alas! never to return—we all felt saying good-bye to him very deeply.

In his early days he came here with Mrs. Hay, whose friends were as warm and as devoted to her as to her husband, and in the discharge of his social duties here he had the powerful assistance of one of the most delightful American girls who ever set her foot in this country. Helen Hay, now Mrs. Witney, is still more than a name to the many friends she made while here with her father.

Among the oldest and most serious part of society, the most exalted, or the youngest, as in the many hearts that she broke, she occupied a pinnacle which no American girl had attained before. The deep affection that subsisted between the father and daughter was a very rare and beautiful one, and I remember no more touching sight in the memorial service for John Hay which was held in St. Paul's Cathedral, than that of the stricken daughter, who had hurried back to her beloved father too late to do more than be present in that great church, where the last farewell service has been held in memory of so many of the great ones of the earth who have passed away.

About twenty-two years ago a letter was brought to me again from Sir Cecil Spring Rice by a slight, fair-headed, ruddy-complexioned young man, rather short-sighted, with keen blue eyes, a fine strong head, and the most wonderful teeth I have ever seen in my life, who won our hearts at once by his enormous vitality and his great enjoyment and appreciation of English life. When I look at the photograph of President

Roosevelt which he sent me two years ago, I see traces, but very faint ones, of that delightful and most engaging young man. He was deeply engrossed in all political questions, especially those affecting social life in England, and with unbounded energy devoted much of his time to mastering the endless questions which interested him. But the thing that he cared for most was hunting, and he spent a winter or two going up and down to Oxfordshire for hunting, when he was usually the guest of Lord North at Wroxton Abbey. He was a very daring rider, though at that time he had not much experience, and consequently he had somewhat trying adventures. He had many falls, but never seemed to hurt himself, and held his own with the best, and was always in the first flight. He soon overcame the initial difficulties of hunting, and before he left England he was one of the hardest riders to hounds. When he first came to London he was a widower, but his second marriage took place in St. George's, Hanover Square, in 1888, and I think that was his last visit to England. The letter he wrote me in answer to my congratulations on becoming President is interesting, and amid all the stress of his hard work he has invariably found time to send me a kindly response to any letter of mine or any request I have made him, and has been unfailingly kind to any friend to whom I have given a letter of introduction.

"WHITE HOUSE,
"WASHINGTON,
"*November* 3, 1901.

"MY DEAR LADY JEUNE,

"It was a real pleasure to hear from you. I only wish there were some chance of having you on this side while I am in the White House.

"Mrs. Roosevelt—who sends you her regards—has always remembered, as I have, the pleasant dinner and lunch at your house.

"Well, this is a bit of work emphatically well worth doing, and I shall try to do it to the very best of my ability.

"With renewed thanks,

"Most sincerely yours,
"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

Mr. Abraham Hewitt was among the many Americans who from time to time came over to England, and he and his father-in-law, Mr. Peter Cooper, had shown us much hospitality when in America some years before, and we saw a great deal of him. I do not think Mr. Peter Cooper ever came much to England, but he was one of the most remarkable Americans—a man who had accumulated a vast fortune, and one of the greatest early benefactors of the working classes in his own country. The Cooper Institute and other memorials bear testimony to the practical way in which he realized the duties and obligations which great wealth entailed on the masters and owners of the huge industrial undertakings of America. His interest in everything that concerned the working classes, and the way in which he devoted his life to fostering their spirit of independence and improving and enlarging the scope of their lives gave an example of benevolence and sagacity which many people since his time have emulated.

Mr. Abraham Hewitt himself was a very able and remarkable man. He married Mr. Cooper's only daughter, and with him was the founder of one of the greatest industries in America. He was a man of high integrity and strong character, with a profound sense of his responsibilities. His feelings towards England were a curious mixture of affectionate admiration and a sort of restraining idea that he must not be blind to the faults of the Mother Country. He was by descent an Englishman. He used to tell an amusing anecdote with regard to a small property in Staffordshire which belonged to his ancestors some eighty years ago, before his family emigrated to America. The property, if I remember rightly, consisted only of a small cottage and garden, but it was in the middle of the estate of Lord Lichfield, who had often tried to buy it, but had failed to do so on account of the difficulty of tracing the owner and of procuring a title. Mr. Hewitt used to tell a story with great delight of how one night, when dining with Lord Wemyss, he met Lord Lichfield, and the conversation turned on the tenure of land in England. Lord Lichfield incidentally mentioned this particular cottage, and how he had failed to purchase it, and was informed that, if found, the owner would refuse to part with it. Mr. Hewitt laughingly avowed that he was the missing link in the chain which Lord Lichfield had for so long tried to find, and they made great friends over this unexpected solution.

A happy accident brought about a great friendship with Captain Mahan when he came over in command of the American warship *Chicago*. To the English eye he hardly looked like a sailor—he was more a student than a man of action in his strongly marked intellectual appearance—but I believe no keener sailor ever walked a quarter-deck. His appreciation of the esteem and admiration in which he was held in this country was very delightful, and no American I have ever come across had a warmer feeling than he for all his English friends. The reception that he met with and the public manifestations of how much his writings were admired were very pleasant to him, and as he was our guest nearly the whole time of his first visit to

England, one had ample opportunities of judging how much he enjoyed the genuine tribute paid him by the public. He spent some time with us in the country, and on one occasion, from a Saturday to Monday, two other men, each very distinguished in his different way — Mr. du Chaillu and Senator Lodge—were also there. Du Chaillu entered into all the fun and nonsense of a very large party of young people who were staying in the house, and Captain Mahan was equally engrossed by some of our other guests; but I think Senator Lodge hardly knew his England and English people well enough then to be quite as much at home as the others. Mr. Lodge was one of the most agreeable Americans I have ever met, but I felt that many American prejudices about England still lurked in his mind, and that his knowledge of England or English people was not wide enough to dissipate the reservations he undoubtedly held.

Yet another name arises to my mind, an acquaintance which will never be forgotten by me, nor, I hope, forgotten either by "Mark Twain," which we made during the time of his first visit to England, some years ago. I was asked to a dinner given by the New Vagabonds to Mr. Clemens, at which Mr. Grossmith took the chair. To my great delight, I was put next to the guest of the evening. He was more entertaining, witty, and delightful than words can describe, and his speech requires no description from me. For some reason a good many boys from St. Paul's School were present, and Mark Twain, in his quaint and illogical way, gave them some advice on the question of obedience to authority, and of the wisdom of subordinating themselves to their masters. He took the line that, while such obedience was desirable as a matter of expediency, it was not a perfect relation, and that, with certain modifications, it might be advisable to grant young people independence in conduct as well as in thought; in fact, that, while a recognition of the necessity of control was desirable, it need not prevent young people from keeping an open mind on every subject. The speech was extremely witty, and was received with great applause, especially by the youngsters, who naturally appreciated its point. At the end of the dinner a tall, good-looking boy came round and touched Mr. Clemens on the arm, and said: "Sir, I should be very much obliged to you if you would sign this menu," with which request Mr. Clemens then complied. The boy then added: "I am a boy from St. Paul's School, and am the editor of the school magazine. I have taken down your speech in shorthand, and it will be published in the next issue of the school paper, so that we may have the opportunity there of knowing your opinion on obedience and school discipline." Mark Twain expressed his satisfaction with the result his speech had produced, and asked that a copy of the paper might be sent to him.

He came down shortly afterwards and spent a Sunday with me at a little house we had taken for the summer at Richmond, and one Sunday night at dinner Lord Goschen was one of our guests. They quickly made great friends, and soon began to discuss questions regarding American education and American Universities, and other matters with which somehow one did not entirely associate Mark Twain. Lord Goschen had evidently not heard Mark Twain's name, for when he bade me good-bye he said: "Do tell me the name of that delightful old American professor. I must ask him to dinner." I confided to Mark Twain afterwards Lord Goschen's remark, which highly delighted him, and I believe the dinner came off.

Few among the Americans who came to England in any capacity, whether official or unofficial, ever left a pleasanter memory behind them than Mr. and Mrs. Phelps. It would be difficult and invidious to compare their popularity with that of others, but I am sure that in the hearts of those who remember them there is, and always will be, the tenderest recollection of what was then a deep and abiding friendship.

It would be impossible to overrate Mr. Phelps' stanch friendliness, his amazing tact, and great ability in steering the two countries to that closer friendship, which was often deemed impossible, at a time when the relations between England and America were on a much less stable and permanent foundation of mutual understanding than they are at present. The great love and gratitude we all had for Mr. Phelps and the work he achieved in England were, if possible, excelled by our affectionate admiration for Mrs. Phelps; and the gift presented to her by her friends in London when she said good-bye was a very faint expression of the feelings which prompted that memento of the years she had spent in England. The general sentiment she aroused was well expressed by what the French Ambassador said to me, when I exclaimed on bidding good-bye to Mr. Phelps, "How can we ever say how much we shall miss you? How shall we ever find anyone to take your place?"—"There will be no difficulty in finding another Mr. Phelps—there are plenty to take his place—but we shall never find another Mrs. Phelps." For many years after they returned to America he kept up a correspondence with my husband, and Mrs. Phelps wrote me many letters of affectionate and kindly interest. Now they are both gone, but the ideal which he strove for, and his efforts for augmenting the friendship of England and America, will never be forgotten in this country.

Mr. Lowell had just arrived in England as Minister when we first knew him, and I think, if I may say so without being misunderstood, that the position of an American Minister in those days was quite different from that which he occupies at present. The friendly and social intercourse between the two countries was then in its infancy, and had not been fostered and strengthened as it is now by the many ties which have drawn the two countries so closely together. A certain number of Americans came to England and knew it well, and the commercial relations between the two countries had existed for many years. There was also a strong literary link which bound the two countries together, but the echoes of the war were still to be heard, and feelings of mistrust and unfriendliness lingered on, though disappearing slowly. The social ties which now bind us to America were very slight at that time. One or two American women had married Englishmen, but these unions were not regarded with friendliness by Americans ; and the number was so few that society had hardly begun that process of amalgamation which is now so complete, and which has been augmented and secured by the large number of American women who have made their homes on this side of the Atlantic. The Anglo-American marriage has been an influence which, besides bringing American women and their relations to make their homes in England, has completed the understanding which now exists between the two nations. It was impossible for American women to marry and settle in England, as they have in such large numbers, without drawing together the bonds which unite the two countries ; and the American element has not only altered the constitution of English society to a great extent, but also the point of view from which the two nations regard each other. The connection between us and America has ceased to be merely commercial, and has become a family one, and with that the barriers behind which the American representatives formerly ensconced themselves, preferring to adopt a separate political, literary, and intellectual position, have disappeared. The purely political position of the Ambassador of the American Republic has been merged in the social evolution which the appointment of richer representatives has caused; and the growing tendency of each administration to endeavour to combine political and intellectual qualities with great wealth has now become a distinctive sign of American Ambassadors all over the world.

Mr. Lowell was above all a man of letters, and the literary and intellectual side of English society appealed most strongly to him, and Mrs. Lowell having delicate health, and not being able to go much into general society, he, from choice as well as circumstances, lived very quietly. His friendship was much prized by those who knew him, and he was the most agreeable, delightful member of society. He was more the private friend than the Ambassador, with leisure to make real intimacies and to know well those he admitted to his friendship. The official side of his life never obtruded itself in his own intimate circle. One only had to meet him at a small gathering of sympathetic souls to realize that he was not merely the Ambassador, but also the author of the immortal "Biglow Papers," and that his work and his books were what he was most devoted to.

His letters, often written in verse, like the one below, were full of fun and repartee; and he treasured up all sorts of jokes and chaff which he remembered, and long after they had passed away from one's memory they were recalled by an unexpected letter from him:

"10, LOWNDES SQUARE, S.W.

"Sometimes the Fates are less unjust,
And, tired of muttering 'You must,'
Unbend their vixen brows and say,
'No school this afternoon; go play.'
So on the sixth (what luck is mine!),
If Stanley bid, with her I dine."

"*March* 25."

Still the memory of one other friend arises to my mind, one of the warmest and kindest, perhaps, of the many who have represented the great American Republic in England—a memory which has been kept alive by so many touching incidents connected with his life after he had said good-bye to England. I always think that Mr. Bayard was in many ways the highest representative of the best American type. Physically, he was one of the finest and handsomest men I ever saw, and the paperweight which lies on my table as I write of him, formed of the bronze medal bearing his likeness, calls to one's mind one of the finest faces it is possible to conceive.

Nothing was more striking than the high forehead, the dark, deep-set, flashing eyes, and the wonderfully beautiful mobile mouth, which, though firm in repose, would break into the sweetest smiles, lighting up his whole face with an expression of indescribable beauty. There was something in him which recalled in a way the fire and power of the aborigines of his great continent, and his fine figure, with his springing step and the lightness and youthfulness in his walk, often reminded me, as I laughingly used to tell him, of some of the great chiefs of the old Indian tribes, which amused him enormously.

I remember meeting him on the first night after he arrived in London at a public dinner, at which he spoke, and that first impression was one I have never forgotten. His great capacity for throwing himself into the moods and humours of the people he was with was a marked characteristic. During the Christmas week he spent with us in the country he delighted us all, and won the heart of everybody by the kindly, boyish way with which he threw himself into everything that was going on. Whether with children, women, or old people, he was always sympathetic and always interesting.

It seems a reversal of the order of things to allude at the end of my chapter to another American Ambassador —perhaps one of the most distinguished men who has ever been sent over to represent the great Republic in this country—who was here quite beyond the memory of the present and last generation. Mr. Motley, when he came over here to represent America, was no stranger—at least, from a literary standpoint—to England, for his works were well known, and there are few people who can forget the pleasure of reading his " History of the Dutch Republics." What he was in literature he was in every other respect — intellectual, cultivated, agreeable. He was one of the most picturesque and remarkable-looking men I have ever seen. I remember seeing him for the first time at my Aunt Louisa's (Lady Ashburton) one evening at dinner, and as he came into the room it seemed almost as if the most magnificent Vandyck you could imagine had stepped out of its frame. His voice was a very remarkable one, and to my recollection he had little of the particular intonation which characterizes even those Americans who have lived a great deal of their life out of their native country. There are some figures and faces one can never forget, and Mr. Motley was one of the most striking people I have ever seen. At this moment the impression he made upon me is as vivid as on that evening when I first looked upon the author of one of the most entertaining books of history that it is possible to read. Mrs. Motley was, in her way, a delightful woman. After her, the principal point of attraction centred in her daughter, Lady Harcourt (then Mrs. Ives), an extraordinarily pretty young widow. In those early days the Anglo-American marriage was not as common as to-day; nevertheless, the three daughters of Mr. Motley all made their homes in England.

CHAPTER XX

CHURCH AND STATE

One of the most remarkable men at the end of the last century was perhaps Dr. Magee, Archbishop of York, better known as the Bishop of Peterborough. By his intellectual gifts and strong personality he had a power which surpassed that of most of his own contemporaries. He was Irish by birth and descent, and possessed all the great qualities and the brilliancy of his race, and, added to that, the strongly emotional, religious side of his character gave him a charm and influence which, had he lived longer, would have been very potent in the wider sphere to which he had just been appointed before his death. His courage and fearlessness, great common sense and knowledge of the world, were certainly his distinctive features, added to which he was the most delightful companion, the most faithful friend, and a most devoted and affectionate husband and father. One of the greatest pleasures in life was our friendship with him. My husband's father having been Bishop of Peterborough, and my husband also having been Chancellor of the Diocese, were the links which in the first instance drew us together, and out of that developed one of the most delightful friendships which it has ever been the privilege of anyone to enjoy.

On most of his visits to London he used to stay with us, and on such occasions we endeavoured to invite the people who we knew would amuse him, and our small dinners given in his honour were always most agreeable. He invariably joined in the conversation, and to hear him discuss a subject which interested him, whether political, religious, or social, in his characteristic quick, racy way, was a real intellectual treat. He was full of anecdote, and his Irish stories were as good as any I have ever heard. One of the last times he stayed with us we sat well on into the night, hardly realizing how the time was flying, listening to the discussions, solemn and serious, amusing and witty, with which the conversation scintillated during that evening.

He wrote most delightful letters:

"The Palace,
"Peterborough,
"*January* 23, 1889.

"My dear Mrs. Jeune,

"Ever so many thanks for the Christmas present, which arrived here safely this morning. You have insured our remembering you at least once in each twenty-four hours! My wife is greatly pleased with it.

"I return you Miss Terry's pleasant, and to me very complimentary, letter. I must, however, plead for my poor dear 'Parsons,' whose pulpit ministrations are so often what she describes; but these are not their only ones. Many and many a 'stick' in the pulpit has been a staff and a crutch all the week to the spiritually lame and feeble folk in his parish, giving just the 'counsel' and the 'help' that his sermons are, from natural incapacity, lacking in. I have often felt, after preaching what Miss Terry would, of her charity, call one of my 'great' sermons, that the poor curate who sat under it had been doing all the week through, and every week in the year, far better work than mine.

Miss Terry must remember that it is not every preacher that can be as effective in his line as she is in hers, and that even on the stage there are sticks as well as in the pulpit.

"Sambo is, I have no doubt, on the war-path, but he has a rival warrior *here*, whose scent is as keen as his own, and who would gladly have his scalp.

"Yours most truly,
"PETERBOROUGH."

There were certain subjects on which he felt very strongly, and he never disguised his feelings. His strong views on individual and personal liberty in all matters pertaining to religion and social life were well known, and no one who ever heard his speeches on temperance questions, especially the celebrated one he made in the House of Lords, could fail to realize how strongly that spirit of independence influenced all his life.

He had the greatest admiration for the late Queen, and for the sensible views she held on most social questions, and always attached much weight to her opinion by reason of her long experience and knowledge. I have often heard him say that by the very reason of her long experience she knew more and had a greater knowledge of affairs than anyone he had ever come across, and on certain questions in which the dominant side of her character was most strongly developed he was in perfect sympathy, and I should imagine he spoke to her very intimately. I remember his telling me a most amusing incident which happened with regard to him and the Queen. It was at a moment of severe agricultural depression in England, and the counties in which the Diocese of Peterborough was situated had suffered in consequence, perhaps, as much as any part of England, and his clergy were in a very poverty-stricken condition. A friend of his—a very wealthy man—to whom he was describing the poverty for which he felt such sympathy, and which he had no means of alleviating, told the Bishop that he was quite prepared to give him fifty thousand pounds, to be spent in his diocese, if he would use his influence with the Queen to procure him a baronetcy. The Bishop's answer may be imagined, but he said the temptation was so irresistible that the next time he went to Windsor he told the Queen, who was immensely amused at the suggestion. The would-be Baronet still exists, however, with his ambition unsatisfied.

He wrote and told me of his promotion to the Archbishopric of York, and was so proud and thankful for the great position and opportunity for work that had been given him; and I think no one ever looked forward with greater hope and belief that he would be able to do some good work there during his life than he. The following letter belongs to this period:

"The Palace,
"Peterborough,
"*February* 9, 1891.

"My dear Lady Jeune,

"Let me first congratulate you on your change of title—'Lady' is so much higher rank than '*land*-lady.' The *lower* title is retained by my friend at ——.

"Thanks—many—for your kind invitation. But my old lodgings are so near St. James's Church that I think I had better put up there for the occasion, and especially as the ceremony will take place early. I mean, however, not to forego my claim hereafter for the Prophet's Chamber when I come up from York.

"Please also to remember that I shall certainly quarrel with the Dean of York if he filches from me as his guests Sir Francis and Lady Jeune whenever they go the North-Eastern Circuit. You are, from and after the receipt of this, engaged to me and my missus at Bishopthorpe. If you do not come soon *circuitously*, you will have to come directly.

"I make these horrid puns only as Archbishop *elect;* as Archbishop I shall grow *select*, and make no more of them.

"Yours ever, most truly,
"EBOR. ELECT."

One of the most impressive ceremonials I ever witnessed was the opening service in Peterborough Cathedral after its restoration, which took place just a short time before the Bishop was made Archbishop of York. The uninterrupted view of the long line of white-robed clergy, enlivened by the scarlet hoods, moving slowly up the nave and into the chancel—a view rendered possible by the fact that there was no screen dividing the two parts of the cathedral—was most impressive, and the background of columns and walls of red sandstone added to its picturesqueness, while the voices of the choristers and choir rising to the vaulted roof completed a wonderful picture. I sat near the Bishop, and, watching his face, could see that the service was the answer to an earnest prayer, and that in the restoration and opening of the cathedral he felt that one great work in his life had been accomplished.

One of the last visits we paid him was after his appointment to York—Lord and Lady Coleridge being the only other guests—from Saturday to Monday. The Archbishop and the Chief Justice were both intellectually well matched, and these two evenings were passed in conversation gay and sad, sparkling sometimes into anecdote, and now and again touching on those subjects which strike all the deeper chords of human nature. Those evenings stand out in bright relief—hours which can never be forgotten. Neither can the Sunday morning, when the Archbishop preached in the great cathedral to an overflowing congregation a sermon which will always be remembered by those who heard it.

The last letter I received from him sounded an ominous note:

"BISHOPTHORPE,
"YORK,
"*April* 21, 1891.

"MY DEAR LADY JEUNE,

"I am sorry to say that I must forego the pleasure of being your guest on Thursday and Friday next.

"Our house is full of influenza. My wife and daughter both down with it, and very possibly I may find myself taken with it to-morrow. In any case, I ought to run neither the risk of bringing it to your house nor of being laid up with it while there.

"You have had enough of nursing me, and I should never forgive myself if I brought it inside your doors.

"Ellie is recovering, but my wife only began her illness this morning.

"Always yours sincerely,
"EBOR."

He was coming to stay with us during the last visit he ever paid to London, but, as we were changing houses, I could not receive him on the day he wished to come; and, though I made hasty preparations to prepare what we always called the Prophet's Chamber, he had, alas! fallen ill, and was unable to leave his rooms in Suffolk Place.

Two days before he died I got a message from his people telling me how ill he was, and asking me to go and see him, and I went at once. He was in bed, and was evidently seriously ill, and I could not help having

CARDINAL MANNING'S LAST WORDS.

the gravest apprehensions. However, his wonderful constitution and his absolute faith in Sir Andrew Clark, who had nursed him through his serious illness in Peterborough, reassured me, and I left him that night after seeing Sir Andrew Clark, who told me that, though very ill, he saw no reason why he should not recover. But when I went next morning all was over.

After his death a number of his friends desired to raise some memorial to his memory, and a meeting took place in the Jerusalem Chamber at Westminster Abbey in order to further the scheme. I have always considered it a great privilege to have been allowed to do what little secretarial work was necessary in order to organize this meeting, and, though it was not a very large one, I think anything more representative it would have been almost impossible to find, all being anxious to pay their tribute to the great man whose character they had so deeply admired.

The Dean of Westminster, Lord Selborne, Lord Salisbury, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Coleridge, Lord Ellesmere, and Lord Aldenham, were a few of those who were present; and what was ultimately achieved was, I think, entirely in keeping with what the Archbishop of York would have wished.

I only once or twice came across Cardinal Manning with any degree of intimacy. There was once an occasion on which, for personal reasons, I was in rather close communication with him, and I went at other times to the Archbishop's house to see him in connection with rescue work, in which I was interested, and about which I wished to consult him with regard to some of the inmates of my Home who were his co-religionists. He was most business-like, settled everything that had to be arranged with great rapidity, and the short remaining period allotted for my interview was generally spent in discussing any ordinary topic that might be of interest. His ascetic, bloodless face, with the keen, watchful eyes, which hid every emotion or feeling, gave him a sort of curious fascination, and left the impression that, while you were telling him everything he wanted to know, he made no confidences to you in return. Some years after he died I went to a rather unique meeting at the house of Colonel Gouroud, who was Mr. Edison's representative in this country, when the last words spoken by Cardinal Manning into a gramophone were disclosed to a certain number of people who had known him. It was weird and uncanny. We all stood or sat round the table on which the instrument was placed, and the voice of the dead Cardinal issued with a weak, unnatural sound, caused by the slight buzzing which always accompanies a repetition. I do not remember the purport of the message, but it was reported in the newspapers at the time. Amongst those who were present at the meeting were Cardinal Vaughan (who sat beside a bust of his predecessor), Mr. and Mrs. Edison, the American Ambassador (Mr. Bayard) and Mrs. Bayard, Lord and Lady Russell of Killowen, Lord Rowton, Mr. Bryce, Canon Maccoll, Lady Stanley of Alderley, and Sir H. M. and Lady Stanley, to whose petition that such a remarkable manifesto should be made in the presence of those who had known Manning Colonel Gouroud had acceded. Everyone listened in absolute silence to the voice across the grave, but I did not feel that the moment was as solemn as I expected.

One looks back with unmixed pleasure on the recollections, not only of political, artistic, and literary friends, during all those happy years; they are also associated with pleasant memories of others belonging to the two sister professions. Lord Roberts, who had been on the Staff in India with Colonel Stanley, and who has continued his friendship to me throughout my life, as well as Lord and Lady Wolseley, Sir Redvers and Lady Audrey Buller, and Lord Kitchener—who, I have reason to believe on good authority, danced for the first time in his life at a small dance I gave a few years ago—were also among our friends. He had been dining at the Athenæum—at the dinner given by that club to the members of the new Order of Merit instituted by the King—and Sir Francis, who had also been dining there, brought Lord Kitchener back with him. In spite of his protestations that he had never danced before in his life, he was actually induced to embark on the lancers—doubtless a rather serious undertaking, but one which he faced with the courage and determination expected of him.

The late Duke of Cambridge used often to come and dine with us, as well as being our guest at Arlington on the occasion when the autumn manœuvres took place in the immediate neighbourhood; and my daughter and I went over to Aldershot to one of the last inspections he held there, and rode about with him and his Staff during part of the day. He was extraordinarily vigorous and active considering his age, and he was always well mounted. It was a sad day in some ways, for he felt leaving the post he had filled for so many years. He was a most agreeable companion, and extremely interesting, for he had a wonderful memory. He had outlived nearly all his contemporaries, besides having known almost everyone of distinction or position in Europe, and he seemed to have forgotten few details of his varied and active life.

Nor could I ever forget that most gracious and kindest of guests, Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, from whom we received much kindness, and who occasionally came to our house. No one was more popular or beloved than she, and no one ever helped an anxious hostess more successfully than she did by her amiability, her great sense of fun, and her enjoyment. My memory of her goes back a long time—to when, as Princess Mary of Cambridge, I used to see her at many London houses ; and her high spirits and friendliness, her enjoyment of everything, always seemed her great characteristic. She was a beautiful dancer, and she and her husband were a striking couple. I can still remember his first arrival in London, and how extraordinarily good-looking he was ; and on one of the last occasions on which I saw Mr. Percy French, he and a friend of mine, who had been in Vienna at the time, were talking of a celebrated Court ball given there many years before. They described the splendour and magnificence, and the unusual number of Crowned Heads and Royal Archdukes and Duchesses who were present on a night which has never been forgotten. But they both agreed that the sensation of the evening was the appearance of a tall, dark young officer in the uniform of one of the smart cavalry regiments, who, by his good looks, magnificent figure, and splendid uniform, attracted the attention of everyone ; and when I asked with extreme curiosity for his name, they said he was Prince Francis, the future Duke of Teck.

Not a few of the social reforms and improvements which have affected people in some of the humbler positions of life in England have been powerfully aided by the sympathy and personal exertions of our Princesses. There has been hardly any endeavour for the amelioration and improvement in the condition of the working-classes and the poor in London and other large towns that has not been supported by the personal work and sympathy which they have thrown into it. The cause of the higher education of women has been greatly advanced by the co-operation of Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll; and the Girls' Public Schools Company, one of the largest associations for the education of girls, which has branches all over London, owes its success in a great measure to her patronage and personal supervision. The co-operation and support of the Princesses has been a guarantee to the community at large of the genuine character and thoroughness of the work of any scheme in which they are interested. The very useful rule laid down by the late Queen—that no member of the Royal Family should extend their patronage to any scheme that was not already started, and in a fair way to become successful—has arrested the initiation of many projects, however admirable their object, that were unlikely to prove useful or permanent.

The profession of nursing, founded by Miss Nightingale, owes an overwhelming debt of gratitude to Princess Christian, who, during the last few years, has helped in every way to raise it to the highest level. The late Queen, whatever doubt she may have had as to the aspirations of women in the direction of greater rights and privileges, always gave her warmest sympathy and co-operation to every effort made to raise the profession of nursing, and to make it what it now is. Early in the year 1870 Princess Christian, assisted by some of the matrons of the big London hospitals and by many of the leading doctors, inaugurated the British Nurses' Association, which had for its object the better training of women engaged in the profession. There was a sharp divergence of opinion as to the length of training which was necessary to impart a thorough knowledge of every branch of nursing, and the British Nurses' Association, with Princess Christian as its President, advocated, and fought most pertinaciously for, a three years' training for properly qualified nurses. A few associations were content with a shorter period, but in the end the President of the Royal British Nurses carried her point, and now no one would advocate a shorter course of training. The British Hospital Nurses laid the foundation for the nurses of the Army Reserve, of which Princess Christian was also President.

Aided by a committee of zealous workers, she was able, as necessity arose, to supply the demand for auxiliary military nurses, and when the war in South Africa broke out, the British hospital nurses, and more especially those in H.R.H.'s Army Nursing Reserve, greatly assisted the military nursing. The numbers of the Army Nursing Service alone were not adequate for the great strain that was laid upon them, and nurses were sent out in connection with the various hospitals at the front; but the main brunt and burden of the nursing in South Africa was carried out by the Army Nursing Reserve.

Among the many questions in which the late Queen was interested was the position of the native women in India with regard to their married life and widowhood. The case of the little Hindoo widow Rukhmabai excited great interest and sympathy in England when she came here in the hope of obtaining a reversal of the decision of the Indian Court with reference to the claim for restitution of conjugal rights made against her by her husband.

Although Rukhmabai did not obtain the redress she sought, she was, after gaining the sympathy and support of public opinion in England, enabled to return to India, where her husband left her undisturbed.

At the same time that her case was arresting attention in England, another case affecting the position of Indian women with regard to early marriages arose. It was one of aggravated cruelty, which resulted in the death of the child-wife, aged ten years, from ill-treatment at the hands of her husband, aged thirty-five. A small committee of influential women in England was formed, for the purpose of endeavouring to promote an amendment of the marriage laws by raising the "age of consent" from ten to twelve, and the Secretary of State for India—Lord Cross—whose sympathies were strongly in favour of the proposal, with the sanction of the Government, agreed to the reform. It was quietly carried out, without arousing any hostility here or in India.

The Queen showed the most active sympathy through the whole of the negotiations; and the knowledge of that, and Princess Christian's indefatigable zeal and sympathy, enabled what was really a very important concession to become law.

Trade is one of the many vocations in which women have embarked successfully, many women of good position having found themselves from force of circumstances obliged to adopt it, and thus becoming the bread-winners of the family. Owing to the inferior education which, until the last few years, was thought sufficiently good for the women of the upper classes, it was extremely difficult for them to compete with anything like success with those who had trained for the more intellectual careers as a means of livelihood, and they were therefore forced to adopt some other less ambitious profession as a source of income. Fifty years ago the world would have shuddered at the idea of ladies becoming milliners, florists, and dressmakers; to-day there are many well-connected and clever women in all these professions, who are earning their living.

The outcry at that innovation was less vehement, perhaps, than the hostility and indignation which greeted the first attempts of gentlemen's sons to go into trade, which was a real social revolution. Forty years ago men of good family who went into the City were almost regarded as traitors to their class. A very few years before that, even marriages between what was then considered "the aristocracy" and the daughters of men who had made their fortune in business were an exception, and I can perfectly remember instances in which men were pointed out with something like scorn as having married the daughter of So-and-so, "who is in the City." As time wore on, people became habituated to it, and few, if any, would not admit to-day that the upper classes in England have gained everything by the alliances they made with the daughters of the rich men, who, by their capacity and ability, had won their way to a great position in their own country.

Women who are placed in the same position as men with regard to taxation—those, namely, who own property on which they are rated—have undoubtedly a legitimate grievance at the franchise being withheld from them. That it will be granted them before very long is certain, and they are the more likely to gain it by continuing the municipal and educational work they are already engaged in, and for which they have shown marked capacity. If the militant suffragists who clamour for political representation would only consider what women have achieved within the last forty years, and see how differently they now stand in regard to the occupations and professions in which they have secured a recognized position, they would realize that the day *cannot* be far distant when women as citizens will enter into full possession of all the powers for which they are now agitating.

I cannot help thinking, when I read the catalogue of women's disabilities now set forth by the extreme suffrage party as a reason for the action they are taking, how enormously improved the position of women is to-day to what I remember it when I first married in 1871. At that time, the Married Woman's Property Act had just been passed, but had not come into operation, and my marriage settlements were drawn up in conformity with the old law. What money I had was settled on my husband, and no part of it was reserved for my private use. The amount was not large, but still I did not even possess a cheque-book, nor was I able to get any money except by asking my husband. He was kind and generous, but he acquiesced in the position then existing that a woman's property when she married belonged to her husband. Within these limits he endeavoured to minimize the anomalies of the position. He paid all my bills, he kept my bank-book, and gave me a small allowance for my personal expenses. I cannot remember that I considered this a grievance, as it was the custom, and till then had been recognized by law, that no woman should possess any property apart from her husband. The law, which has since been altered, in relation to the guardianship of children was another hardship. Women were just then beginning to feel their way a little towards the emancipation which has followed rapidly, but which would never have been so complete had it not been for the ability, determination, and tenacity of those who were the pioneers of the woman's movement. There is no story of endurance and perseverance more interesting than that of Mrs. Garrett Anderson and the other women who fought in that determined struggle to gain their right to practise medicine; and, though at that time the idea that women preferred to be treated by women rather than by men was ridiculed, there is no doubt that the existence of fully qualified female practitioners has been a great boon and comfort to thousands of their sex. It seems hardly possible to-day, when we have fully qualified women doctors appointed by County Councils and Borough Councils to positions in municipal institutions, to realize the struggle that enabled them to follow that career.

With the passing of the Education Act in 1870 there was a great division of opinion, not only as to whether women should have votes for the School Board Elections, but, and above all, whether women should be elected on to it. That point was carried, and by means of the cumulative vote two of the largest majorities ever known in this country were gained by Mrs. Garrett Anderson and Mrs. Westlake.

Women have more than justified the privileges gained by the excellent work they have done in whatever profession they espoused, and the universal recognition of their abilities has found voice in the fact that a woman may now occupy most public positions, and vote on any election except a Parliamentary one. Whether the eventual acquisition of the latter privilege will enable women to do better work and enter a larger arena than they do now is, I think, very problematical; and though logically, perhaps, the refusal to give them the Parliamentary franchise is indefensible, it seems doubtful whether the majority of women in this country are very anxious to acquire it.

The suffragette movement recalls very vividly to my mind a movement of the same kind which took place years ago. Even in those days there was a strong feeling among politicians and women who held advanced views on political questions that the moment had arrived for granting the franchise to women, and that there was a chance of its being carried. The movement was strongly opposed by Sir James Knowles, who, as editor of the *Nineteenth Century*, placed his services and the columns of his review at the disposal of the women's anti-suffrage party, which was headed by a large number of women in society, led by those who were flippantly designated as the "Churchill lot." The Dowager Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Tweedmouth, and the rest of the Churchill family, among many others, signed a strong protest, which Sir James Knowles published in the *Nineteenth Century*, opposing the movement in a very vehement manner. The supporters of the proposal for giving the franchise to women numbered in their ranks Mrs. Fawcett, Mrs. Garrett Anderson, Miss Emily Davies, and all those who had taken an active part in favour of the women's movement, and the editor of the *Fortnightly* placed his review at their disposal. A petition was drawn up, which was signed by the women in favour of the movement, and it comprised so large a number of signatures that they were too numerous to print in the magazine. It was therefore decided to form a small committee of selection, to whom the names were to be submitted, and from which those who were considered representative were to be chosen. For some reason I was asked to be one of the committee, and Mr. Verschoyle, the then editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, was invited to be secretary, and generally to assist in our deliberations. A meeting took place at Mrs. Fawcett's house in Gower Street, at which there was great difference of opinion as to the names to be selected, and some of the ladies on the committee had strong personal feelings on the subject. Mrs. Fawcett showed the utmost impartiality, and as the names were read out one by one everybody was asked to say whether they thought them sufficiently important to be signatories. There was a good deal of hesitation and protest at first, some objecting to a peeress signing, for no reason except that she was a peeress. Another lady, well known in dramatic circles, was objected to on the ground that her character was indifferent. My remark that the list was supposed to be representative was passed over in silence, and her name was erased. Various others were discussed and criticized, all of them being more or less representative, but for some reason or other the majority of our committee objected to them. The more moderate members of the committee with admirable patience sat by and waited. At last the name of a lady well known in society, who had been one of the first pioneers of the woman's movement and one of the warmest supporters, was mentioned, only to be keenly opposed by some of the members of our committee. We who represented the moderates protested, and as the lady in question was so representative in every sense of the word, I asked for the reason of this rejection, on which one of the ladies of the committee said, "It is because she is an odious woman, and I hate her!" which seemed to settle the matter. I could not wait until the end of the meeting, but left Mr. Verschoyle in charge. A few days later a list of the signatories was sent me to look through and see if it was correct, Mr. Verschoyle adding to his note: "I have lived to learn that there are other feminine virtues in the world besides that of chastity!" The article was published with the signatures, but as the matter was purely academic nothing came of it, and the whole question was very soon forgotten. Many of the ladies of that committee are dead, but a few still survive. Looking over an old number of the *Fortnightly* the other day I came across the article in question, and there was a pathetic memory connected with it as one read the names of those who had the object so much at heart, and are here no longer to take part in the present movement with its redoubled vigour.

CHAPTER XXI

JUBILEE

It seems natural that my reminiscences should end with the year 1887, for with that year came the close of one epoch of a glorious reign. At her age one hardly dared to hope that the life of the Queen-Empress who had presided over the Empire for fifty years could be spared much longer, and although ten years later we celebrated the Diamond Jubilee of the Queen in loving reverence and affection, these ten years embrace a period which most people can remember, and they hardly come within the scope of my book. In 1887 a few of the Queen's contemporaries were still alive, but ten years later she seemed to stand alone, nearly all her advisers, Ministers, and friends of the early part of her reign having died, and she alone being left, with all the wisdom and great experience which her long life had brought her, one of the most distinguished but at the same time most pathetic figures of modern history.

The Queen's Jubilee of 1887 has been so often described that I shall not attempt to say anything of that particular day; but there were many aspects of the week which were either overlooked or have been forgotten in the blaze of glory and brilliancy which centred round the Queen-Empress.

My mother used to tell us as children how she had seen Queen Victoria go to her Coronation in 1837, and described all the incidents of that day most picturesquely. From a window in Whitehall she saw the long procession pass, the State coach carrying the pale, serious-looking girl of eighteen to the great national church, where her ancestors had donned the crown, often a heavy and burdensome one. Among the plaudits and prayers of her people for a long and glorious reign, Princess Victoria went to take up that great responsibility. The crowd in those days was not so large, nor were the streets so thronged as in 1887, but my mother remembered the long waiting till the royal salute announced that Victoria was crowned Queen of England, and the culminating moment of excitement when the gold coach came in sight again carrying the crowned Queen, flushed, and somewhat overcome and fatigued by the emotions of that long and trying ordeal, and yet smiling and bowing to the people, who pressed on every side to see their Queen wearing the royal crown on her head.

Fifty years later saw an enthusiastic London crowded, not only with its own population, but with the thousands who had poured in from all over the Empire to witness a far more impressive pageant—the homage of a nation to a Sovereign whose entire reign had been spent in their service—who through years of joy and sorrow had shared her life with, and for her people, whose rule had seen the most remarkable discoveries of science applied to the practical work of their lives, whose subjects had increased in number and prosperity, and whose vast Empire had grown and consolidated under the influence of a good and enlightened system of government, and who was the ruler of the largest dominion the world has ever seen.

It was a supreme moment of national pride, but all was merged in a deep sentiment of affection and gratitude to the woman whose simple homely life and personal sympathy with her subjects had been shown on endless occasions.

The great *cortège* leaving the Abbey and passing along the streets, with its bodyguard of Kings and Princes surrounding the Queen's carriage, was the culminating feature of that wonderful day, and our national pride never surged higher than at the sight, and the knowledge, that everyone in that brilliant procession was a descendant of, or nearly allied to, our Sovereign.

The crowd in the streets at night was the most wonderful sight of any—their quiet, well-behaved conduct, the absence of any military control save the few police, the beauty of the illuminations and decorations—while the fact that impressed foreigners more than any other was that all that display was the outcome of the personal effort of the inhabitants of London, the buildings which were less well and brilliantly decorated being Government offices and official buildings. There was no street too insignificant or poverty-stricken to put out flags and join in the general rejoicing.

Earlier in the year the Queen had given a great pleasure to her East End subjects by going down to open the People's Palace in Stepney, which had just been finished. It was the fulfilment of a great ideal which owed its inception to Sir Walter Besant, whose novel, "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," had outlined such a building in which the workers and toilers of a great city could find rest and recreation in a spot which would impart some brightness in their lives of toil. The City Companies, and many rich men in England gave munificent sums towards the completion of the work.

When the building was completed, Sir Edmund Hay Currie, one of the trustees and governors, told me that he was afraid a request which had been made to the Queen that she would open the Palace was not likely to meet with a favourable answer, owing to the amount of extra work the public celebration of her Jubilee would throw on her, and he was in great distress at the possibility of a refusal, as the people were longing for a visit from the Sovereign under whom two generations had grown up without having seen her. I at once went to Princess Christian, always ready to do everything she could to help in any way that would give pleasure to these poor people, to whom she had long been known as "our East End Princess," and Sir Edmund shortly afterwards telegraphed to me that the Princess had laid the matter before the Queen, and she had consented to open the Palace. I think it was the first time for twenty years that the Queen had gone down among her poorer subjects in the East End of London, and no one who saw her triumphal procession there and back, and the enthusiasm and affection with which she was received, could doubt that she realized all the pleasure she had given. As the Queen drove back to Paddington she looked very tired and worn out, but she still smiled graciously on the thousands of people who crowded the streets along which she passed. The greeting that she received on her two Jubilee processions was not more enthusiastic than that which then hailed her, and the memory of that day has never faded from the recollection of the poorer people in that part of London, who still talk of it with the greatest delight.

Perhaps no festivity in connection with the Jubilee gave greater pleasure to her subjects than the Queen's visit to Hyde Park to the children's entertainment given by Sir Edward Lawson. To the majority it was their first and only sight of their Sovereign, and as the Queen drove between the lines of children singing the National Anthem, and cheering her with their shrill voices, though she did not wear her royal robes and her crown, they realized that this never-to-be-forgotten day in their little lives was in her honour. Those who waited on them watched with indescribable surprise the enormous amount of food they consumed and the continuous stream of plates and cups which came to be refilled. At night, when they departed to take their seats in the vans and carriages waiting to take them home, each child held in its hand the mug which had been given them as a precious memento of the Jubilee.

The garden-party at the Palace represented to many older people what the children's day was for the young, for very few of the Queen's guests had ever before seen the inside of the Palace Gardens, or realized how extensive and beautiful they were. The fates were kind throughout all that Jubilee week, and no more gloriously beautiful days ever shone out of the heavens. The sight in the Palace Gardens when the Queen made her appearance among her subjects in her little garden chair, with the Prince and Princess of Wales and her other children surrounding her, bowing graciously right and left, forgetting no one, and calling those to speak to her whom she had not seen for years, was deeply impressive. This afforded another proof of the cosmopolitanism of English society. Members of the House of Commons and their wives, of the House of Lords, of the great professions of law, literature, and medicine were present, and as the royal invitation was extended for the first time to the representatives of the stage, well-known actors and actresses and singers mingled in the crowds that came in answer to her bidding.

* * * * *

The history of the last twenty years belongs entirely to the present generation, and any narrative of what has occurred in that time would be only a repetition of what is common knowledge; yet certain incidents are impressed vividly on one's mind, and certain events have occurred which must always be landmarks in the history of the country.

The dark days of the South African War are fresh in the recollection of everybody, and need no comment. No one who lived in London at the time can ever forget the terrible silence and pathos of the town during those anxious moments of the "black week" that lay between December 9 and December 16, 1899.

In everyone's life there are periods which leave a lasting impression. No one could ever forget those dark November hours, when the Prince of Wales's life hung in the balance, particularly the evening when hope had almost been abandoned. The silence and sorrow of the vast crowds which gathered round the gates of Marlborough House in Pall Mall was a sight never to be forgotten. Everyone's thoughts were with the wife and the mother who had hurried from Windsor to the bedside of her dying son, and nothing was ever more solemn than the sight of St. James's Street with its thousands of people waiting to hear the hourly bulletins that were issued.

The same impression was left on one's mind when, a few hours before King Edward's coronation, the unexpected news was imparted to the country that the King had to undergo a most serious operation. That feeling of anxiety was rather intensified than not by the brilliant sunshine, the half-bedecked town, and the signs of rejoicings on all sides suddenly stopped by the news of a terrible national calamity. The anxiety and suspense of those few days were fortunately dispelled, but the impression must always remain with those who witnessed the feelings of the people that another moment of the deepest importance to the country had occurred.

One cannot tell how far another event appealed to the country generally; but personally nothing ever impressed me more than the day—a fortnight before the Queen died—when no "Court Circular" appeared in the morning papers. All through the Queen's long reign a daily notice of her movements had been published, and when I opened the *Times* on that particular morning I felt that a great misfortune was impending.

Perhaps, however, the most impressive of all the great landmarks of her reign was the day on which the body of the Queen was taken across from Osborne to Windsor under circumstances of the utmost solemnity, when, on that still January evening, amid all the glories of an unparalleled winter sunset, her people watched the Queen's last journey, escorted by her fleet from Cowes to Portsmouth.

Such days as these have a significance which it is impossible to mistake. Manifestations of national sorrow and mourning convey something more dignified and impressive than the most enthusiastic demonstrations of joy. The deeper chords in the heart of a people seem to be reached, and to respond in all their volume to the profounder feelings which play upon them.

INDEX

A.

Abercorn, Duke and Duchess of, 70, 77
Aberdeen, Lord and Lady, 63
Adair, Mr. John, 57
Albany, U.S.A., 144
Alexander II., King of Scotland, 2
Alexandra, Queen (as Princess of Wales), 68
Alverstone, Lord, 309
Anderson, Mrs. Garrett, 150, 342
Anglesey, Lord, 70
Annaly, Lady (Mrs. White), 60
Argyll, Princess Louise, Duchess of, 337
Arnold, Mr. Matthew, 232
Ashburton, Harriet, Lady, 47
Ashburton, Lord, 43
Ashburton, Louisa, Lady, 28, 43, 47, 49, 151, 325

B.

Balfour, Mr. Arthur, 64, 273, 282
Bancroft, Sir Squire, 71, 200; and Lady, 200
Barnard, Lady Anne, 12
Barrington, Lord, 87
Bayard, Mr., 324, 334
Beaconsfield, Lady, 84, 86
Beaconsfield, Lord, 84-88, 186, 211, 255, 257, 259, 284, 294
Beaumont, Lady M. and Mr., 93
Beauregard, Madame, 46
Bective, Lady, 77
Benjamin, Mr., 301
Benson, Archbishop, 226
Beresford, Lord Charles, 173
Bernard, Mr., 194
Bernhardt, Madame Sarah, 205
Beust, Count, 14
Blowitz, M. de, 212
Boulanger, General, 217
Braddon, Miss, 187
Brahan Castle, 4, 5, 9, 22, 37, 81
Bright, Mr. John, 211, 244, 245
British Nurses Association, 337
Brookfield, Mr., 152, 154, 157
Brooks, Mr. Shirley, 53, 78
Browning, Mr. Robert, 49, 158, 159
Brownlow, Lady, 77
Buckstone, Mr., 200
Buller, Sir Redvers, 266, 335
Burdett-Coutts, Baroness, 75, 224
Burnand, Sir Francis, 221
Butler, General, 146
Butt, Mr. Isaac, 90
Butt, Sir Charles, 300

C.

Cadogan, Lady, 224
California, 138-143
Cambridge, Duke of, 69, 335
Canada, 143
Canning, Lord, 93, 98
Carlingford, Lord, 90, 91
Carlisle, Lady, 162
Carlisle, Lord, 60, 162
Carlyle, Mr., 47, 151-157, 158, 160, 263; letter, 153
Carlyle, Mrs., 47, 151, 155
Carnarvon, Lord, 264
Carson, Sir Edward, 183
Cavendish, Lady Frederick, 249
Cavendish, Lord Frederick, murder of, 250
Chamberlain, Mr., 216, 244, 278, 285-289; letters, 286-289
Charles Edward, Prince, 4
Chesterfield House, 70
Chesterfield, Lady, 87
Chevalier, the First, 3
Chinnery, Mr., 220
Christian, Princess, 186, 200, 337, 349

Churchill, Lord Randolph, 184, 211, 220, 222, 271-282
Clanricarde, Lady, 93
Clarendon, Dowager Lady, 127
Clarendon, Lord, 78
Clark, Sir Andrew, 252, 333
" Clearances," the, 51, 144
Clemens, Mr. (" Mark Twain "), 319
Cleveland, Dowager Duchess of, 95
Cleveland, Duke and Duchess of, 94
Clifford, Mr. Edward, 188
Clough, Miss, 150
Clyde (Sir Colin Campbell), Lord, 46
Cockburn, Sir Alexander, 88
Coleridge, Lord, 299, 306, 331
Column, Place Vendôme, destruction of the, 103, 105, 116-119
Commune, the, 98-124
Conolly, Mr. Tom, 59
Cooper, Mrs. Edward, 147
Cooper, Mr. Peter, 129, 317
Coquelin, M., 205
Corps de Pétroleuses, 105
Cosmopolitan character of London society, 179-188, 199, 210, 350
Cowper, Dowager Lady, 91
Cowper, Henry, 92
Cowper, Lord, 92
Craigie, Mrs., 237
Cranbrook, Lord and Lady, 186
Cremorne, 73
Cromarty, Earl of, 37

D.

Dalmeny, Lord, 95
Daly, Chief Justice, 310
Dalzell, Captain, 69
Darwin, Mr. Charles, 152
Dasent, Sir George, 164; letter, 164
Davenport-Bromley, Miss, 152, 158
Davies, Miss Emily, 150, 343
Davis, President Jefferson, 301
Delane, Mr., 47, 73; letter, 48
Denver, 137
Devonshire, Louise, Duchess of, 172
Dickens, Mr. Charles, 78, 211
Dinners and diners, 85, 87
Disruption, the, 28
Douro, Lord and Lady, 16
Drama, the, 71, 199
Drummond, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice, 160, 161
Dublin society, 60
Dudley, Lady Georgiana, 67
Dudley, Lord, 67, 73
Dufferin, Lady (afterwards Lady Gifford), 89, 268-269
Dufferin, Lord and Lady, 143, 231. 268
Du Maurier, Mr. and Mrs., 160, 181
Dunsany, Lady, 81
Dutton, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph, 80

E.

Education Act (1870), 171, 342
Edward VII., King (as Prince of Wales), 69, 125, 351
Egerton of Tatton, Lady, 79
Ellice, Mr. and Mrs., 50
Elphinstone, Mount-Stuart, Governor of Madras, 12
Ely, Lord, 56, 79, 83
Ely, Lady Jane, 16, 18, 49, 56, 82, 83, 169, 172, 176, 246
Emigration from Scotland, 51
Emma Mine, the, 128, 132
Enniskillen, Lord, 56
Erne, Lord, 56
Established Church of Scotland, 28, 31, 53
Eugénie, Empress, 82
Evans' supper-rooms, 73

F.

Fane, Mr. Julian, 92
Faucit, Miss Helen (Lady Martin), 180
Fawcett, Mrs., 343
Fiscal Reform, 287
Fitzgerald, Colin, 2
Forster, Mr. W. E., 169-177; letters, 173, 176
Fortescue, Mr. Chichester, 90
Fortrose, Lord and Lady, 4
Fourth Party, the, 271-282
Frederick II., Emperor (as Crown Prince), 125
Free Kirk, the, 28 *et seq.*, 53
Free Trade, 11
Froude, Mr., 152, 154-155, 175, 264-265; letter, 156
Furniss, Mr. Harry, 221

G.

Gifford, Lord, 268
Gilbert and Sullivan plays, 207
Girton College, 151
Glensheil, Battle of, 3
Glenesk, Lord, 220

Gladstone, Mr., 22, 86, 97, 202, 208, 211, 219, 233, 243-257, 258, 290, 309
Gladstone, Mrs., 22, 86, 202, 249
Gloucester, Duchess of, 12
Goldschmidt, Madame, 194
Gordon, General, 226
Gorst, Sir John, 272, 281, 282
Goschen, Lord, 175, 244, 247, 274, 320
Gough, Lord, 15
Gouroud, Colonel, 334
Gower, Mr. F. Leveson-, 247
Granville, Lady, 185
Greenaway, Miss Kate, 238; letter, 238
Greenwood, Mr., 160
Grisi, 72
Grossmith, Mr. George, 207, 319
Guilini, 72

H.

Hallé, Lady, 198
Hallow-e'en, 34
Halsbury, Lord, 308
Hamilton, Lady Emma, 12
Harcourt, Lady, 326
Harcourt, Mr. Lewis, 283
Harcourt, Sir William, 187, 192, 219, 263, 283
Hardy, Mr. Thomas, 187, 240
Harrington, Lady (Mrs. Leicester Stanhope), 18
Hartington, Lord, 244
Hastings, Lady Florence, 70
Haussmann, Mr., 83
Hay, Colonel John, 311-315; letters, 312-314
Hay, John Stuart, 40
Hayward, Mr. Abraham, 18, 80
Henley, Mr. W. E., 239
Henschel, Mr., 163, 198
Herbert, Mr. Auberon, 80, 92
Herberts of Muckross, the, 56
Hewitt, Mr. Abraham, 129, 145, 317
Highland Railway, completion of, 55
Highland superstitions, 5-8, 34-39; religious zeal, 28 *et seq.*, 53; hospitality, 40; relations between landlord and tenant, 53
Hill, Mr. Frank, 220
Home Rule, 171, 183, 243; Goldwin Smith on, 290
Hood, Admiral Sir Samuel, 8, 12
Hope-Vere, Mr. Joseph, 14
Houghton, Lord, 18, 88, 158
Huxley, Mrs., 168
Huxley, Professor, 167-169

I.

Iddesleigh, Lord and Lady, 186, 187, 258
India, legislation for women of, 338-339
Ireland, 55 *et seq.*
Irish question, the, 171
Irving, Sir Henry, 201, 211

J.

James of Hereford, Lord, 244, 309
Jenkins, Mr., 262
Jessel, Sir George, 299
Jeune, Dr. (Bishop of Peterborough), 231, 327
Jeune, Sir Francis. *See* St. Helier
Joachim, Herr, 198
"John Oliver Hobbes," 237
Jowett, Mr., 230
Jubilees of Queen Victoria (1887, 1897), 346

K.

Kean, Charles, 21
Kelp industry, 11
Kennedy, Dr. John, 31
Kerr, Lord Mark, 126
Kerr, Lord and Lady Walter, 92
Killarney, 58
Kintail, Barons of, 3
Kintore, 45
Kitchener, Lord, 335
Knowles, Sir James, 152, 154, 217, 343

L.

Labori, Maître, 302
Landseer, Sir Edward, 25-27
Langtry, Mrs., 198
Lee, General, 145, 146
Leighton, Sir Frederick, 187
Lemon, Mr. Mark, 78
Le Trobe, Mr. and Mrs., 144, 146
Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Wyndham, 84
Lews, Island of, 4, 11
Lind. *See* Goldschmidt
Lockwood, Sir Frank, 303
Lodge, Senator, 319
London in the sixties, 65-97; in the eighties, 127, 210
London society, 178-188, 199, 210, 350
Longford, Lord, 183
Lothian, Lord, 80

Lovat, Lord and Lady, 40
Lowell, Mr., 322 ; letter, 324
Lucca, Madame Pauline, 72
Lumley, Sir Augustus, 67
Lyons, Lord, 125-126
Lytton, Lord, 235, 264
Lytton, Sir E. Bulwer-, 78

M.

McCarthy, Mr. Justin, 90, 171, 183, 214
Mackenzie clan, the, 2
Mackenzie, "Long Kitty" of Lentran, 4
Mackenzie, Hon. Mary, 8 ; marriage to Admiral Sir Samuel Hood, 8 ; to Mr. James Alexander Stewart, 10 ; life at Naples, 10 ; in Edinburgh, 18 ; friendship with Sir Walter Scott, 27 ; popularity in the Highlands, 28 ; funeral, 52. *See also* Stewart-Mackenzie
Mackenzie, Mr. William, 8
Mackenzie, Sir Hector, 10
MacLellan, General, 132
Macleod, Mr., 41
Macnab, Mr., 213
Magee, Dr. (Bishop of Peterborough), 327 ; Archbishop of York, 330 ; death, 332 ; letters, 328, 330, 332
Mahan, Captain, 318
Marlborough, Dowager Duchess of, 222, 343
Maine, Sir Henry, 175
Manning, Cardinal, 333
Mario, 72
"Mark Twain," 319
Mary Queen of Scots, 9, 38
Mathew, Lord Justice, 183
Mathews, Charles, 206
Maurice, Rev. Frederick, 158
Melbourne, Lord, 87
Metaphysical Society, 154
Millais, Sir John, 187, 198
Modjeska, Madame, 203
Molesworth, Lady, 67, 78, 91
Moncreiffe, Miss Georgiana, 67
Montague, Mr., 72, 199
Monterey, 140
Montrose, Lord, 38
Moore, Miss Mary, 204
Moreau, M., 98, 110
Mormonism, 133
Morris, Lord, 62
Motley, Mr., 325
Mount-Temple, Lord and Lady, 92, 227
Muckross Abbey, 58
Mudford, Mr., 220
Murchison, Donald, 23
Murchison, Sir Ronald, 23, 25, 49
Murray, Lord, 19

N.

Napoleon III., 45, 88
Naylor, Mrs., 75
Nevada Desert, 135
Nevill, Lady Dorothy, 87, 210
Newport, 148
Nillson, Madame Christine, 72
North, Mr. and Mrs. Brownlow, 42
Northcote. *See* Iddesleigh
Norton, Mr., 87
Novikoff, Madame, 256
Nursing, profession of, 337

O.

O'Brien, Lord and Lady, 64
O'Brien, Mrs., 170
O'Donnell, Mr. Frank, 192
Ogh, Kenneth, 5
Oliphant, Mr. Laurence, 42, 211
Osborne, Mr. Bernal, 78
Ossington, Lady, 96
Ossington, Lord (Mr. Denison), 96
"Ouida," 233 ; letter, 236

P.

Paget, Lady, 130
Palmerston, Lady, 80, 81, 97, 180
Palmerston, Lord, 81
Paris during the Commune, 98-124 ; in 1872, 124-126
Parnell, Mr., 171, 215, 256
Parnell, Mrs., 256, 300
Patti, Madame, 72
Pauncefote, Sir Julian, 265
Peel, Sir Robert and Lady Emily, 60
People's Palace, opening of the, 348
Peterborough Cathedral, restoration of, 331
Phelps, Mr. and Mrs., 321
Piatti, Signor, 199
Plays and players, 71, 199
Plunkett, Sir Horace, 80
Politics, democratization of, 179, 242 *et seq.*
Primrose, Colonel Everard, 95
Prince Imperial, death of the, 82

R.

Reay, Lord, 51
Rehan, Miss Ada, 204
Revivalist movement in Scotland, 41
Rhodes, Mr. Cecil, 228
Riel, trial of, 310
Rio Grande Railway, 137
Ripon, Lady, 92, 172
Roberts, Lord, 334
Roberts, Mr. Arthur, 208
Robertson and his plays, 71
Robinson, Sir John, 219
Rogers, William, 18
Roosevelt, President, 311, 315; letter, 316
Rose, Sir Philip, 294
Rowton, Lord, 87, 215, 334
Rukhmabai, 338
Russell, Lady Arthur, 185
Russell, Lady William, 185
Russell, Mr., 53
Russell, Sir W. H., 53, 125

S.

St. Helier, Lady, birth at Munich, 15; early life in Scotland, 19-55; first marriage, 84, 98; life in Wimpole Street, 127, 149 *et seq.;* travels in America, 128-148; second marriage, 185 *et seq.*
St. Helier, Lord (Sir Francis Jeune), 157, 185, 194, 222, 230, 250, 267, 274; early years at the Bar, 294-297; in the Ecclesiastical Courts, 297; Chancellor of Peterborough Diocese, 297, 327; Judge of Probate, Admiralty, and Divorce Court (1891), 300; President (1892-1905), 301.
Salisbury, Lord, 235, 259, 266, 274
Salt Lake City, 128, 131
Sambourne, Mr. Linley, 221
Sands, Mr. and Mrs. Mahlon, 148
San Francisco, 138
Saunderson, Colonel, 183, 227
Schenck, General, 128
Schumann, Madame, 194
Scott, Sir Walter, 7, 27
Seaforth family, history of the, 2-10, 38
Seaforth, Frances, Countess of, 7, 23
Seaforth, Francis Mackenzie, Lord, 5, 8, 9
Seaforth, Kenneth, fourth Earl of, 3, 4, 5, 24
Seaforth Highlanders, raising of, 38
Selborne, Lord, 298
Semon, Lady, 198
Seymour, Lord Edward, 80
Shelley, Lady, 74
Shaftesbury, Lord and Lady, 92, 226
Sheffield, Lord, 230
Shepstone, Sir Theophilus, 264
Sherbrooke, Lord, 49, 85, 208
Sickells, Mr., 131
Silliman, Professor, 132
Simpson, Sir James, 19
Smith, Mr. Goldwin, 289-293; letters, 290, 292
Smith, Mr. W. H., 282
Snowdon, "General," 129, 135
Society, London, 178-188, 199, 210, 350
Somerset, Duchess of, 89
Sothern, Mr., 199
Soult, Marshal, 17
South African War, 351
Spencer, Lady, 253
Stanhope, Lord and Lady, 93, 252
Stanley of Alderley, Lady, 149, 334
Stanley, Colonel, the Hon. J. C.: Maidstone election, 84; in India, 93, 98; in Paris during Commune, 98-124; marriage to Miss Stewart-Mackenzie, 98; director of Emma Mine, 128; political views, 150-151
Stanley, Hon. Maude, 152
Stanley, Lady Augusta, 160
Stanley, Sir H. M., and Lady, 334
Steele, Mrs., 187
Stenhouse, Mrs., 133
Stephen, Sir James FitzJames, 152, 175, 261
Stevens, Mr. Paran, 130
Stevenson, Mrs., 17, 80
Stewart-Mackenzie, Colonel, 14; marriage to Miss Hope-Vere, 14; in Bavaria, 14; in Ceylon and China, 15
Stewart-Mackenzie, Mr. James Alexander, 10, 15, 213
Stuart, Lady Louisa, 12
Suffrage Party, the Woman's, 340-345
Sutherland estates, the, 51
Sutherland, Harriet, Duchess of, 51
Sutherland, Mary, Duchess of, 300

T.

Tadema, Sir Lawrence and Lady Alma-, 198
Tait, Archbishop, 49
Taylor, Colonel Edward, 61, 187
Taylor, General, 146
Teck, Prince Francis, Duke of, 336
Teck, Princess Mary, Duchess of, 69, 335
Tenniel, Sir John, 78
Tennyson, Lord, 154, 162, 169; letter, 163
Terry, Miss Ellen, 201, 202
Theatre in the sixties, 71, 199
Thiers, M., 113, 114, 117
Thistlethwaite, Mrs., 43, 256
Thompson, Lady, 196
Thompson, Sir Henry, 78, 180, 195, 198
"Tichborne, Sir Roger" (Arthur Orton), 295
Tilden, Mr., 148
Toole, Mr. and Mrs., 206
Torrington, Lord, 78
Trafalgar, Battle of, 133
Trelawney, Mrs., 45
Trevelyan, Sir George, 219
Turm-und-Taxis, Prince, 14, 15
Tweeddale, Lord and Lady, 82
Tweedmouth, Lady, 223, 249, 343

U.

Utah, 131-135

V.

Vambéry, M., 277
Victoria, Queen, inspection of volunteers at Edinburgh, 21; and Mr. Carlyle, 160; and Mr. Forster, 169; and Mr. John Walter, 214; and Dr. Magee, 329; and the nursing profession, 337; and women of India, 338; Jubilee, 346-351; coronation, 347; opening of People's Palace, 349; death, 352
Villiers, Mr. Charles, 88
Vincent, Sir Howard, 250

W.

Wade, General, 9
Waldegrave, Lady, 67, 78, 90, 172, 180, 209, 210
Walpole, Lady Georgina, 47
Walter, Mr. John, 213-214
Walter, Mrs., 213
Waterloo, Battle of, 12
Watkin, Sir Edward, 216
Wellington, Duchess of, 12
Wellington, Duke of, 1, 16, 17; letter, 17
Wemyss, Lord, 22, 77
Westbury, Lord, 298
Westlake, Mrs., 342
Westminster, Duke of, 253
Westminster, Lord, 75
West Point Military College, 144
Whig party, 60, 91
Whistler, Mr., 197
Whyte-Melville, Major, 165
Wigan, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred, 180
William, Emperor, coronation in Paris, 125
Wingfield, Mr. Lewis, 99, 117, 124
Wolff, Dr., 47
Wolff, Sir Henry Drummond, 47, 192, 272, 274, 278, 281
Wolseley, Lady, 248, 335
Women in Paris during Commune, 105, 123, 126
  and the Franchise, 340
  and the professions, 337, 339
  legislation for, 341
  position of Mormon, 133-4
Wood, Sir Evelyn, 300
Wyndham, Mr. Percy, 77
Wyndham, Sir Charles, 203
Wyndham-Lewis, Mr., 84

Y.

Yosemite Valley, 140
Young, Brigham, 133

BILLING AND SONS, LTD., PRINTERS, GUILDFORD

Telegrams :
'Scholarly, London.'
Telephone :
No. 1883 Mayfair.

41 and 43 Maddox Street,
Bond Street, London, W.
October, 1909.

Mr. Edward Arnold's List of New Books, 1909.

MEMORIES OF FIFTY YEARS.

By MARY JEUNE (LADY ST. HELIER).

With Illustrations. One Volume. Demy 8vo., cloth. **15s. net.**

Lady Jeune's salon was the rendezvous of all that was best in English society during the last thirty years of the nineteenth century. To her house in Harley Street flocked notabilities in every walk of life—statesmen, politicians, men distinguished in literature, science, and art, famous generals and naval officers, legal luminaries, and apostles of culture. It would probably be difficult to mention a single person of distinction of either sex who had not at some time or other been present at her receptions, sure of meeting there the most interesting 'lions' of the day. To European and American visitors, Lady Jeune's parties stood for the English counterpart of the brightest French salons, and their popularity remained unabated after Sir Francis Jeune was raised to the peerage as Baron St. Helier, until his death caused them to be discontinued.

It can truly be asserted that Lady St. Helier's 'Reminiscences' form an integral part of the history of the Nineteenth Century, if the social life of England counts for anything in its pages. No mere summary of the book would give a clue to the interest of its contents; this is the *grand vin* of society, sparkling and unique.

SOUTH AFRICAN MEMORIES.

By THE LADY SARAH WILSON.

With Illustrations. One Volume. Demy 8vo., cloth. **15s. net.**

These entertaining memories of society, war, and sport in South Africa, covering a period from 1895 to 1904, are written from diaries kept at the time, and contain many novel and interesting episodes. The author tells us that everything of interest that has happened to her in life has been in connection with Africa: she was there at the time of the Jameson Raid; she was present in the siege of Mafeking during the war, an episode that has never yet been adequately described; she has hunted lions in the vast country north of the Zambesi; she has been nearly drowned in the Nile; and in Africa she has made some of her best friends. Lady Sarah Wilson has often proved the truth of the saying that 'adventures are to the adventurous,' and no more attractive motto could be found for such a volume as the present. The book is dedicated to the memory of her sister Georgina, Countess Howe, whose health and life were sacrificed in labours undertaken on behalf of the Yeomanry Hospitals during the war.

HOUSEBOAT DAYS IN CHINA.

By J. O. P. BLAND,

AUTHOR OF 'LAYS OF FAR CATHAY,' ETC.

Illustrated by W. D. STRAIGHT.

With Map. One Volume. Medium 8vo., cloth. **15s. net.**

To charter a houseboat and make an expedition along a river 'up country' is one of the favourite recreations of British residents in China. Mr. Bland is an old hand at the game, and knows how to accept its drawbacks with philosophy, while enjoying the pleasures to the full. Sport is the ostensible object of these expeditions, and Mr. Bland had many exciting days in the pursuit of duck, geese, and snipe. Even more entertaining than his sporting episodes are his shrewd descriptions and comments on the types of Chinamen he came across, from the Lowdah who managed the boat, and his crew, to the Mandarin and the Missionary. The Ethics of Houseboat Travel forms an amusing chapter, and however far he journeys he cannot escape 'The Eternal Feminine.' Thoughts on books and poetry intrude themselves among recollections of smuggling and the coming of railways. The volume winds up with a subject ever present to the Briton in China—reflections 'On Coming Home.'

The volume is charmingly illustrated by Mr. William Straight, every chapter having appropriate head-pieces and terminals, while there are a large number of delicate vignettes in the text.

SIKHIM AND BHUTAN.

Experiences of Twenty Years on the North-Eastern Frontier of India.

By JOHN CLAUDE WHITE, C.I.E.,
LATE POLITICAL AGENT IN SIKHIM.

With 7 Photogravure and numerous other Full-page Illustrations and a Map. One Volume. Royal 8vo., cloth. **21s. net.**

Until the recent expedition to Lhasa, the north-east frontier of India attracted much less attention than the north-west, and the regions of Sikhim and Bhutan have remained shrouded in the isolation of inaccessible mountains and shadowed by the proximity of mysterious Tibet. This independence of the outer world makes their inhabitants a most interesting study. The primitive state of society, the influence of the priests and monks, and the way in which the gradual spread of British influence was received, read like a chapter of history from another world. For twenty years Mr. John Claude White has been the one Englishman who has had the key to these remote countries, conducting missions to their rulers, traversing their fastnesses from end to end, studying the people and their curious customs. He has had to combine the energy of the explorer with the arts of the diplomatist and administrator, and has been responsible for such measure of development as has been possible of achievement. The present volume owes much to its illustrations, for the author is an expert and enthusiastic photographer, and his zeal has induced him to carry a large camera into spots where most people would find even a Kodak a burden.

WITH A PREHISTORIC PEOPLE:

The A-ki-ku-yu of British East Africa.

By W. SCORESBY ROUTLEDGE, M.A., OXON,
and KATHARINE ROUTLEDGE, M.A.
TRIN. COLL., DUBLIN.

With a great many Illustrations. Medium 8vo. **18s. net.**

This is the first published account of one of the most interesting of African peoples, previously unknown to white men, who have lately come under British rule. The object of the authors, who have just returned from a prolonged sojourn amongst them, is to describe primitive life as it really exists, and the book should be of great value to those who are interested in our Empire and its responsibilities as well as to those of more scientific tastes. It should also prove of material assistance to Government officials, settlers, and travellers in the country described, enabling them to understand native thought and custom. 'The great interest of the subject,' say the authors, 'lies in the fact that the A-ki-kú-yu of to-day are at the point where our ancesters stood in earliest times.' There are over a hundred pages of illustrations from the authors' photographs.

THE SALMON RIVERS AND LOCHS OF SCOTLAND.

By W. L. CALDERWOOD,

INSPECTOR OF FISHERIES TO THE FISHERY BOARD FOR SCOTLAND.
AUTHOR OF 'THE LIFE OF THE SALMON.'

With Illustrations and Maps of the Principal Rivers. One Volume. Demy 8*vo., cloth.* **21s. net.**

Also a Large Paper Edition de Luxe, limited to 250 *copies, on hand-made paper. Handsomely bound. One Volume. Quarto.* **£2 2s. net.**

This comprehensive and valuable work gives a complete account of the rivers and lochs of Scotland frequented by salmon. The author has personally visited every important river described, and possesses unequalled knowledge of his subject.

Among the matters discussed in the book are the boundaries and fisheries of estuaries; obstructions and sources of pollution in the rivers; fish passes and croys; means adopted for maintaining the water supply; descriptions of angling waters; ownership of the different fisheries; angling obtainable at hotels; records of the annual catch on various fisheries; influence of temperature on the salmon; stories of great 'days' on famous rivers; the scenery of the river-valleys, etc., etc.

The book is well illustrated, and contains several maps, specially drawn on the scale of 2 inches to the mile, to show the different fisheries on such important rivers as the Tweed, Tay, Dee, Spey, etc.

A FIFTH SERIES OF MEMORIES OF THE MONTHS.

By the Right Hon. Sir HERBERT MAXWELL, Bart.,

AUTHOR OF 'SCOTTISH GARDENS,' ETC.

With Photogravure Illustrations. Large Crown 8*vo., cloth.* **7s. 6d.**

The pleasure given by each fresh instalment of Sir Herbert Maxwell's 'Memories of the Months' continues unabated, and the welcome accorded to the Fourth Series was such that a large circle of readers may be confidently predicted for the Fifth.

Every year rings new changes on the old order of Nature, and the observant eye can always find fresh features on the face of the Seasons. Sir Herbert Maxwell goes out to meet Nature on the moor and loch, in garden and forest, and writes of what he sees and feels. This is what gives his work its abiding charm, and makes these memories fill the place of old friends on the library bookshelf.

THE COTTAGE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

Drawn by HELEN ALLINGHAM,
and Described by STEWART DICK.

With 64 *Full-page Coloured Plates from Pictures never before reproduced. In One Volume.* 8*vo., cloth.* **21s. net.**

Also a Large Paper Edition, limited to 500 *copies for the British Empire. Handsomely bound, with the Plates artistically mounted.* **£2 2s. net.**

Mrs. Allingham's pictures of English rural life and scenery are already famous. She possesses a rare power of expressing the incomparable beauty of the commons, gardens, and cottages of England, and each drawing forms a perfect little idyll in colour. The counties of Surrey, Sussex, and Kent naturally provide a wealth of charming subjects for the volume, and examples are also given of cottages in Cheshire, Wiltshire, Dorset, Devon, the Isle of Wight, Berkshire, Oxfordshire, Gloucestershire, etc.

Mr. Stewart Dick's letterpress gives an extremely interesting account of the history and construction of the ancient cottages and farmhouses for which English country districts are conspicuous. Among the contents are chapters on the Evolution of the Cottage, the Great Building Time, the Structure, Tiled and Thatched Cottages, Mud Cottages, Stone Cottages of the Cotswolds, Farmhouses, Inns, and Old Gardens.

TEN YEARS OF GAME-KEEPING.

By OWEN JONES.

With Numerous Illustrations from Photographs by the Author. One Volume. Demy 8*vo., cloth.* **10s. 6d. net.**

The author, who was educated at Marlborough and Oxford University, being reluctant to follow a conventional pursuit, took up the occupation of a Gamekeeper as a means of livelihood. After twelve years' experience he feels that he is thoroughly acquainted with his subject, and that the public may be interested to read a record of what he has seen and learned in the course of his duties. As regards game, Mr. Owen Jones gives many a wrinkle about partridges, pheasants, hares, rabbits, and wild fowl, that may be studied with advantage by the owner or tenant of a shooting. There are chapters on vermin, trespassers and poachers, and the great question of foxes.

Some very attractive reminiscences are given of 'My Dogs'; while 'My First Shoot,' 'My Brother Keepers,' 'Tips and Tippers,' present certain aspects of sport from an original and novel point of view.

IN A YORKSHIRE GARDEN.

By REGINALD FARRER,

AUTHOR OF 'MY ROCK-GARDEN,' 'ALPINES AND BOG-PLANTS,' ETC.

With Illustrations. Demy 8*vo., cloth.* **10s. 6d. net.**

In his latest book on the garden, Mr. Farrer will delight his many readers by conveying them round all his own provinces, with accounts of this plant and that as he goes. Though less technical and severe than 'My Rock-Garden,' his new book will be found more practical and helpful than 'Alpines and Bog Plants,' in so far as it deals with the garden as it is, its ups and downs and difficulties as they lie before us, rather than with any purely abstract and visionary ideal of bog-garden or mountain-slope. In especial, will those who have long waited for help on the subject be delighted to hear that Mr. Farrer has at last dealt exhaustively and practically with the Moraine Garden ; nor, though rock-plants are, of course, Mr. Farrer's particular friends, has he neglected other parts of the garden, but has many words to say on shrubs, and herbaceous treasures, and bamboos, and the wild garden. Let the names of a few chapters give a hint of the rest : The Old Garden ; The Piz Languard and the Piz Padella ; Among the Primulas ; The Old Moraine ; Round the Frames ; The Cliff-garden ; The Terrace-wall ; Alice's Garden in the Wood.

A SHORT HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

By C. E. BAINES.

Crown 8*vo., cloth.* **3s. 6d.**

This volume covers the entire period of the history of our literature down to the close of the Victorian Age, with the deaths of Swinburne and Meredith—but the period before Chaucer is only briefly dealt with. Special care has been taken that, while the book contains all the names, dates, etc., that a text-book should contain, it should be as little cumbered as possible with the names of writers who 'deserve a passing mention.' Occasionally a typical author or work is dealt with at some length, even though this involves a sacrifice of proportion. This seems, on the whole, the best way, in a short book, to give the reader a general idea of any particular period without employing undesirably vague generalities.

A CENTURY OF EMPIRE, 1801-1900.

By the Right Hon. Sir HERBERT MAXWELL, Bart., P.C.,
AUTHOR OF 'THE LIFE OF WELLINGTON,' ETC.

Volume I., from 1801 *to* 1832. *With Photogravure Portraits.*
xx + 352 *pages. Demy* 8*vo., cloth.* **14s. net.**

NOTE.—The work will be completed in Three Volumes, which will be issued at intervals of about six months.

The great task which Sir Herbert Maxwell has undertaken, and of which the first instalment is now offered to the public, is the history of the British people during the nineteenth century. It is a history in the broadest interpretation of that term; the back-bone of it is political, as was inevitable in the case of a constitutionally governed country, but all the principal aspects of the national life are duly dealt with in his closely knit narrative. Sir Herbert Maxwell writes with the authority conferred by a union of wide knowledge and with practised literary skill, and the insight gained by an active and varied participation in the public affairs of his own time. To these qualifications he adds an intimate familiarity with that side of social and political history which is embedded in countless volumes of the letters and memoirs of the leading personages of the time. From this source arises what forms perhaps the most characteristic excellence of his narrative, the many dramatic touches which enable us to follow the progress of events, not only in the light of subsequent knowledge, but as they presented themselves to the actors at the time.

EDMUND GARRETT.

A Memoir.

By E. T. COOK,
AUTHOR OF 'RIGHTS AND WRONGS OF THE TRANSVAAL WAR,' JOINT EDITOR OF RUSKIN'S WORKS, ETC.

With Portrait. One Volume. Demy 8*vo., cloth.* **10s. 6d net.**

Edmund Garrett was a journalist of genius, and his short but brilliant career was tinged with romance. Going to South Africa, in the first instance temporarily for reasons of health, he eventually settled there, and so it came about that at the time of the Jameson Raid, of which he wrote a singularly lucid and convincing account in 'The Story of an African Crisis,' he was Editor of the *Cape Times*. Henceforward he was involved in the turmoil of events of world-wide significance, and it was no small matter that his post should have been occupied by one so clear-sighted and courageous.

THE LIFE OF SIR SYDNEY WATERLOW, BART.

By GEORGE SMALLEY, M.A.,
AUTHOR OF 'STUDIES OF MEN,' ETC.

With Portrait. One Volume. Demy 8*vo.*, *cloth.* **10s. 6d. net.**

There have never been lacking in the City of London men of the type which is associated in the popular mind with the name of Richard Whittington, and the story of their early struggles and gradual rise to wealth and distinction can never fail to appeal to the imagination. Sir Sydney Waterlow was one of Whittington's most eminent successors; from small beginnings and slender resources he created one of the greatest printing businesses in the whole country, and in due course he arrived at the highest distinction which London can bestow, the office of Lord Mayor. But his chief title to remembrance is his unequalled success as a practical philanthropist, and at the present time this side of his strenuously active life is probably the most interesting and valuable, more especially the story—fully told in these pages—of his wise and far-reaching work in connection with the housing of the poor.

TEN GREAT AND GOOD MEN.

Lectures by HENRY MONTAGU BUTLER, D.D., D.C.L.,
MASTER OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

One Volume. Crown 8*vo.*, *cloth.* **6s. net.**

These lectures are not, in the ordinary sense of the word, biographical; the object of the author was in each case to give his audience, in broad outline and with as little as might be of historical fact and detail, some understanding of the mind and soul of a great figure by whom the destinies of the country had been moulded. Thus, while he has illustrated his studies by characteristic examples of the great public utterances in which the aspirations and ideals of his heroes are formulated, he has also enlivened them by recording those incidents which, trivial in themselves, reveal the personality of the man behind the trappings of the statesman. For his purpose, to take a single example, Pitt dominating the House of Commons with his eloquence is scarcely more interesting than Pitt romping with a roomful of children. The skilled and sympathetic employment of this method has resulted in a singularly charming gallery of portraits.

A HISTORY OF THE LONDON HOSPITAL.

By E. W. MORRIS,
SECRETARY OF THE LONDON HOSPITAL.

Illustrated. One Volume. Cloth. **6s. net.**

The history of this great Hospital is not only interesting on account of the particular incidents of its long and honourable career, and the prominent men who have been connected with it, but also provides a typical example of the way in which our splendid medical charities have grown and developed. Beginning with a survey of the condition of Medicine and Surgery in 1741, the date of the foundation of the Hospital, the author describes its early days in Goodman's Field, the move to Whitechapel, and the gradual growth during the last hundred and fifty years. He then deals with the system of Administration, Finance, and Management, the relation of the Hospital to Medical and Surgical Science, the Medical School, and the Development of Sick Nursing. The reader is initiated into some noteworthy customs and ceremonies of the Hospital, and some account is given of the men whose names stand out in its history. The author has enjoyed exceptional advantages in writing his book, through his position as Secretary of the Hospital, and has collected some valuable materials for illustrating it from sources not generally accessible.

A GREAT BISHOP OF ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO:

Being a Sketch of the Life of Bishop Horsley.

By the Rev. H. H. JEBB,
RECTOR OF STREATHAM.

Crown 8vo. **5s. net.**

This book has considerable historical interest. It touches on several present problems, including the condition of the Welsh Church, Passive Resistance, and the immigration of Roman Catholics. Overton, the historian, says that Bishop Horsley was regarded as far and above all other contemporary writers on the side of the Church. The author possesses the Bishop's private letters, and information hitherto unpublished.

CLERICAL OPPORTUNITIES OF SOCIAL SERVICE

The Cambridge Lectures on Pastoral Theology.

By the Rev. W. MOORE EDE, D.D.,
OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
DEAN OF WORCESTER.

Crown 8*vo., cloth.* **2s. 6d. net.**

CONTENTS:

What is the Church, and What are its Duties?—The Clergy and Education—Agencies outside the Church which are working for Social Redemption—Some Problems of Charity—Reading, Preaching, and Speaking—The Equipment for Work.

A SCAMPER THROUGH THE FAR EAST.

Including a Visit to the Manchurian Battlefields.

By Major H. H. AUSTIN, C.M.G., D.S.O., R.E.,
AUTHOR OF 'WITH MACDONALD IN UGANDA,' ETC.

With Illustrations and Maps. One Volume. Demy 8*vo., cloth.* **15s. net.**

Major Austin is a keen-eyed and practised observer, with a remarkable *flair* for the minor details and incidents which make a narrative of travel pictorial and lively. The story of his scamper across Siberia, and through China, Corea, and Japan, would have been well worth telling even if he had enjoyed no privileges and experiences of an exceptional character; but the record of this accomplished soldier's visit, in the company of veteran Japanese officers, to the scenes of the great battles in Manchuria, and to the approaches to Port Arthur, raises his book to an altogether higher plane of interest. Moreover, he was fortunate enough to be present at some manœuvres carried out, on a grand scale, by Japanese troops under the eyes of the Mikado himself, and to take part as a guest in the accompanying festivities. Major Austin's knowledge of the points of interest to look out for, and his trained eye for resemblances and contrasts with similar operations carried on in other countries, have enabled him to describe the spectacle with exceptional vividness and force.

HIGH ALBANIA.

By M. EDITH DURHAM,

AUTHOR OF 'THE BURDEN OF THE BALKANS' AND 'THROUGH THE LANDS OF THE SERB.'

Illustrated from the Author's Sketches and Photographs.
One Volume. With Map. Demy 8vo. **14s. net.**

No writer on the Balkan peoples displays more intimate knowledge and sympathy than Miss Durham, and it is fortunate that she should have taken up her pen again at the present moment when so much attention is focussed on Turkish affairs, for the warlike and independent Albanians are nominally within the Ottoman Empire, despite the fact that there is no conscription and Albanians cannot be tried by Turkish law. Miss Durham's new volume is the first book to deal with the whole district, and is written mainly for the purpose of recording manners and customs that will soon be extinct, and which belong to a very early period of the world's history. The humour and spirit of tolerance that distinguish her other works is again present, and the author contributes her own very effective illustrations.

TURKEY IN TRANSITION.

By G. F. ABBOTT,

AUTHOR OF 'THE TALE OF A TOUR IN MACEDONIA,' 'THROUGH INDIA WITH THE PRINCE,' ETC.

With Illustrations. One Volume. Demy 8vo., cloth. **12s. 6d. net.**

The condition of the Ottoman Empire before the Revolution of July, 1908, could easily be summed up in the one word 'unspeakable.' Its condition since that date, in spite—or, perhaps, because—of all that has already been written about it, remains to the ordinary reader something of a mystery. Few persons possess the necessary qualifications for enlightening the outside world on the situation which has succeeded the Hamidian régime, and even among those persons there are few who feel at liberty to publish all that they know. Mr. Abbott in the present volume attempts to lift the veil and to show us Turkey as she actually is. His picture is based upon knowledge, and is distorted by no prejudice. The author was on the scene during the recent counter-revolution, and he uses that dramatic episode as an illustration of the forces which have brought New Turkey into being, and of the weaknesses which threaten its stability. His attitude is that of a benevolent but critical observer, anxious above all things to discover the secret springs of the events which he describes. As a result, there may be found in 'Turkey in Transition' a narrative which, it is believed, will prove to be deficient neither in accuracy nor in candour.

NEW NOVELS.

THE PASQUE-FLOWER.

By JANE WARDLE,

AUTHOR OF 'MARGERY PIGEON,' 'THE LORD OF LATIMER STREET,' ETC.

Crown 8vo., cloth. **6s.**

Jane Wardle's new story centres primarily in the search for a monkish treasure supposed to be hidden at an ancient mansion in the Wiltshire downs, and secondarily in the love affairs of a young man who is not able to make up his mind which of two girls he is in love with. Such is the groundwork of a tale that is told in the author's charming and original manner, and one that displays her talent for character drawing to its fullest advantage.

A CRUCIAL EXPERIMENT.

By A. C. FARQUHARSON,

AUTHOR OF 'ST. NAZARIUS,' ETC.

Crown 8vo., cloth. **6s.**

A distinguished composer and teacher of music, wealthy and independent, but wholly wrapped up in his art, goes through the form of marriage with a young girl possessing a genius for music, in order to enable her to escape from hostile surroundings, and pursue her true vocation under his roof. This is the crucial experiment. Needless to say, it does not work out in the way contemplated by its originator. The situation develops to a tragic climax; the interest of the book lies in the portrayal of the emotional conflicts which rack the essentially noble and upright characters whose destinies are involved.

THE BEGGAR IN THE HEART.

By EDITH RICKERT,

AUTHOR OF 'THE GOLDEN HAWK,' 'THE REAPER,' ETC.

Crown 8vo., cloth. **6s.**

Miss Rickert has already shown in 'The Golden Hawk' that she possesses the true spirit of romance, and her new story will not disappoint her large and increasing circle of admirers. The scene is for the most part laid in London, and the characters are drawn with remarkable charm and delicacy. It is a story that cannot fail to give pleasure, and to remain long in the memory.

THE MYSTERY OF THE YELLOW ROOM.

By GASTON LEROUX.

Crown 8vo., cloth. **6s.**

This mysterious and fascinating story has not yet been published in a form adapted for library reading, and it may be confidently expected to prove the same wonderful success in this edition as in the cheap sixpenny issue which made such an impression upon a section of the public not repelled by small type and paper covers. The book deserves to have a place beside the classic works of Gaboriau, and can safely be recommended as one of the most thrilling mysteries of modern fiction.

ORPHEUS WITH HIS LUTE.

Stories of the World's Spring-time.

By W. M. L. HUTCHINSON,
AUTHOR OF 'THE GOLDEN PORCH,' ETC.

Illustrated. Crown 8vo., cloth. **5s.**

In this book some of the earliest and most beautiful of Greek myths are presented under the guise of stories told to the child Orpheus by the Muses, whom he meets on nine moonlight nights in their woodland haunts. Thus, the first part, entitled 'The Making of a Minstrel,' forms a 'Forest Night's Entertainment,' including, among others, the legends of Prometheus, Pandora, the Coming of Apollo to Delphi, Demeter and her Maiden, and the fortunes of Cadmus and his house. The shorter second part deals with Orpheus the Singer, and 'his half-regained Eurydice,' and takes us to the Underworld, where the minstrel hears from the shades of ancient heroes—Sisyphus, Ixion, Meleager—the tale of their crime or misfortune. We are shown the realm of Pluto, not in the darker colouring of Virgil's pencil, but as Greek imagination pictured it, a shadowy land where souls dwell, as in Dante's Limbo, 'only so far afflicted that they live Desiring without hope.' The fate of Orpheus is reticently and simply told, and the story has the happiest of endings—in the Elysian Fields.

A New and Cheaper Edition.

A PARSON IN THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH.

By the Rev. C. H. S. MATTHEWS, M.A.,

LATE VICE-PRINCIPAL OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD, N.S.W.

Illustrated from Sketches by the AUTHOR, *etc. Crown 8vo.* **3s. 6d. net.**

Extract from a letter from the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY: 'Your breezy and inspiriting book . . . will do real good in England, and, I hope, in Australia too. I thank you cordially for writing the book.'

The BISHOP OF LONDON, speaking at the North Queensland meeting, referred to 'that remarkable book by Mr. Matthews, "A Parson in the Australian Bush," which you all ought to read.'

A New and Cheaper Edition.

IN THE DESERT: THE HINTERLAND OF ALGIERS.

By L. MARCH PHILLIPPS.

With Illustrations. One Volume. Crown 8vo. **6s. net.**

The original edition of this interesting book being quite out of print, it has been thought advisable to re-issue it in a cheaper form, for the benefit of the numerous travellers who visit Algeria and the Desert beyond. The volume provides an admirable supplement to the guide-book, enlarging upon the life of the Desert Tribes, the scope and meaning of their art, and the influence of natural surroundings in shaping their destiny.

From a review in *The Times*:—'There are many who go to the Desert, but few are chosen. Mr. Phillipps is one of the few. He sees, and can tell us what he has seen; and reading him, we look through his eyes and his sympathies are ours. He can be lyrical without irritating, and analytic without boring.'

A New and Cheaper Edition.

RUTHLESS RHYMES FOR HEARTLESS HOMES.

By Col. D. STREAMER (Captain HARRY GRAHAM).

A New and Cheaper Edition, with Additional Illustrations by Hon. G. Gathorne-Hardy, and some New Rhymes. Oblong Crown 8vo. **2s. 6d. net.**

A Popular Cheap Edition.

THE POEMS OF GEORGE CRABBE.

Edited by BERNARD HOLLAND,

AUTHOR OF 'IMPERIUM ET LIBERTAS,' 'LETTERS OF MARY SIBYLLA HOLLAND,' ETC.

With Photogravure Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. **3s. 6d. net.**

THE THEORY OF STRUCTURES.

By R. J. WOODS, M.INST.C.E.,

FELLOW AND FORMERLY ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF ENGINEERING, ROYAL INDIAN ENGINEERING COLLEGE, COOPER'S HILL.

With 157 *Illustrations. Demy* 8vo., *cloth.* **10s. 6d. net.**

The author deals with the design of masonry and steel structures, as based upon the determination of the working stresses in them. Various types of girders, with parallel chords, parabolic, and with curved chords not parabolic, plate girders, arched ribs, and suspension bridges are in turn considered.

Other chapters are concerned with the strength of columns and design of struts, riveted joints, and earth pressure, and a final chapter is devoted to reinforced concrete construction.

The subjects are treated from a practical point of view, and a large number of examples from everyday practice are worked out. Although self-contained and independent, the volume forms a more advanced continuation of the same author's previous book, 'The Strength and Elasticity of Structural Members.'

THE GEOLOGY OF ORE-DEPOSITS.

By H. H. THOMAS and D. A. MACALISTER,

OF THE GEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Illustrated. Crown 8vo., *cloth.* **7s. 6d. net.**

This book forms the second volume in the Geological Series now being issued under the general editorship of Dr. J. E. Marr, F.R.S., in in which especial attention is paid to the economic aspect of Geology.

The authors here present as concisely as possible an account of the various processes by which in nature local concentrations of metalliferous material have been brought about in such amounts and under such conditions that the ores become commercially valuable. Segregation from igneous magmas, pneumatolysis, hydatogenesis, and metasomasis are first described; next, precipitation from solution, and sedimentary deposits; and lastly, secondary changes in lodes. The subject is one of great importance, not only to the student of geology, but also to the practical mining expert, and the authors have considered typical deposits of all the principal metals with examples from various parts of the world.

A TEXT-BOOK OF ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING.

By DR. ADOLF THOMÄLEN.

Translated by G. W. O. HOWE, M.SC.,

SENIOR WHITWORTH SCHOLAR, LECTURER IN ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING AT THE CITY AND GUILDS COLLEGE.

Second edition, revised and enlarged. With 454 *Illustrations. Royal* 8vo., *cloth,* **15s. net.**

The call for a second edition of Mr. Howe's translation of Dr. Thomälen's 'Kurze Lehrbuch der Elektrotechnik' shows that it has successfully met the want for a good text-book to bridge the gap between elementary books and specialized works on advanced electrical engineering. Second and third year students will here find a book dealing with the broad principles of electrical machinery without entering into all the details of its practical construction and design.

In thoroughly revising the book for a second edition, the translator has further added several valuable sections on the rise of temperature of electric motors under continuous and intermittent loads, on the Rosenberg constant-current variable-speed dynamo, and on six-phase rotary converters.

13

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE THEORY OF OPTICS.

By ARTHUR SCHUSTER, Ph.D., Sc.D., F.R.S.,
Honorary Professor of Physics at the University of Manchester.

Second Edition. With 180 *Illustrations. Demy* 8*vo., cloth.* **15s. net.**

The second edition of Prof. Schuster's introduction to the study of the advanced theory of optics has had the advantage of complete and thorough revision by the author. Among the new matter added may be especially mentioned the fuller account of Michelson's and other methods for the absolute determination of wave-lengths, and the direct comparison of the lengths so determined with the French standard metre.

ELEMENTARY PHYSIOLOGY FOR TEACHERS AND STUDENTS.

By W. B. DRUMMOND, M.B., C.M., F.R.C.P.E.,
Medical Officer and Lecturer on Hygiene to the Edinburgh Provincial Committee for Training Teachers.
Author of 'An Introduction to Child Study,' etc.

With Illustrations. Crown 8*vo., cloth.* **2s. 6d.**

This work differs from the usual type of text-book on Elementary Anatomy and Physiology in several important particulars. In the first place special reference is made throughout the book to the differences between children and grown people. For example, there are special sections dealing with the diet of children, with the peculiarities of the child's skeleton, and with the nervous system in childhood.

In the second place, those organs and systems are described most fully which are of special importance in reference to the care of children. Thus, the skeleton and muscles are described in greater detail than usual in works of the same size in reference to physical training. The effect of exercise on the different organs of the body is discussed. Considerable space, as might be expected in a book intended for teachers, is devoted to the nervous system.

Lastly, while the work does not deal directly with either hygiene or education, the bearing of physiology on these subjects has been kept in view throughout.

University of California
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
Return this material to the library
from which it was borrowed.

QL JAN 17 1989

QL APR 19 1989

A NOV 06 1989

QL OCT 02 1989

REC'D LD-URL MAY 29 1989

SRLF
QL OCT 18 1993

3 1158 00993 3358

58

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
A 000 037 969 3